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February 7, 1931

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Collier's

THE N WEEKLY

The Jet-Black Sheep

By

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

No Matter what They Think

By

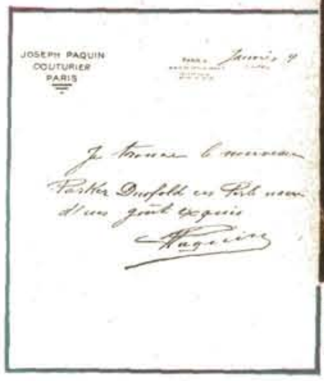
DON MARQUIS

Feb. 1931

More than 2,250,000 Circulation

FEB. 7, 1931

Edward A. Stringer, gifted designer for Johns and Bonham, tailors to many of the English nobility, says: "Judging from the number I see in use, my clientele considers the new Parker Black and Pearl to be the smartest of all fountain pens, and I think so, too."



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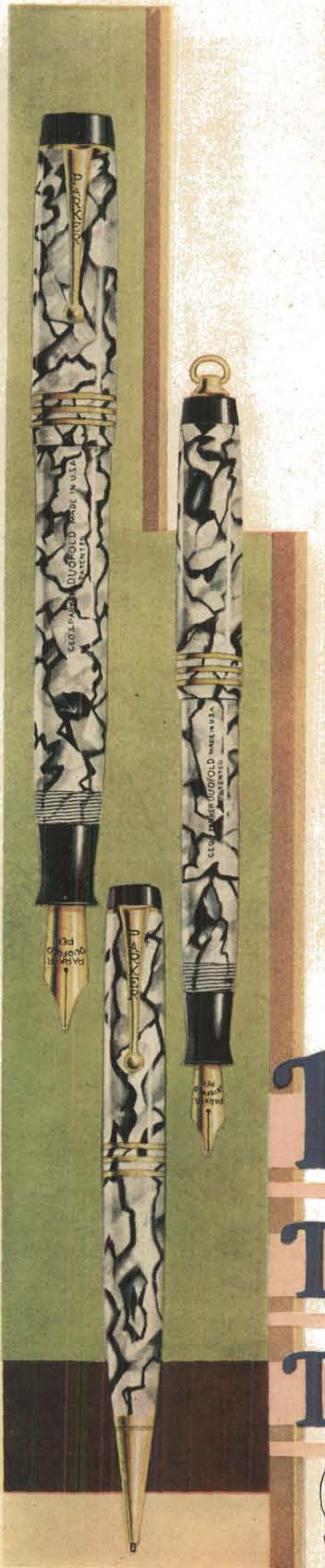

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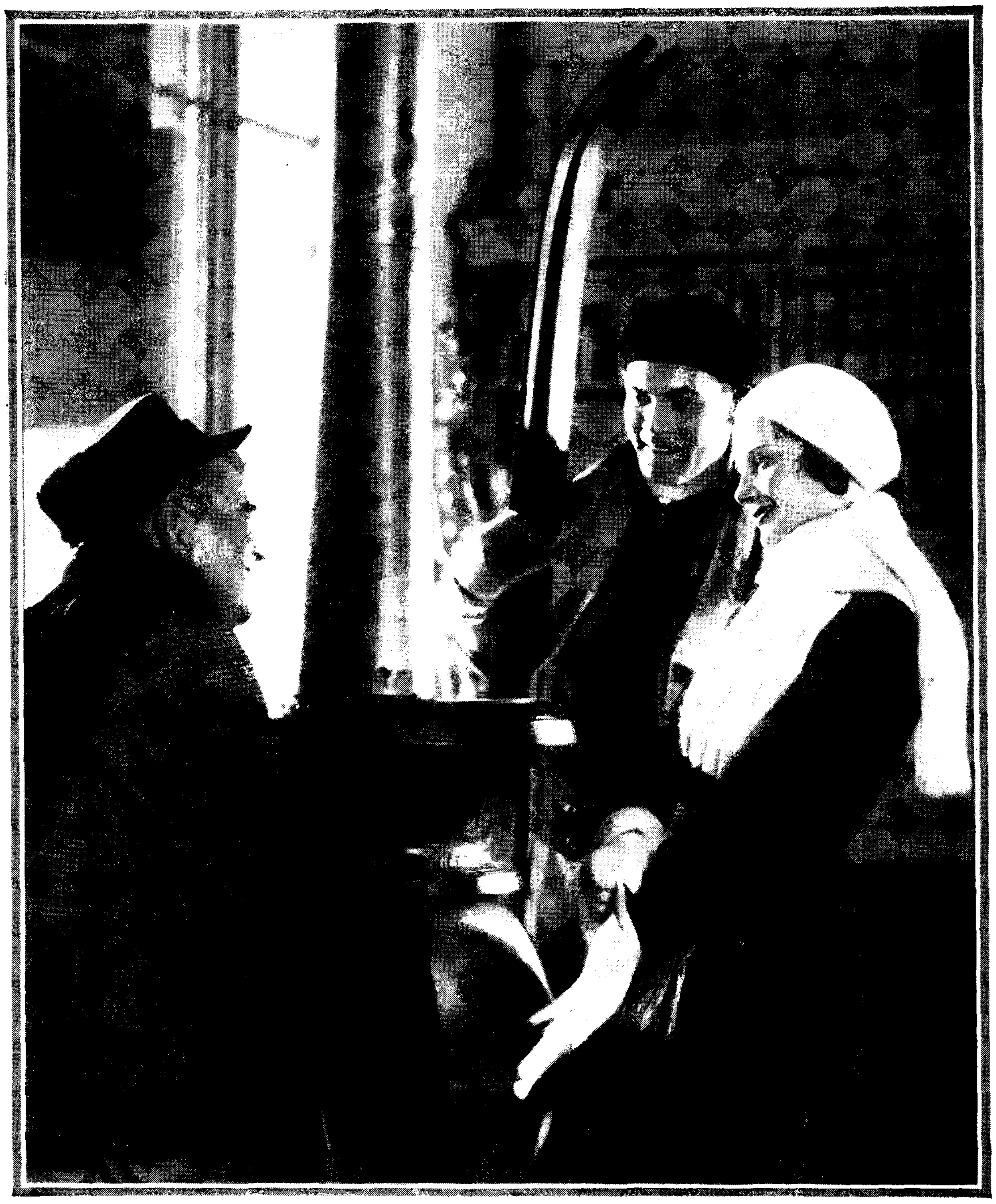

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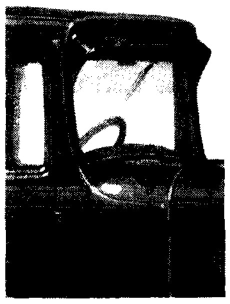

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

IT WAS in the nineties that Ida Tarbell met the prototype of the character "Billy Brown" in her famous Lincoln stories. He was "keeping drug store" in Springfield, Illinois, as he had done since some time in the forties.

"Humorous, wise, companionable," says Miss Tarbell, "Billy had always drawn to him men of parts who had an appreciation of his native, salty qualities—among them Abraham Lincoln, who in the forties and fifties dropped in so often for talk and story-telling that he came to have his own special chair by Billy's stove.

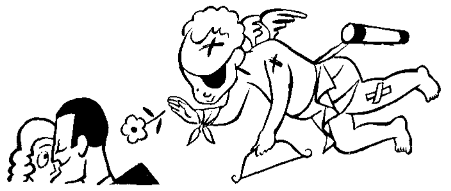
"There is hardly an important event in Mr. Lincoln's life on which Billy and I did not touch in our talks, and always he was ready with shrewd and affectionate comments."

In her story called "In Mr. Lincoln's Town" Miss Tarbell gives Billy Brown's explanation of Abraham Lincoln's retirement from public life in 1849 and his return in 1854—a vivid, dramatic tale which will fascinate those who lay eager hands on new Lincoln stories. And who does not?

—

WHEN Eugene Harris, lieutenant, U. S. N. R. F., faced the Naval Board of Inquiry which was investigating the sinking of his ship by a German submarine he was told that no action would be taken. "Running away," said the president of the board, "would have taken more nerve than is required in the line of duty."

Well, Eugene's captain had a daughter and when a young man loses face with his captain, his sweetheart and the world in general something must be done about it. What was done makes a thrilling and satisfying story of war at sea: "A Gentleman's Agreement," by Millard Ward.



LOVE gets a different sort of treatment in "She Who Got Spanked," by Jerome Beatty. It's about Oklahoma Jack Gilligan, the cinema idol, who is at present being threatened with legal action by the representatives of Miss Dorothy Darling, who runs a column for the lovelorn.

There doesn't seem to be any way for a great artist like Mr. Gilligan to avoid heart trouble, but all the battles which ensue are won by Mrs. Gilligan, the Wonder Girl. Love triumphant! With a black eye and welling nose, but triumphant.

—

"THEY'RE tired of the whole damned lot of us," said Boies Penrose in 1912. "We're going to lose this election; for God's sake don't let us lose control of ourselves." A very practical political philosophy in that sentence. It was the keystone of Penrose's success as a party boss. Go on with his spectacular story.

—

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM'S amateur detective, Peter Hames, uncovers a story of tragedy in "The Dancing Man;" Frank Condon's short story, "Travel is So Broadening," proves that it isn't; The Short Short Story, Erich Maria Remarque, Arthur Somers Roche, Grantland Rice and others make an issue that demands attention. Yours first, of course.

THIS WEEK

February 7, 1931

Cover—Walter C. Klett

Page 7—Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

THE JET-BLACK SHEEP: A short story of villainy and tolerance.

Page 10—Alexander Woollcott

THE DOLLAR AFTER NEXT: The incredible sagacity of the Theatre Guild.

Page 11—Don Marquis

NO MATTER WHAT THEY THINK: A short story of Abraham Lincoln.

Page 13—Word Hunt

Page 14—John B. Kennedy

THE BIG SMUDGE: The inside story of the Ohio State Penitentiary.

Page 16—Arthur Somers Roche

A LADY OF RESOURCE, Part VII: Piracy—at Palm Beach.

Page 18—John Peter Toohey

A WONDERFUL GIRL LIKE THAT: Seventeen, and in love.

Page 20—Rube Goldberg

THE INVENTIONS OF PROF. LUCIFER G. BUTTS, A. K.

Page 21—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER: The war in the Republican party.

Page 22—Winston Churchill

PHILOSOPHERS AND FRIENDS: A statesman remembers.

Page 24—Walter Davenport and Robert B. Vale

POWER AND GLORY, Part IV: Boies Penrose, to the life.

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THE ROAD BACK, Part IX: The great post-war novel.

Page 29—Grantland Rice

QUICKER THAN THE EYE: The tribulations of a sports writer.

Page 30—The Short Short Story

ON THE HIGH TRAPEZE: By Courtney Ryley Cooper.

Page 31—In One Ear

What we hear, here and there.

Page 49—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

Page 66—Editorial

Any Week

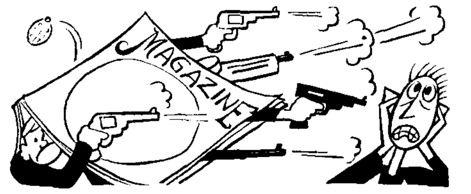
MRS. A. H. PATTERSON of Chicago spent a recent evening at her sister's house. Her brother-in-law (Englishman) was reading E. Phillips Oppenheim's "The Lion and the Lamb." He recommended it to her. Mrs. Patterson sniffed, saying she had read it in Collier's. He sniffed back, assuring her that Mr. Oppenheim was never serialized. Wisely she appealed to us. We are pleased to announce her victory. We published that novel beginning in December, 1929. Moreover, Mr. Oppenheim has been serialized, as any of his characters might say, no end.

—

MRS. OTHO J. ENGMAHN of Ogden, Utah, is kind enough to wish we might have been with her when, on a motor trip from Seattle, she spent an afternoon with a gentle old lady, just past her 102d birthday. Mrs. Engmahn's hostess had never heard of the Volstead Act, the League of Nations, nor Farm Relief. To her the names of Mussolini, Lenin, Alfred E. Smith, Wickersham, Amos and Andy, and Scarface Al Capone were just names—signifying nothing. Yet she was happy, kindly, interested and filled with humor.

"You have no idea what a joy that visit was," writes Mrs. Engmahn.

Is that so?



WE WOULD like to publish a letter we've just received from Mr. E. G. Fitzhamon of Chicago but we don't feel quite up to facing the suits for slander and possible gunplay that would result. The things Mr. Fitzhamon says about some of our most popular writers and public men must shock even Mr. Fitzhamon. But we can tell you that he writes us down as "a senile stiff." Which gives you some idea.

—

WITHOUT waiting for the Democratic National Convention of 1932, Mr. Lloyd Broderick rises in Chattanooga to nominate Mr. Owen D. Young for President and the Honorable Huey Pierce Long for Vice President, his idea being "to stop all this nonsense."

—

WE HAVE it on the word of Mr. R. R. Grandey of Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, and a dozen others who share his opinion that Zona Gale's "Holly at the Window" which we published lately must have been a shock to thousands of readers who have been rendered deaf, bloodthirsty, and law-and-order proof by the flood of gunman, bandit and racketeer fiction that has been filling magazines for the past two or three years. Mrs. Ernestine Hobby of Duluth, Minnesota, thanks us for "a story in which no one was even slightly wounded."

—

SOMEHOW Mr. Benjamin E. Flatley of Haverhill, Massachusetts, got the idea we were interested in finding a man who had "no prejudices one way or another on prohibition." Anyway he advises us that he knew such a man—his own father, who died in 1915.

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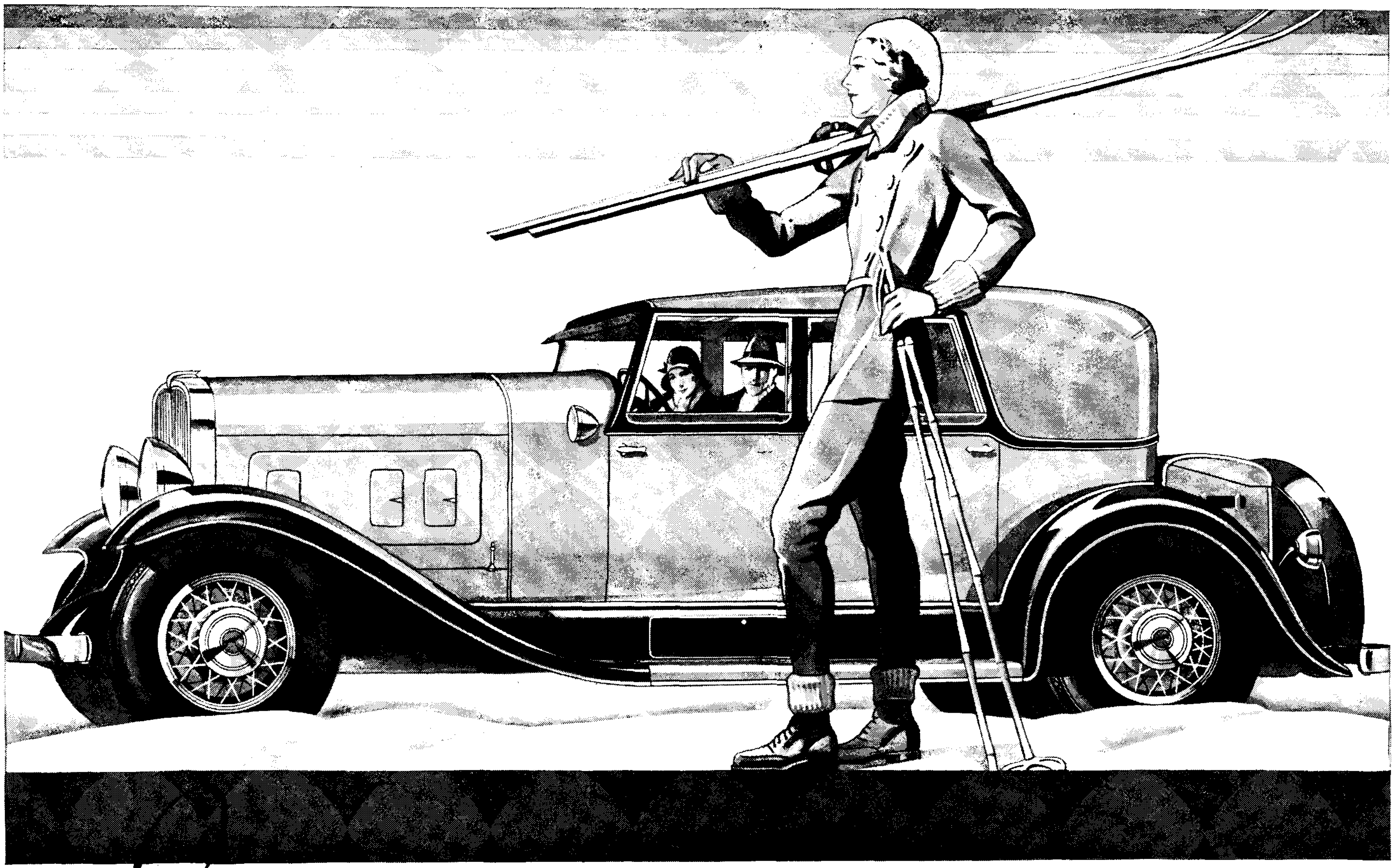

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FRANKLIN

Collier's *The National Weekly for February 7, 1931*

A story without a hero—but sure to fascinate you, even so

The Jet-Black Sheep

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

IT STARTED at prep school—this strange influence Morrie Lampton seemed to exert over everyone. I remember one day when we were playing Andover. Morrie dropped a punt, fumbled on the seven-yard line and missed a tackle that cost us a touchdown. Coach took him out in the middle of the second quarter.

Chan Vail and I were in the backfield with Morrie that year and we knew why he was so rotten. He had gone off bounds the night before and sneaked back to the house at two o'clock in the morning. But when Chan and I got to the dressing-room for the rest period between halves and saw Morrie crying on a bench in the corner we looked at each other uncomfortably.

"Coach was pretty rough on the kid," Chan muttered. "He might have settled down."

I thought of Morrie's folks and the swell records his two older brothers had made at school and how Mrs. Lampton had asked me to look after him. But that wasn't all of it. I could see Morrie sitting there with his underlip trembling and an all-the-world's-against-me sag in his shoulders. His hair, which was brown and curly and should have belonged to a girl, was sticking from under his helmet like a kindergarten kid's under a stocking cap. Morrie's left eye had a small golden cast in it; I don't know why such a defect should make a fellow pathetic at times and devilish at other times, but it does.

Well, the result of that scene was that Chan and I went to bat for Morrie with Coach and got him put back in the game. He didn't settle down and he didn't do any consistently good playing, but an Andover back threw a forward pass straight into his arms and he romped sixty-nine yards for the touchdown that won the game. And was Morrie penitent or grateful? Not Morrie. He bragged around school next day that if Coach had let him play the whole game we would have won by at least three touchdowns.

Chan and I told each other that the next time Morrie got in a jam we wouldn't help him.

Morrie kept out of trouble until just before Easter holidays.

It was stealing money this time.

Alf Mogridge, who lost the money—about sixty dollars, I think—was mighty white about it. Instead of squawking to the head of his house, he came to Chan and told him what had happened.

Chan, who was president of the Honor Council, hauled Morrie on the carpet and got a confession. Morrie had been shooting craps in town and betting on horse races. His folks had sent him fare home for the holidays twice, after he wrote them he had lost the first allowance on a hike. Ashamed to tell them the truth, he had stolen from Alf Mogridge, intending to pay his fare home with Alf's dough. But he had gambled away all except a few dollars of that.

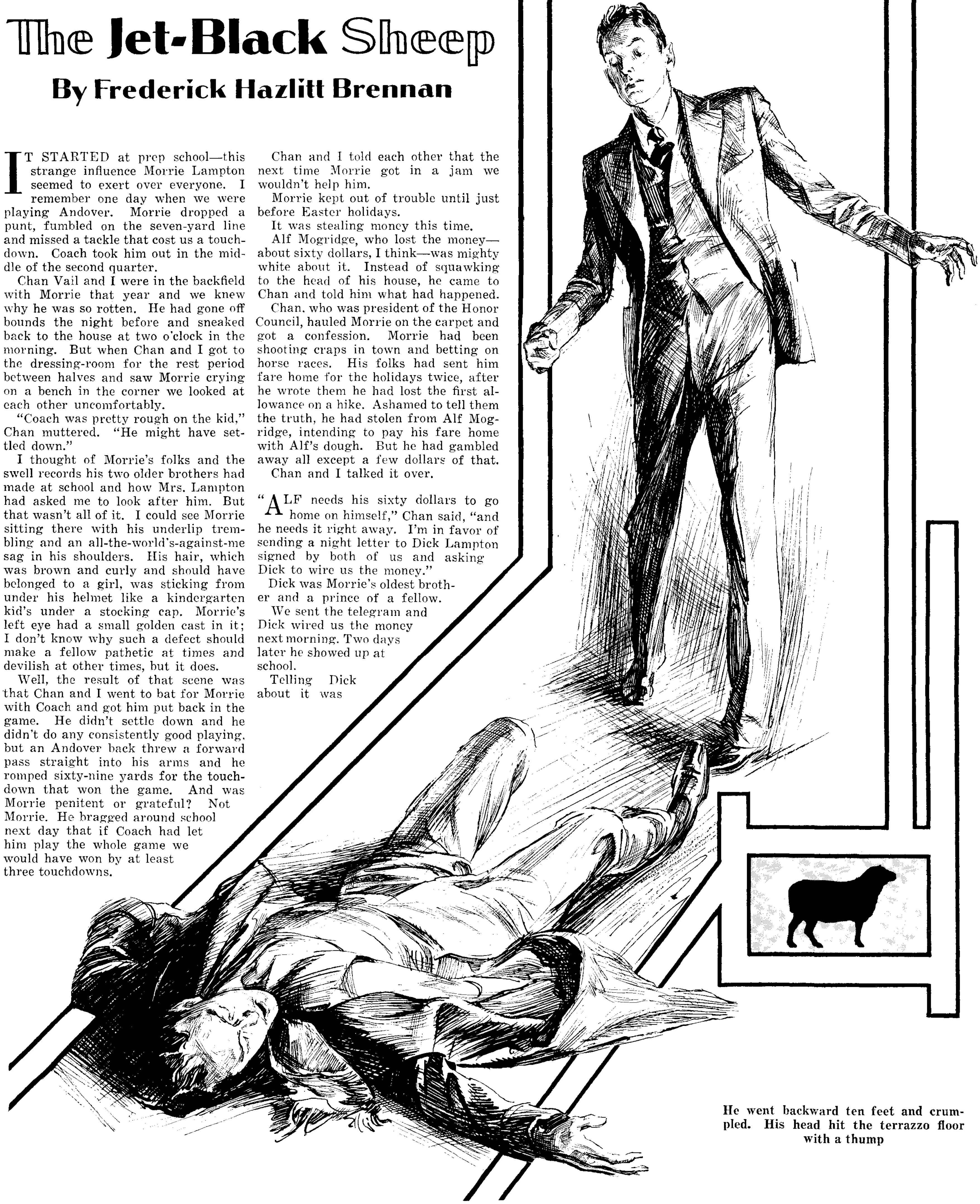
Chan and I talked it over.

"ALF needs his sixty dollars to go home on himself," Chan said, "and he needs it right away. I'm in favor of sending a night letter to Dick Lampton signed by both of us and asking Dick to wire us the money."

Dick was Morrie's oldest brother and a prince of a fellow.

We sent the telegram and Dick wired us the money next morning. Two days later he showed up at school.

Telling Dick about it was



He went backward ten feet and crumpled. His head hit the terrazzo floor with a thump one of the toughest jobs I ever tackled. Chan was supposed to help me but he just got red in the face and stared at the floor.

Dick stopped me before I was halfway through.

"Thanks, Bill," he said, "I'll get the details from Morrie." He was almost as embarrassed as Chan and I. "Our family never will forget what you boys have done." He took a long time to get the rest out: "You know how it's been with Morrie. None of us wanted to risk sending him so far from home but Mother insisted on it. Mother . . . well . . . we can't do anything with her when it comes to Morrie. I guess women love 'em more when they're bad." He sort of winced. "Morrie's just a kid, though. I guess if we give him time he'll snap out of it."

We said: "Sure. Morrie's not bad at heart. He's just a little wild. Give him time and he'll come through."

Dick took Morrie home with him.

ALF MOGRIDGE got a swell wrist watch with his name engraved on it as a present from Dick.

Morrie sent us a letter written on the train. A thank-you letter? Not Morrie. He used a lot of big words bawling us out for interfering in his private affairs.

The Lamptons didn't send Morrie back to Prep. We heard they had shipped him to a ranch in Wyoming.

Chan and I entered Yale the next fall. Our next news of Morrie was that his folks had sent him to the state university. My mother wrote me in October: "Poor dear Mrs. Lampton. More trouble with M. Quite a disgusting affair this time. *Expelled* from the university for going with a mixed party to a hotel. When I think of all the worry and sorrow that scamp has caused his mother and father I could lay him out. M. is back home and going to parties bold as brass."

We saw Morrie at a Junior League dance when we were home that Christmas.

Quite a lad. Flask on the hip and everything. And what a swath he cut among the infants! It was "Oh, Morrie, you horrid, wicked thing!" and "Yoo-hoo, Morrie! Jane wants to hear that one about the auto cushion." Even the women who were old enough to know better raved about Morrie's good looks. Jo McClintock said he looked like Byron. Sue Fetridge said he wasn't quite as fascinating as Byron because he didn't have a limp, but if she ever took up cradle-robbing she'd make for Morrie's corner the very first thing.

Morrie ignored Chan and me. Sailed by on the dance floor without even a nod.

It rather griped me. I proposed to Chan that we take Morrie out in the cloakroom and paddle his pants.

"Aw, let him alone," Chan said. "I'm glad he's gone in for the social stuff. He may pick up a few decent ideas."

WE WENT over to say hello to Morrie's mother. His two brothers, Dick and Roger, and his sister Lucy were at the dance but all Mrs. Lampton could talk about was Morrie. I remember her sitting there on the side line and saying Morrie-this and Morrie-that and following him with her eyes as he danced. She told us Morrie hadn't liked the state university and was going to Columbia, "to study finance." We said that would be fine.

As I recall, Morrie lasted about eight months in New York.

Fortunately for Morrie's folks the real story didn't get into the newspapers. Just short yarns headed: "Elopement of College Student and 16-Year-Old Girl Frustrated by Father," or something like that.

It cost Mr. Lampton about ten thousand dollars to keep Morrie out of an open scandal and maybe a jail sentence for contributing to the delinquency of a minor.

Mother wrote me shortly before school was over that year: "M. is back home again and seems to have quieted down. Has gone quite literary. His brothers got him a job at Christy's Book Shop downtown. I do so hope M. has really mended his ways. His mother is in very poor health. Mr. L. has met with reverses in business lately. I don't see how either of them could weather another of M.'s escapades."

During the summer Morrie got to running around with a divorcée. He was twenty-one and she at least seven or eight years older. Morrie had become very sophisticated. He was starting a small mustache and passing around smuggled editions of dirty books. The women thought him handsomer and more fascinating than ever.

One day Chan and I were in a foursome with Dick Lampton at the Country Club. Dick looked worried and nervous; his golf was terrible. Dick and I had sliced drives on No. 14 and while we were walking toward the rough he said:

"Bill, I wish you and Chan would make up with Morrie. He needs a few decent friends. I know if you could get him to shooting golf or playing tennis or swimming he'd have a more wholesome slant on things."

It burned me up to see a fine fellow like Dick letting his nerves go to pieces over a no-good bum like Morrie. I was minded to tell him just what I thought. Then I remembered that after all Morrie was Dick's brother. I remembered, too, that it would sound awfully harsh and narrow to say: "It's no use, Dick. He's a black sheep and always will be. Your father ought to have let him go to jail in New York."

I SAID: "I don't know how Chan feels about it, but I'm willing to do anything I can to help Morrie snap out."

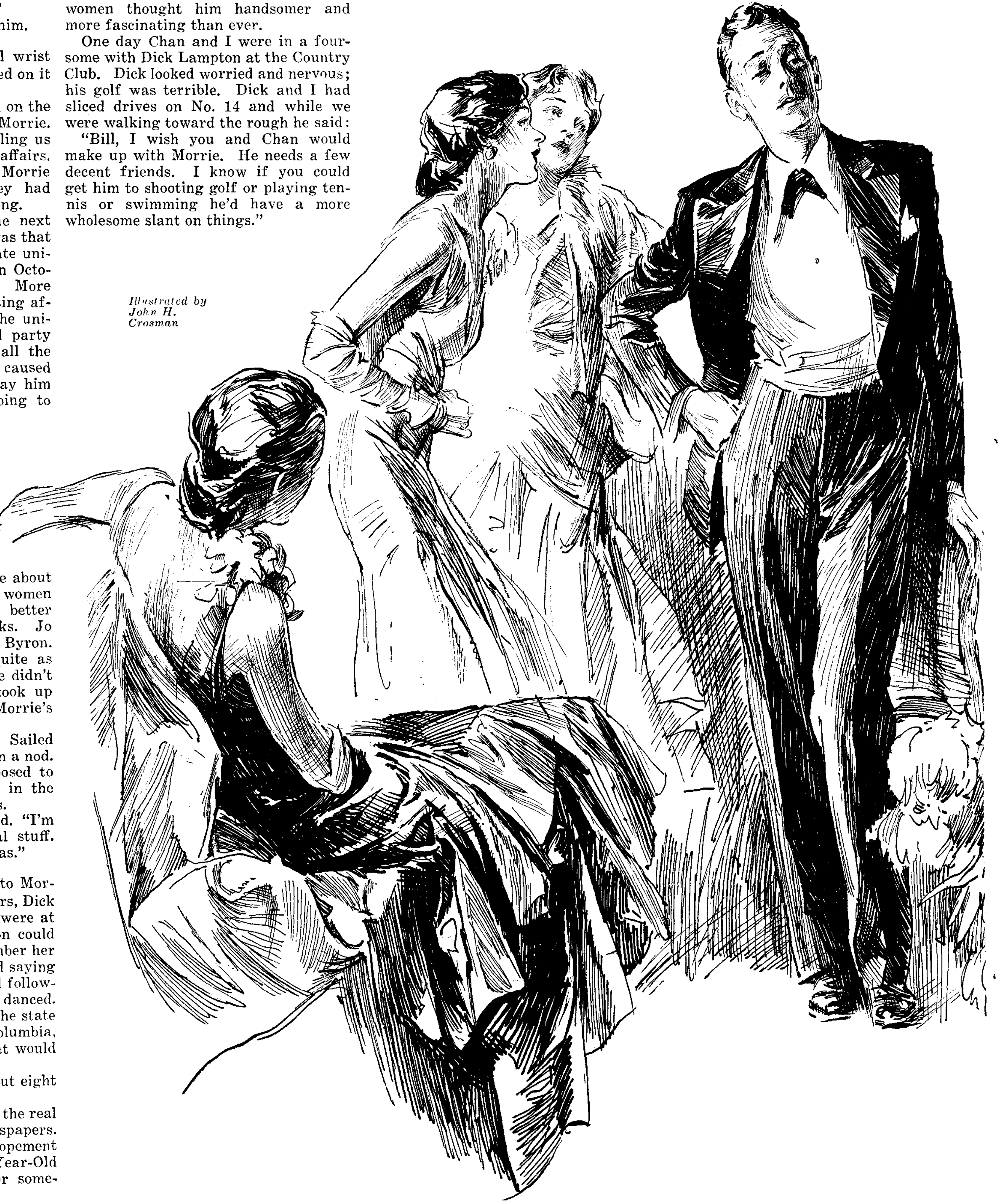
Dick thanked me. Then he said: "I know Morrie has given you fellows every reason to dislike him. I know I'm prejudiced because he's my brother; but I just can't turn thumbs down on him. There must be some good in Morrie."

I said: "Sure there is, Dick. There's some good in the worst heel that ever lived; and Morrie's far from being that."

Chan and I dropped in to see Morrie at the book shop one afternoon.

He looked a little fussed when we offered our hands, but when I said: "How about forgetting all that's happened, old kid?" he shook hands with us and said: "Certainly. I hope I'm not so unintelligent as to harbor schoolboy grudges."

We chewed the fat a while. I could see Morrie was glad to bury the hatchet. He was popular with women and he wanted to be popular with men. Maybe it was because we wanted to like Morrie for Dick's sake—but, anyway, we found him rather charming. He complimented Chan on his showing with the team last season and predicted he'd be an All-America half the next fall. He surprised me by knowing that the



Illustrated by John H. Crosman

Review had printed a letter of mine on professionalism.

Chan and I discussed Morrie on the way back to work.

"He's getting a little sense," Chan said. "If the women would leave him alone I think he'd develop into a pretty fair citizen."

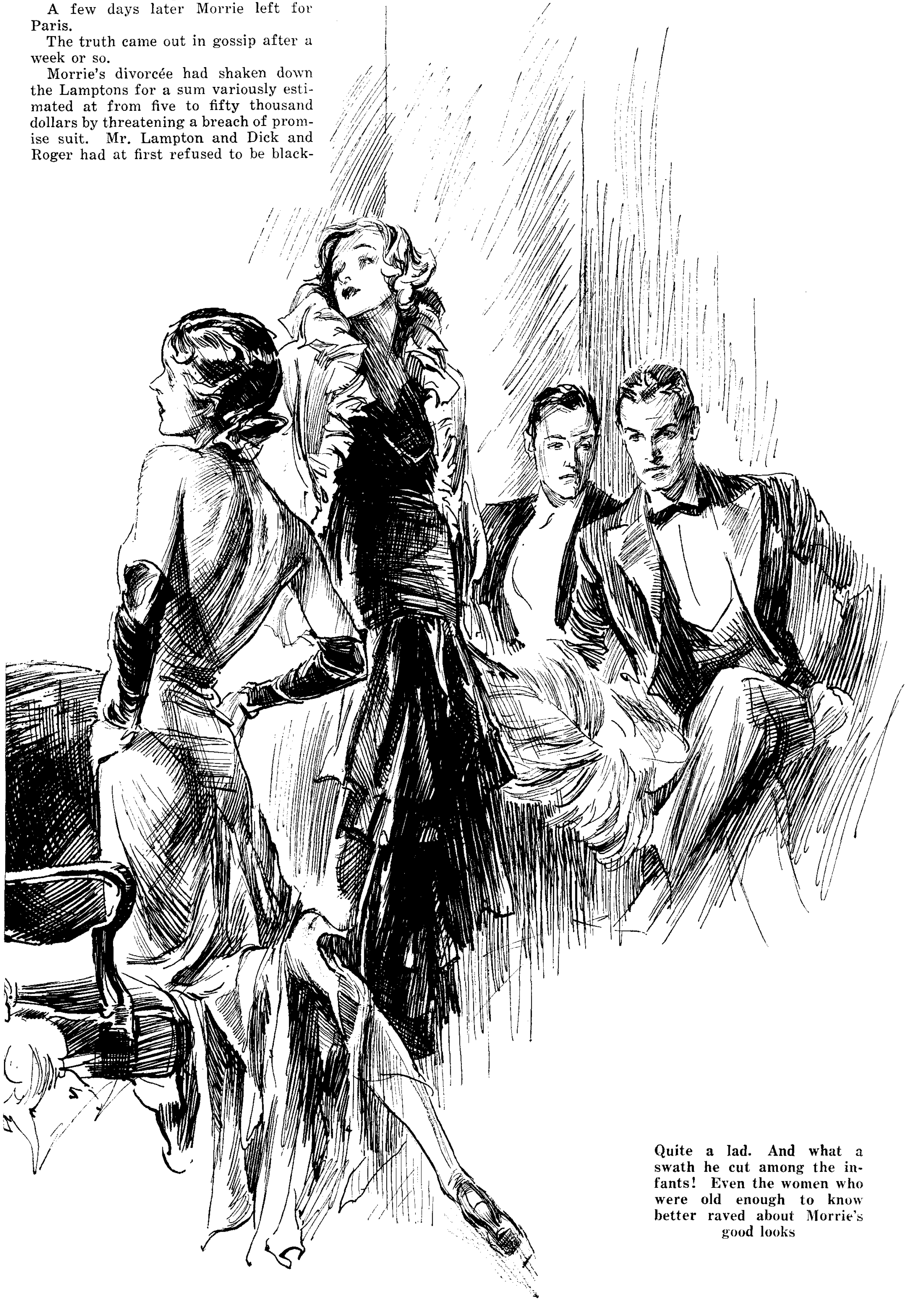
"He just got off on the wrong foot," I said. "I believe he realizes that now and wants to be regular."

A few days later Morrie left for Paris.

The truth came out in gossip after a week or so.

Morrie's divorcée had shaken down the Lamptons for a sum variously estimated at from five to fifty thousand dollars by threatening a breach of promise suit. Mr. Lampton and Dick and Roger had at first refused to be blackmailed but a criminal angle developed in the form of certain loans the divorcée had made to Morrie. She stood ready to charge that Morrie had embezzled from her. Morrie's brothers and father were afraid that if they fought the case Mrs. Lampton would get wind of it some way and the shock would kill her.

During the next year Morrie cut a wide swath abroad. He was reported to have won two hundred thousand francs at Cannes. He wrote a novel, published in Paris and promptly seized by the customs officials at New York. He was involved in the suicide of some little Montmartre tramp. The Sunday rotogravure sections carried his photograph twice—once with one of our Broadway celebrities and once with some obscure French countess on a bobsledding party at St. Moritz.



Quite a lad. And what a swath he cut among the infants! Even the women who were old enough to know better raved about Morrie's good looks

Chan and I were getting ready to graduate that June when Mother sent me an air-mail letter.

"Poor dear Mrs. Lampton passed away this morning. It was just pitiful. Calling for M. His father cabled him money to come home three weeks ago. Not a word from him. Miss Drew, the nurse, told Madge Putney that all the time M. has been away he has written his mother only once. That was last January. The last month or so they faked letters from M. and read them to her. M. ought to be horsewhipped."

Morrie got home two days after the funeral. According to gossip, he explained he was too ill to take the boat when his father cabled.

Chan and I talked it over on the train going home.

"He certainly won't have the gall to stick around there after all that's happened," I said. "Mother's right. He ought to be horsewhipped."

GOOD old Chan frowned. He had fallen in love with Mary Peyson that spring and he was disposed to be fond of everybody in the world.

"It does look rotten of Morrie," he said, "but we see only one side of it. I can't believe Morrie is so utterly villainous."

I gave Chan a good cussing for being a lovesick sap. When these big husky blond boys go soft on a girl it's awful. I said: "I suppose you'll throw your arms around Morrie and kiss him on both cheeks. But I've still got my right mind. As far as I'm concerned I'm ready right now to turn thumbs down on Morrie Lampton. That goes from now on, too."

Chan sighed.

"You always were a witch-burner at heart, old kid," he said. "After all, who are we to judge Morrie Lampton? Perhaps if he met the right sort of girl—"

I socked him with a pillow.

Mother had rather surprising news about Morrie. She told me as we were driving home from the station.

"He really must have been sick in Paris. He's white as a ghost and awfully thin. And he must have loved his poor mother, after all. They say he collapsed when they told him he was too late for the funeral. Insisted that he must see her. They opened the vault. He had brought her some edelweiss from the Alps and a little locket. He put the flowers and the locket in her hand.

"Perhaps we've all misjudged Morrie. He certainly looks changed. Years older and very sad. He made me feel almost guilty when I met him on the street the other day. I'm sure no man could grieve for his mother the way Morrie is grieving and be wholly bad."

Even my own mother had fallen for Morrie. But I was a die-hard. Morrie had to show me.

I wondered what the crowd would do. Would they take Morrie in again after all that had happened?

SEVERAL days later I had the answer to that one. Mary Peyson gave a sort of home-coming shindig for Chan and me at her house in the country. There were a dozen couples.

At dinner Jo McClintock started the ball rolling with this choice bit of gossip:

"The Old Guard is out to freeze Morrie Lampton. Mrs. Childress cut him dead at the Boat Club the other day, and Mrs. Hosmer has forbidden Willa and Chic to pal with him."

Martha Langendorf said: "Old lady Childress would be like that. She thinks she's Queen Victoria."

Francie Hatton said: "Fancy that? I imagine Morrie got a great kick out

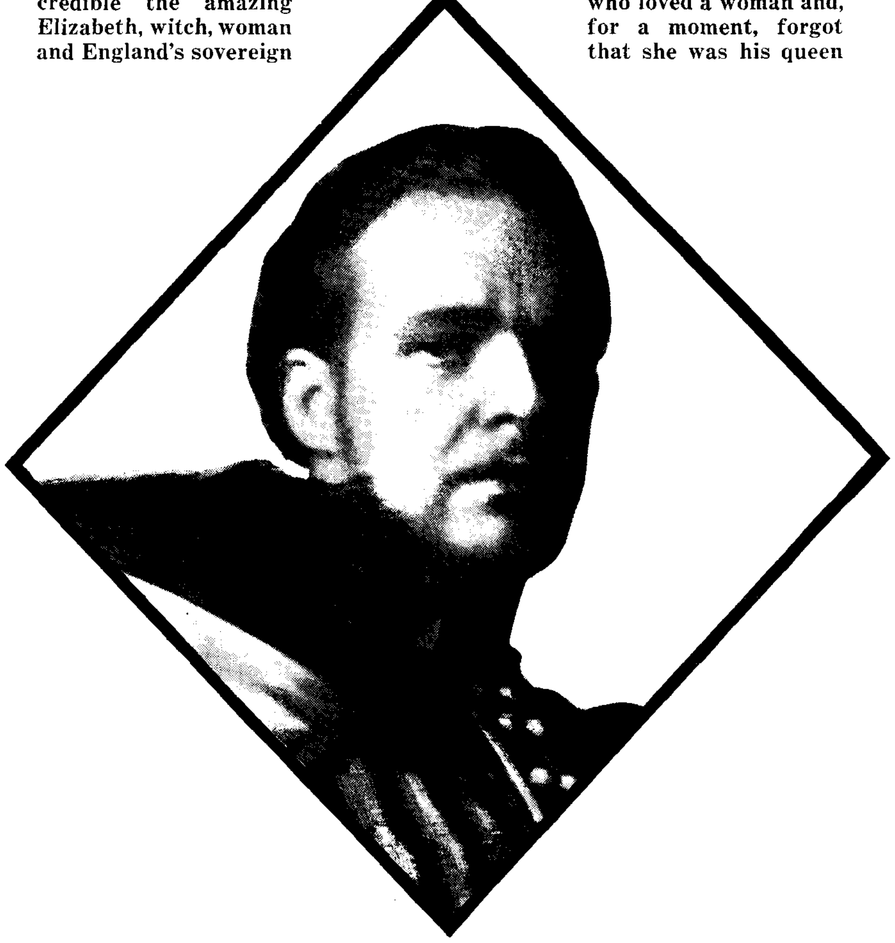
(*Continued on page 40*)

The Dollar After Next

While the other theatrical producers are scrambling madly, if a little uncertainly, after the next dollar, the Guild has quietly taken an option on the one after that. They will collect when Elizabeth, the Queen, breaks off a triumphant run in New York this spring to fulfill its engagements in other American cities

By Alexander Woollcott

Lynn Fontanne makes credible the amazing Elizabeth, witch, woman and England's sovereign



Alfred Lunt as Essex, who loved a woman and, for a moment, forgot that she was his queen

SHORTLY after Easter the play called Elizabeth, the Queen, which began in the late autumn an overwhelmingly successful engagement at the Guild Theater in New York, will, with its original cast (struggling perhaps, but intact), pay a week's visit to the gratified and faintly incredulous city of Milwaukee.

That item from the theatrical news of the season is the text of today's sermon. For reasons which will become apparent as this article rattles on, I might have called it The Return of the Native or On the Road with an Essex. I might even, for a reason that is certain to elude you, have called it Twice Aboard the Lugger. You see, I had always wanted to use that provocative title, and I am pretty tired of waiting for some subject it would fit.

Instead, however, I am falling back on The Dollar After Next, even at the risk of alienating those readers who would prefer at present to concentrate on any clues as to the whereabouts of a dollar less remote. For at least that title does emphasize the thought I want to leave with you today. I leave it with you the more light-heartedly because I have had it around the house for some time and really have no further use for it.

Elizabeth, the Queen, is the measured and glowing tragedy which an erstwhile Dakota schoolmaster named Maxwell Anderson wrought from the perverse, bitter, world-swaying romance between the withered spinster who was England's greatest sovereign and the Earl of Essex, the moody young gallant who fought under her banner and lounged moonstruck among the pretty ladies of her court.

The strange rigadoon those two danced on the top of the world—the macabre *pas de deux* which was halted with a crash of cymbals when she cut his head off—this still holds us all enthralled. There was that about Elizabeth which made men mind her. To this day they try to exorcise her from their thoughts by writing poems and plays about her. But hers is a ghost not so easily laid.

I came to Maxwell Anderson's tragedy fresh from a re-reading of Lytton Strachey's Elizabeth and Essex. And so, I suspect, did Mr. Anderson. But not in that book nor in any other recent retelling of the ancient story did the curious and unbalanced romance between the old queen and her young favorite ever seem quite believable. It is only in the understanding and electric performance by Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt that that romance takes on once more the color of living flesh, the architecture of bone and sinew. They impart anatomy to old desires.

A Triumph of Triumphs

After three or four weeks of experimental performances in outlying cities, they entered New York in triumph—a more emphatic one than they had ever known. The Guild's New York subscribers, who pretty much preëmpt its theater for the first six weeks, are, for the most part, a grumpy and comatose crowd, through which the players have to push their way doggedly, as through underbrush, before they can really get at the American people. But at Elizabeth, the Queen, even the most inert subscribers cheered like the peasants in an operetta, until their vociferous applause fairly shook the tapestries—those elegant hangings which when first they were hung on the auditorium's walls led a well-wisher of the once humble and threadbare Guild to shake his head in misgiving. "Ah," he murmured, "the Gobelins will get you if you don't watch out!"

Now with any other management in what is sometimes fancifully called the legitimate theater, the scoring of such a success would have been a signal to postpone all other plans indefinitely. Elizabeth, the Queen, could count on crowded houses for at least twelve months, and Miss Fontanne and Mr. Lunt would have been expected to settle back in their new rôles as into steamer chairs. Growing stale and indifferent in them with endless repetition. Growing bored with their work and themselves, as poor, frantic, Jeanne Eagels did in the five years of her imprisonment in Rain, in the interminable five years during which she paced up and down, up and down, in the pitilessly visible cell called Rain.

Not According to Broadway

But the Guild, which with all its blunders and limitations is at least operated for nobody's profit, called rehearsals for a new production to alternate with Elizabeth, the Queen, as soon as its players had caught their breath. Long before Christmas they were letter perfect in the tripping intricacies of Shakespeare's Much Ado. At the same time reassuring word was sent along to Boston, Washington, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis and, as hereinbefore mentioned, Milwaukee that no matter how long the line at the Guild box office in New York, Elizabeth, the Queen, and its notable actors, would visit them in the spring. It is because they know this compact will be kept that the playgoers in these cities are buying their seats now. It is because they have been thus dealt with in the past that only the Guild has an already mobilized audience awaiting its players when it goes on tour.

For some years now the road has grown more and more cheerless from the impresario's point of view. What, ask the saddened managers, has become of the old-fashioned theatergoer who used to count the days until Maude Adams and Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern came to town? Well, he has probably gone to the talkies. Or he may merely have fallen into what the managers are bound to regard as the sinful practice of staying at home of an evening. It has been this embittered creature's experience that, as a rule, only three grades of entertainment visit the once glamorous playhouses of his city. It may be a bored performance of a play given by a troupe that has already acted it for two seasons on Broadway. It may be a makeshift performance of a play given by a troupe that is only a blurred carbon copy of the one even then acting it on Broadway. Or it may be a discouraged performance of a play that is touring only because no one in New York would go to see it at all.

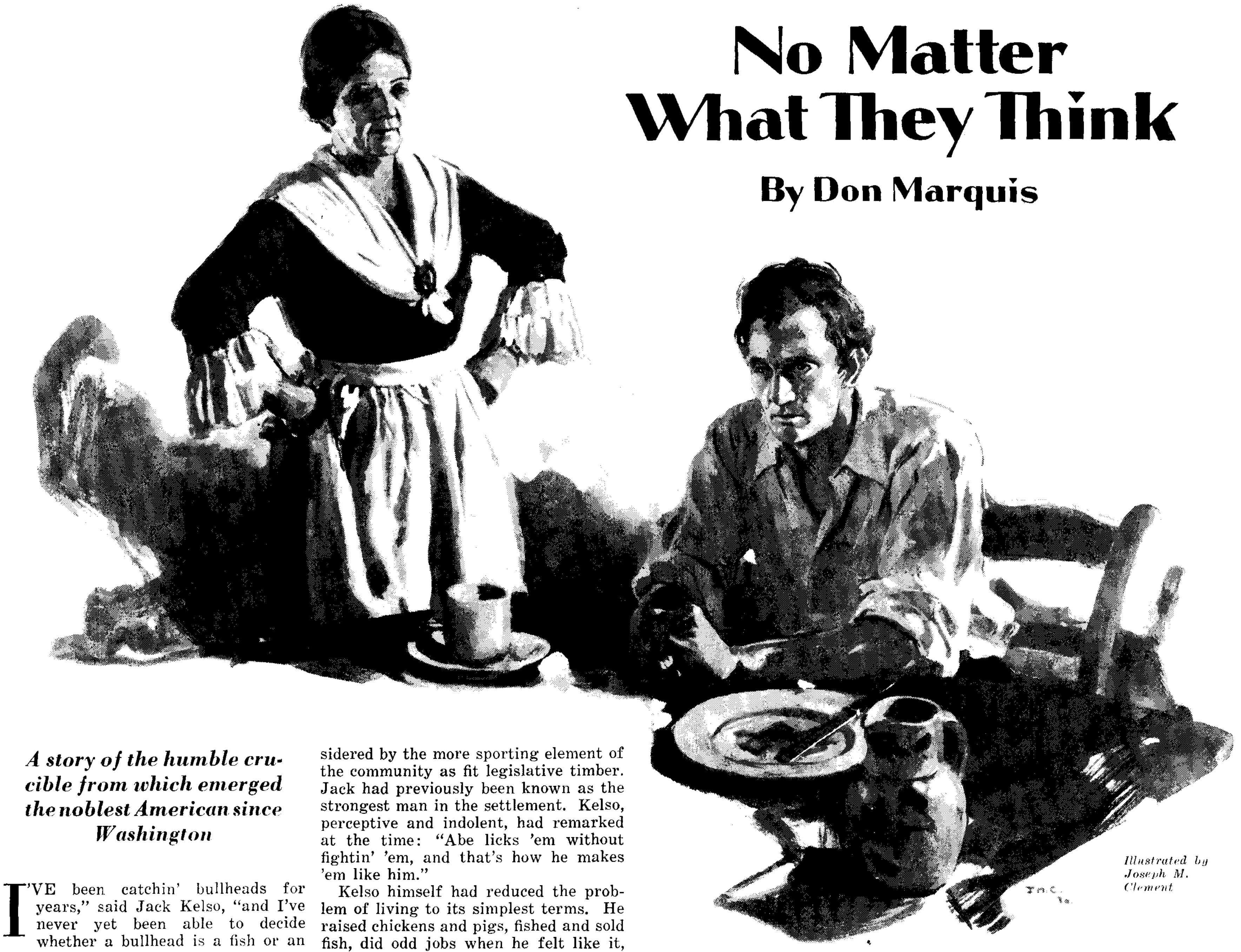
So he—the once dependable playgoer who used to paste his programs in his scrapbook—has taken to sulking in his tent.

To all who have noted this phenomenon, to all Broadwayites who say there *is* no road any more, I should like to point out a brief but possibly significant item of theatrical news. In October, at a time when many a traveling troupe was already calling it a season and borrowing the carfare back to New York, Elizabeth, the Queen, went into

(Continued on page 62)

No Matter What They Think

By Don Marquis



Illustrated by Joseph M. Clement

A story of the humble crucible from which emerged the noblest American since Washington

"I'VE been catchin' bullheads for years," said Jack Kelso, "and I've never yet been able to decide whether a bullhead is a fish or an animal."

He gingerly removed a melancholy-looking bullhead from his hook and laid it on the ground, as if doubtful whether to add it to his string of bass, pickerel, red-horse and sunfish. The bullhead looked at Kelso sulkily, with protruding, bilious eyes. It stiffened the spiked whiskers about its big mouth and seemed to swell and pout as if with an assertion of its own importance. Kelso laughed.

"Look, Abe," he said, calling the attention of his companion to it, "here's Malvolio!"

Young Lincoln looked. The fish did suggest Malvolio. Lincoln and Kelso had been reading Shakespeare together, and had been discovering Shakespeare's characters in man and beast by the score in and around New Salem. There were two of the Clary boys, from over at Clary's Grove, whom Lincoln always thought of as twin Hotspurs. They had gone about electioneering with him in his recent campaign for the state legislature, and they were palpably hunting trouble all the time. Lincoln had protested to them that he didn't need any personal defenders and did not want any trouble started. But he had finally been compelled to throw the Clarys down on the grass, one at a time, and rub smartweed into their eyes, just to give point to his argument. This had not disturbed the Clarys' loyalty to Lincoln in the slightest degree.

Lincoln grinned at the reflection that his political popularity had arisen to a certain extent on the basis of what he could do with his muscles. It was not until he had slammed Jack Armstrong to the ground that he had been considered by the more sporting element of the community as fit legislative timber. Jack had previously been known as the strongest man in the settlement. Kelso, perceptive and indolent, had remarked at the time: "Abe licks 'em without fightin' 'em, and that's how he makes 'em like him."

Kelso himself had reduced the problem of living to its simplest terms. He raised chickens and pigs, fished and sold fish, did odd jobs when he felt like it, hunted and trapped, and had a great deal of time left in which to read books and observe the human species. As he threaded a dumbly protesting worm upon his hook he inquired, without looking at Lincoln:

"What's all this talk I hear, Abe, about your getting yourself into trouble over some fool essay against the Bible?"

"It's not *against* the Bible," said Lincoln, frowning. "It points out what you and I have often talked over—that the Bible is full of great human stories, and poems, and allegories and is really more interesting and valuable when you take it that way than when you pretend to believe that every word in it, from cover to cover, is the absolute, direct, literal word or deed of a Supreme Being."

"Uh-huh." Kelso took a prodigious chew from a yellow twist of natural-leaf tobacco. "Just the same," he murmured, "you'll get yourself called an atheist if you talk that way around here."

"You know I'm not!" said Lincoln.

THE two men were fishing near the dam, not far from the Cameron and Rutledge mill, which was closed down for the day undergoing some repairs. On the hill above was the village, with its outlook north and south toward forests of walnut and elm and oak and hickory, and westward over wide stretches of prairie. The founders of New Salem had cannily set their town upon an eminence above the river; for a hundred years ago it was still good policy in that country to be able to take a long first look at any wandering band of Indians. The Black Hawk War was yet to come.

Lincoln knew that in the village on the hill he was the subject of anxious speculation. They had elected him to the state legislature, and now they were wondering whether they had been right about it—or, at least, a few of them were. And these few included the more influential men of the community and his particular friends: Judge Bowling Green, Jack Armstrong, Samuel Hill, Mentor Graham, the school-teacher. James Rutledge, Ann's father, knew about the essay, too. Lincoln could see Rutledge now just inside the door of the mill discussing the repairs with a carpenter.

"You've got a pretty good start in politics, Abe," said Jack Kelso, tentatively. "Not twenty-six yet, and in the legislature already!"

"If a man can't succeed in politics, and still say what he honestly thinks about everything, then I'm through with politics right now," said Lincoln slowly.

"All right, Abe, then you're through," replied Kelso. He added: "And for one, I'm glad of it!"

"Why are you glad, Jack?" asked Lincoln, curiously.

"It's my belief," said Kelso, "that you've got something better in you than bein' bossed by every half-wit in this part of Illinois; and that's what politics always comes down to."

"It needn't," said young Lincoln, frowning and meditating.

"Stick to it, son, and see if it needn't," said Kelso.

"Could you quit thinking about your own conscience for a minute or two," she interrupted, "while I talk about these people here?"

As Lincoln strode home, alone, the long pole over his shoulder accentuating his great lean height, he wondered just how near right Jack might be. They were trying to boss him now, his best friends were; trying to shut his mouth. They made no effort to understand his point of view with regard to the essay itself. They did not seem to care that it was an expression of sincere opinion, something he had thought over for a long time, and that had insisted on expressing itself. For the first time in his budding political career he seemed to be up against a stone wall. They would not discuss the paper on its merits; they just said: "It will ruin you, Abe."

"YOU'LL get yourself called an atheist," Kelso had said to him. Couldn't they see, his friends, that his essay proved him anything but that? *Against* the Bible? Why, no! He was trying to clarify a great theme, trying to brush away for the benefit of others some of the things that had once puzzled himself; trying to make people see the Bible as a living, palpitating repository of deep spiritual experience, the recorded moral gropings and moral triumphs of a people struggling toward greater and purer conceptions of a Supreme Being. The account of the creation in Genesis, he had written, was a great poem; and it lost its significance if it were taken as a literal report of literal facts that had happened in a literal, known period of six days.

And he knew he had written the paper well. Already he felt stirring within him a faculty for expression which was to develop until he eventually became the supreme poet of a people.

His reflections had carried him to the top of the hill and halfway through the main street of the straggling village. He spoke absent-mindedly to several friends, and then stopped still when Jack Armstrong called to him from the open front door of Armstrong's house.

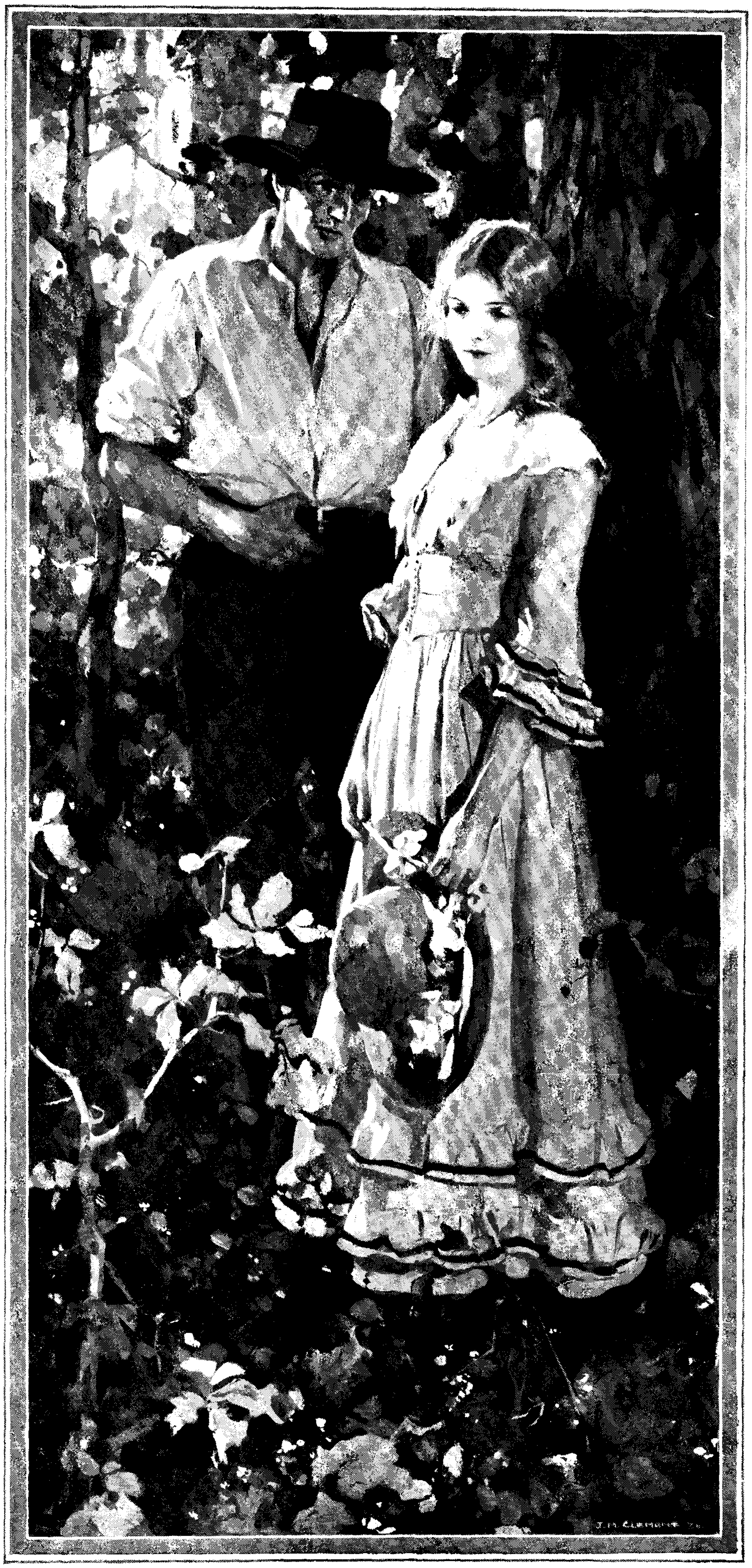
It was a warm morning in late August, and Jack was without coat or waistcoat, with his sleeves rolled up.

"Can you come in for a few minutes, Abe?" invited Jack, beckoning with his head and hand. Lincoln realized at once that his friends were in session at the Armstrong house, discussing the matter that filled his own mind, and had been on the lookout for him. He might as well face the matter at once and get it over with.

THE house was built of logs and there were but four rooms in all. Several trees, hickory and walnut, grew in the yard; in the front there was an attempt at a flower garden, somewhat withered by the heat of an Illinois August, and at the rear was a vegetable garden. The logical place for a discussion on this warm day would have been a shady spot under the trees in the yard. But the sense that this was to be an important conference placed it within doors by common consent. Lincoln leaned his fish pole against the front of the house and went in.

Judge Bowling Green, looking like Falstaff, was there; and Mentor Graham and Sam Hill. They were seated about the dining-room table; for this principal room of the house was at once dining-room, general living-room and, upon occasion, bedroom as well.

Hannah Armstrong, Jack's wife, sat by one of the small windows darning a sock in the damaged heel of which she had placed a large china egg. She and Lincoln greeted each other with an especial, quiet warmth; she had darned many a sock for the tall young fellow and patched more than one coat and pair of trousers since he had lived in New Salem. And she believed in him and stimulated his aspirations with a fervor equaled by only two other women—Ann Rutledge, whom he planned to marry, and the mother who had succumbed to poverty and toil when he was a gaunt boy of ten. Lincoln and Jack Armstrong sat down at the table with the others; and a moment later James Rutledge, who had followed Lincoln up the hill, came through the door and joined them.



"I couldn't bear it if you were—" she hesitated over the dreadful word, "an infidel!"

Sam Hill cleared his throat and went to the heart of the matter, as he saw it, at once.

"This paper's got to be burned, Abe," he said, bringing his hand down on the essay itself. It was written in Lincoln's neat, small script on many sheets of legal-cap paper, and Hill had been reading it aloud.

"WE ALL think so," said Bowling Green, and then ducked his head below the edge of the table and expectorated. Hannah Armstrong, although she did not allow Jack to chew tobacco in the house, had placed an earthenware flowerpot by a table leg for Judge Green's convenience.

"You're dead as a good Injun, the day that thing gets into print," continued the judge, reappearing.

Mentor Graham sighed and nodded. Graham would really have liked to see it in print. It was well written. Lincoln had studied grammar under Graham's tutorship; was, in a sense, his pupil. The substance of the paper had not shocked Graham; he agreed with it. But he supposed these others, who understood politics better than himself, were right; so he acquiesced. Rutledge and Armstrong both nodded.

"It's the truth," said Lincoln, "as I see the truth."

"You mean that you *think* it's the truth," said Hill, gravely. "I don't think it is. Most of the people who would read it wouldn't think so. You would stir up hundreds of enemies."

"Perhaps," suggested Lincoln, amiably, "the truth always stirs up a certain number of enemies, Sam."

"Why stir them up needlessly?" asked Hill.

"Is any truth ever a needless truth?" inquired Lincoln. "Doesn't the mere fact that it is a truth make it necessary to tell it?"

"No; of course not," said Bowling Green. But again Hill waved him to silence.

"Abe," he said, "you've got a future in politics; don't ruin it by pig-headedness; you might even wind up in Congress, some day, if you play your cards right—or even governor."

"Or President," said Mentor Graham, dreamily.

Everybody, except Samuel Hill, laughed.

"Don't let's talk nonsense, Mentor," said Hill, impatiently, annoyed at what he considered to be Graham's levity.

But Graham's absurd suggestion that Lincoln might one day be President, and the laughter, in which Lincoln himself joined, cleared the air temporarily of a certain amount of the growing irritation.

Then Lincoln spoke again.

"I still intend to publish the essay," he said, "because I think it is right. If it kills me politically, why, then, it will have to kill me! If I stay in politics I must be governed by my own ideas of right and wrong. If I can't do that, I am through with politics."

They sat in silence about the table after he had gone, a silence with more than a little sorrow in it. "Of course," muttered Mentor Graham, "he is really right about it."

"He's wrong!" said Samuel Hill. "He's wrong morally, and he's wrong politically." The others echoed Hill.

Hannah Armstrong laid down her mending and faced them.

"You men," she said, with a touch of quiet contempt in her voice, "ought to have more sense than to think you can manage Abe Lincoln that way. I know him better than any of you. If you leave this thing to me, I'll guarantee to have that paper in the fire within twenty-four hours."

"How'll you manage?" inquired her husband, hopefully.

"Leave it to me," she repeated. "And now clear out of here, all of you. I've got work to do, and some thinking to do."

After the men had dispersed she went out into the yard. She could see Lincoln in the distance, strolling along the river bank, slowly, thoughtfully, his hands behind his back, his head slightly bowed. A quarter of a mile away, where a meadow sloped down to the bank of the stream, bounded on its upper side by trees, she caught the blue flicker of a gingham dress below the darker background of the forest. Perhaps Lincoln had seen it also, for he was going in that direction; yes, he was aware of it; he quickened his pace.

"But Ann Rutledge won't know how to change him," said Hannah Armstrong to herself. "She loves him too much. He could make her think black was white."

With her hand shading her eyes she watched the distant meeting, saw the lovers stroll on up the stream together, guessed something of the trouble and emotion which agitated them, and with a smile and a sigh went back into the house and took up her darning again.

"BUT you *do* believe in God?" said Ann Rutledge.

"Of course," said Lincoln. "That's why I wrote the paper, Ann."

She laid upon his arm a hand that trembled slightly, and looked up at him. One thing that hurt her about all this was the fact that she had given him the Bible which he had thoughtfully read and pondered over and used in the preparation of his essay. And he knew that this small accident contributed to her present grief and worry.

She was not a large woman, and she looked smaller than she was by the side of the tall young Lincoln. Her size made her the more appealing to Lincoln, aroused the protective quality in his nature. She had both prettiness and beauty—the prettiness of a quick, elastic, rounded figure and an eager young face with regular features and steady, bright eyes; the beauty stamped on the flesh by a kindly nature and an alert mind. And for Lincoln, ever since he had first seen her, she had possessed a romantic quality. Her hair was ruddy gold—warm and vivid and spirited and exciting. And she showed race.

She had been born in Kentucky, not so very far from where Lincoln himself was born; and she knew and had endured the hardships of pioneer life; but the Rutledges were of a better family than Lincoln, originally South Carolinians, related to a signer of the Declaration of Independence, people with some tradition, some claim to aristocratic blood. And this, too, made its appeal to the ambitious backwoods politician so determined to get ahead in the world—on his own terms. It added to the romance of it all; the one romance of the man's life.

"I couldn't bear it," she said, "if you were . . . were . . ." she hesitated over the dreadful word, and then brought it out almost explosively: "an infidel!"

"But I'm not, Ann; you know I'm not."

He began to talk to her, to tell her once again his own point of view. The girl thrilled to the fervor, the poetry, the eloquence which seized upon him when he began to set forth his own lofty and independent conception of the central and governing spirit of the universe. But he knew that she might thrill, and still be fundamentally unconvinced, for she was very much a woman of her own time and place.

"I don't want people even to think you are an infidel," she said.

There was a troubled silence. They had known enough trouble since they had been in love with each other. Ann had been engaged to marry another man, and he had gone back east and had ceased to write to her. He did not answer her letters. She considered herself, and Lincoln considered her, morally freed from the engagement by the other man's attitude. But, before she married Lincoln, she wished to see, or hear from, this neglectful former suitor and get a formal release. Lincoln acquiesced in this, knowing how much the formality meant to the strict rectitude of her character. This thing had troubled their courtship; it had made caresses and endearments rare between them.

And now there was this other trouble.

They turned into the woods, and for a long time, for a long way, they walked without saying anything.

Suddenly she turned toward him, her eyes brimming with love, and flung her arms about him, and put her head upon his breast.

"Burn it up," she said, "for my sake!"

THE young man was passionately tempted. It would be so easy to say yes! Love pleaded for that; worldly honor and advancement as well—and there would be no one to reproach him, except himself On the contrary, everyone would applaud. Love and ambition urged him the one way. But to give up what he felt was right for the sake of his own personal advantage? To stultify himself for a personal love? That would be to make a lesser thing of himself, a person less worthy of being loved.

"I can't say yes," he told her.

"Oh," she cried, trembling in his arms, and half-consciously exercising all that personal allurement which has been a weapon of women through the ages, "how can you say no!"

How could he? As he looked down at her eyes, glowing darker with the intensity of her love, he was suddenly visited with a perception of his own power over her—if she had power to shake his resolution, he equally had power to shake hers. Now, at this instant, he could sweep the girl utterly off her feet with his strength and masculinity, if he chose—could make her forget, utterly, that there was any difference of opinion between them; could break down the mold of her mind with the force of his emotion, even as she had been trying, only half aware, to break down the mold of his. He was tempted again, in a new way. But it would not be fair; it was not the sort of victory which he wanted.

"This thing," he said, a little thickly, "is bigger than our personal love, Ann." He put her gently away from him.

"I thought nothing could be bigger than that," she said, wounded.

"The truth is," he said.

"It isn't the truth!" she flared out at him, angrily. "It is only what *you* say is the truth!"

He looked at her sorrowfully. He was wondering if this difference meant that she was through with him, that she no longer intended to marry him. They were both miserable.

"I do love you, Ann," he said, finally.

Her answer to that was a gesture of overwhelming generosity; she threw herself into his arms again, and said, sobbing, as she relinquished everything for which she had been fighting:

"Oh, print it—do what you like; be what you like—print it—be an infidel if you *are* one! I'll always love you; I don't care what you are!"

IT WAS late in the afternoon when Hannah Armstrong, who had been watching, saw them coming back toward the village. She hailed them, genially, as they passed her house.

"Come in," she said, "I want to see you folks."

Ann, she noted, bore the characteristically happy look of a girl very much in love who hasn't got what she wanted, and is all the happier because she has given it up to the man she loves. And Lincoln—he looked hungry. She knew the look. She knew him well.

"I must be getting home," Ann demurred.

"It's Abe I want to see, anyhow," acquiesced Hannah Armstrong. He said good-by to Ann, and went into the house. Hannah lingered without a few seconds. "Come by in an hour or so," she said to Ann. "I may have something to tell you."

On Hannah's table were a large piece of boiled beef, cold and ready to slice, a pitcher of sweet milk, a plate of doughnuts and half an apple pie; and it was nearly fifteen minutes later before Hannah spoke to Lincoln. But when she did speak she went at once to the heart of the matter.

"It made me laugh this morning," she said, "to hear those men trying to bribe you with political offices to keep your mouth shut."

Lincoln looked at her quizzically.

"And Ann," she continued, "of course, Ann would ask you to burn that paper, just for her sake."

Lincoln smiled at her and waited.

"Whatever you do about it," said Hannah Armstrong, "you'll do because you've thought it over and decided it is the right thing to do."

"I have thought it over," said Lincoln.

"Yes," said Hannah Armstrong, "where your own feelings and opinions are concerned you have thought it over. What you haven't thought about is

(*Continued on page 54*)

WORD HUNT
WORD HUNT
TRADE MARK

In the English language there are exactly nine words (each having just nine letters) that begin with the letters O-B-S-E. One of them is OBSEQUENT. You supply the others.

1	O	B	S	E	Q	U	E	N	T	Yielding; (Phys. Geog.) a stream flowing down a steep slope of resistant rock in a direction opposed to the dip of the rock.
2	O	B	S	E						(Rare) Obsequiousness.
3	O	B	S	E						Pertaining to obsession or obsessions.
4	O	B	S	E						(Rare) To beseech; supplicate; implore.
5	O	B	S	E						Of or pertaining to burial rites or ceremonies.
6	O	B	S	E						Influencing, as by a fixed idea. to an unreasonable degree.
7	O	B	S	E						Taking notice; attentive. Also, regardful; mindful; heedful.
8	O	B	S	E						The persistent and unescapable influence of an idea or emotion; also, the emotion or idea.
9	O	B	S	E						Taking notice of by appropriate conduct; keeping; heeding; obeying. Seeing; perceiving. Also, saying or remarking.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in Collier's for January 31st

1. Splendid
2. Splendor
3. Spleened
4. Splender
5. Splenoid
6. Splenial
7. Splenius
8. Splenium

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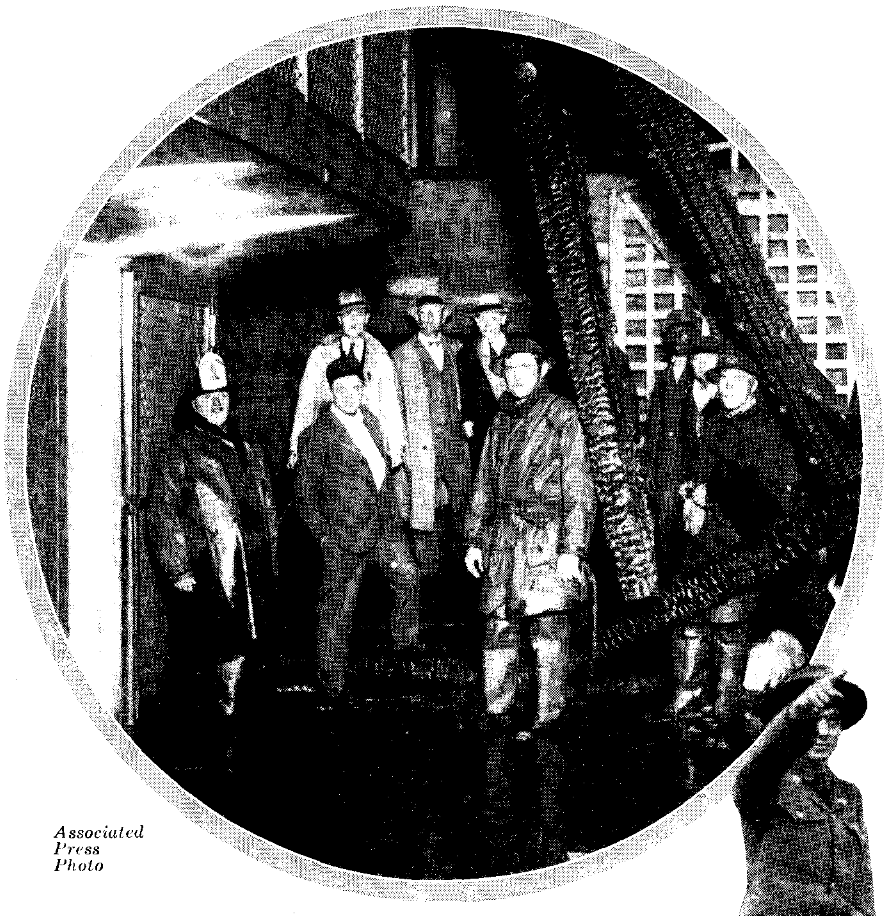
The Big Smudge

The world knows the horror of what happened on that April evening when death drove like a plague through the Ohio state penitentiary. But the world does not know how this came to happen. As far as facts can be sifted from rumors the tale of this tragedy can be said to begin with Prisoner 4109X

By John B. Kennedy


Associated Press Photo

Part of a gutted cell block in the Ohio prison, one of the traps in which over 300 men died in fire and smoke

P. & A. Photo

A National Guard machine-gun crew on duty at the prison after an attempted mutiny

PRISONER 4109X was tough—just about as tough as they come in the Ohio state penitentiary. He was doing his fourth stretch after breaking prison three times. That's why he had tasted "solitary" and found it not to his taste. That's why he was in the "bad block," where the more hardened souls snarled through the grim daily routine. In the rat pit of a prison, crammed between stone walls thirty feet tall and two feet thick, all they lived for was the hope of the freedom they could see in the city surrounding them.

Lying in his cell, 4109X wrote a letter—to another convict whose habitation was on the other side of the Big House, in another cell block. The letter filtered through to the warden's hands.

"As a fact," it read, in hard-written words like the scrawl of an awl on safe-iron, "I don't trust no one when I've got a chance to play my own cards; but they've always been damned careful where they place me. I've always given J. C. (the deputy warden) the breaks, whether he realizes it or not, and whether he deserves it or not. There was a plan to take him with us through this stockade, and if it had of went through he'd have been a dead bird or his job gone. But I thought at that time I understood him, and I busted the plan up. But I'll tell you something. I'm desperate as the worst bug in a bughouse to get my freedom again. And when I see there's nothing else to do I'll sell out in cold blood. They've drove me to the wall, and I'm a bum and everything; but a sane man. The plan I told you about is practical. But if I'd get away I'd be a hunted man the rest of my life, and damn the difference—anything but this damned cage.

"Here's the plan, from starting to end. I'm telling you this because I know how you stand and how I stand.

"This has got to be done by clockwork, timed so plans won't miscarry, to make a sure success out of the job. We'll take some night when they bump someone off in the chair. They generally do the burning about nine or nine-thirty—and the dead wagon comes in about twenty minutes or half an hour before.

"I'll Take the Warden's Job"

"Now, here's the move. We would take charge of this joint after they send the count in between seven and eight bells. That gives us time to have everything ready before the dead wagon comes in. I've got guys already picked for the move, although they don't know the plans or anything else; but they'll be ready for anything when the time comes.

"When the dead wagon comes in, what guys I need will take them screws (guards) and put old Carter (a prisoner) there with a gun. Then I and what others I'll need will climb in the wagon and go to the death house and take it over. There'll probably be a couple of screws there and perhaps a preacher or two. We'll take them over, then we'll have only a few minutes to wait for old Preston (the chief warden) himself. Then I'll take the warden's job myself. If I can deal with him right and save time, why, okay. If not, I'll put him in the chair and make him beg for his life. Then from there we place him in the dead wagon and come out through the stockade and in the guardroom from the front way. That way I'll be sure to get in the guardroom without any delay. But before I go in I'll leave a couple of men on the street to take over a couple of good cars for a quick get-away. Then we'll go into the guardroom and from there into the gunroom because I want some of them machine guns.

"After we get the guns we'll chain the guardroom doors open and I'll let the rest of the annex guys out and there'll be a few hundred in the dormitory. I've got my get-away already planned. That will ruin Preston (the warden), but beforehand I need some things to pull the deal, and that's where my dream ends, because I need two guns to start with and a key for the door. I probably could make a key, but I can't make the rods. These night screws carry rods, but we could never get to them before they'd have us covered and that would spoil a good plan.

It's Easy—With "Rods"

"By having rods to start with, we could cover them, and from then on everything would be clockwork. No one but me would know where the rods come from, and I don't care, just so I get them in my hands, because I'll either make the streets or hell. So that's the comic in one picture. Yours truly, one jungle buzzard, with best respects. (Destroy this.)"

"This," not being destroyed, did not lead to the exciting sequel plotted by No. 4109X—who was doing time for an atrocious assault. An even more exciting sequel hurled the Ohio state

Wide World Photo

prison from a figurative inferno into a literal one, smoke-belching and flame-swept, with the grisly aftermath of 320 convicts permanently freed, not through the prison gates but through the gates of death.

Before dipping into this drama consider the scene: A huge prison penned in the heart of a city, clanging street cars and the clatter from a railroad viaduct always in the ears of its inmates. Hooting of motor cars, and frequently the glad shouts of children tossed over the bastioned walls of that twenty-three-acre enclosure where 4,000 criminals of all ages and degrees of turpitude existed. Sing Sing had half the number of prisoners in about twice the space, and Sing Sing has the expanse and air of the Hudson.

The Seeds of Revolt

Long before 4109X penciled his tragi-comic message as a symptom of the final outburst, the infection of rebellion had set deep in the prison. Warden Preston Thomas, a breezy, hard-grained and competent administrator, was crossing the prison yard one afternoon when a "dopey" passed him and shot through a mouth-corner: "They're gonna take you to the gate." The warden thinks fast. They didn't take him to the gate.

Keen disaffection was manifested through the prison. Men went about their tasks like surly robots. There were epidemics of forbidden talking in march lines to mess hall and cells. And one afternoon when, through carelessness, three doors of the double cage at the main entrance were swung open to admit visitors, a group of convicts rushed the gates. Thirteen of them got to the street in the dusk—four of them were felled instantly by buckshot from the warden's gun as he fired from the front lawn of his quarters. One of the others was picked up on a side street and the remaining fugitives were rounded up by a Cleveland plainclothesman.

The fever of escape was in the place. A stool pigeon slipped word to the warden's office that the men were going to "sap" the walls and either burrow through to the street or blow the prison to pieces. "They're working," his report ran, "under cover of the coal dumps by the north wall."

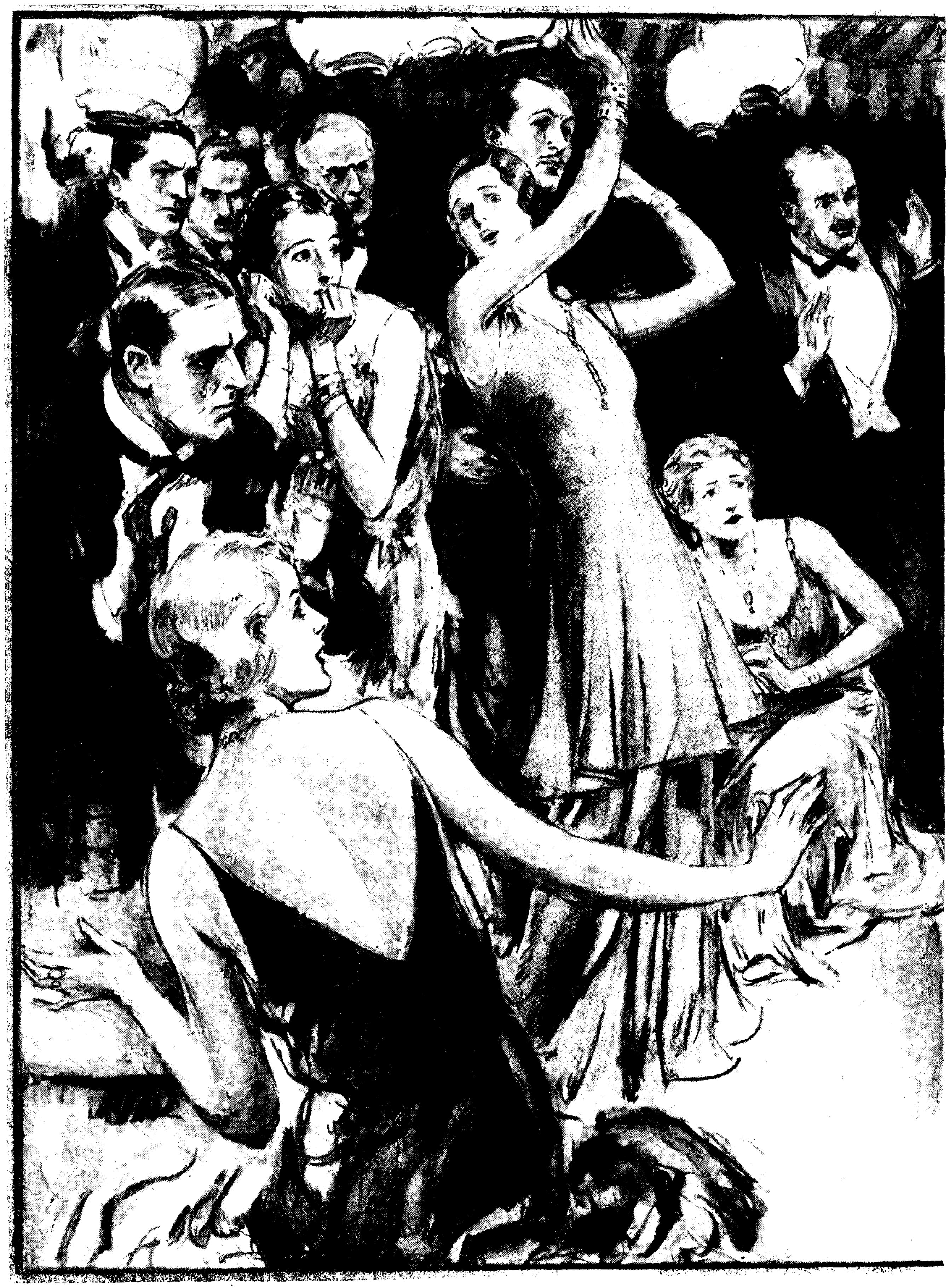
(Continued on page 41)

After the fire: Inmates of the prison being conducted to cells by the National Guard, which took immediate charge of the situation

International Newsreel

Underwood & Underwood

A view of the Ohio state penitentiary at Columbus, scene of the worst disaster in American prison history. In the foreground, Warden P. E. Thomas



Illustrated by C. D. Williams

A Lady of Resource

The Story Thus Far:

MORGAN COLLETTE loses his fortune in Wall Street. He has very little money—he must find work. But where?

Desperate—having failed to find a job—he meets a girl: N. Grannis, young, beautiful, and—a bootlegger! Learning of his predicament, the girl promptly offers him a job—as a pirate! While she is discussing her remarkable proposition, in her apartment, one "Sailor" Kelley arrives, insults the girl, and, after being knocked down by Collette, shoots him in the shoulder.

Convalescent (thanks to the tender nursing of N. Grannis), Collette finds himself in peril: Sailor has sworn to "get" him. But when the two men meet in a night club Collette gives Sailor a beating—apparently kills him.

The ruffian recovers, however; and Collette goes to Palm Beach, as the guest of wealthy friends. Two weeks later, Anne Draycon arrives. For years she and Collette have been in love, tacitly engaged. But, following his financial reverses, Collette had insisted, despite the girl's tearful protests, on giving her her freedom—had told her good-by, still adoring her. Now, once again, they are together. . . .

But Collette is far from happy. N. Grannis, too, has appeared on the scene. Collette admires the extraordinary girl; but, remembering her remark about piracy, he is worried. Sam Gallery, a rich bounder, has turned over his beautiful yacht, the Bonita, to the Fieldings, who are planning to give a lavish party on board in the near future. Can it be possible, Collette wonders, that N. Grannis has her eye on the Bonita—is planning to try out some of her weird piratical ideas?

Meeting the girl—whom he now calls "Nan"—he learns from her that Sailor Kelley has disappeared, after leaving the hospital, and may arrive any minute. "Watch that bird!" says the girl. "He's after you, Collette." But regarding her plans she is noncommittal.

As the evening for the party draws near, Collette's fears increase. Determined to learn the truth from N. Grannis, he goes to her apartment. A servant meets him. "Mrs. Grannis has left," the woman announces. "She ain't coming back."

Little does Collette dream, as he saunters away, of the strange and most tragic drama awaiting him.

VII

SO N. GRANNIS had abandoned any plan she might have had. Good! Collette felt much relieved as he made his way back to his wheelchair. He thought of returning to the restaurant for Anne, but decided against that. She would probably have finished her luncheon by now. So he told the man to take him to the Curtin house.

There, in the patio, he found the Curtins, father and son, and Jim Bixby.

"Been hoping you'd show up," said his host. "Crewe, here," and he nodded proudly at his son, "has doped up the swellest idea for tonight."

"What is it?" asked Collette.

"The Fielding party," said Crewe Curtin, eagerly. "A bunch of us are going out in Jack Cameron's fishing boat. Jack's got a little cannon—blanks, of course, but it makes a noise. We're going to come up to the Bonita, fire a shot across her bows, order her to stop, swarm aboard—we're all gotten up like gangsters—modern pirates, you know—and we'll fire revolvers, and line up the passengers and make 'em take off their jewels and hand over their dough—"

"Is it a swell idea or isn't it?" demanded Jim Bixby, with a pride as though he had been parent, instead of foster-parent, of the plan.

"Suppose someone fights?" protested Collette.

"But we're going to tip off everyone that would be liable to put up a battle," explained young Curtin. "We've tipped you off. We just keep the women out of the secret and some of the men that we are dead certain wouldn't dare to peep. We'll give them all a thrill. What do you think of it?"

Collette shrugged.

"I'm not much in favor of practical jokes," he said slowly.

"But you won't give it away, will you?" cried old Curtin.

"No," said Collette, doubtfully, "I won't give it away."

The telephone summoned Collette from the excited discussion between the Curtins and Bixby and Jack Cameron, who arrived shortly after Collette. It was Anne.

"Morgan, did you see her?"

Her voice was breathless. It was as filled with tremors as it had been on those far-gone days when she had told him of her first airplane ride, stolen in defiance of Mrs. Draycon's command, or of some mischief perpetrated upon some swooning suitor in his 'teens. The voice was young and its breathy quality was young. To Anne, Morgan realized, the possible crime that might be planned by N. Grannis was an adventure, and its wickedness had been ignored by her in contemplation of its thrill.

"She's left town—gone to Miami—for good," he said.

"Oh." There was distinct disappointment in Anne's voice.

Morgan laughed, and was unaware that there was exasperation in his mirth.

"Anne, you actually seem disappointed. I believe you really hoped that Mrs. Grannis—"

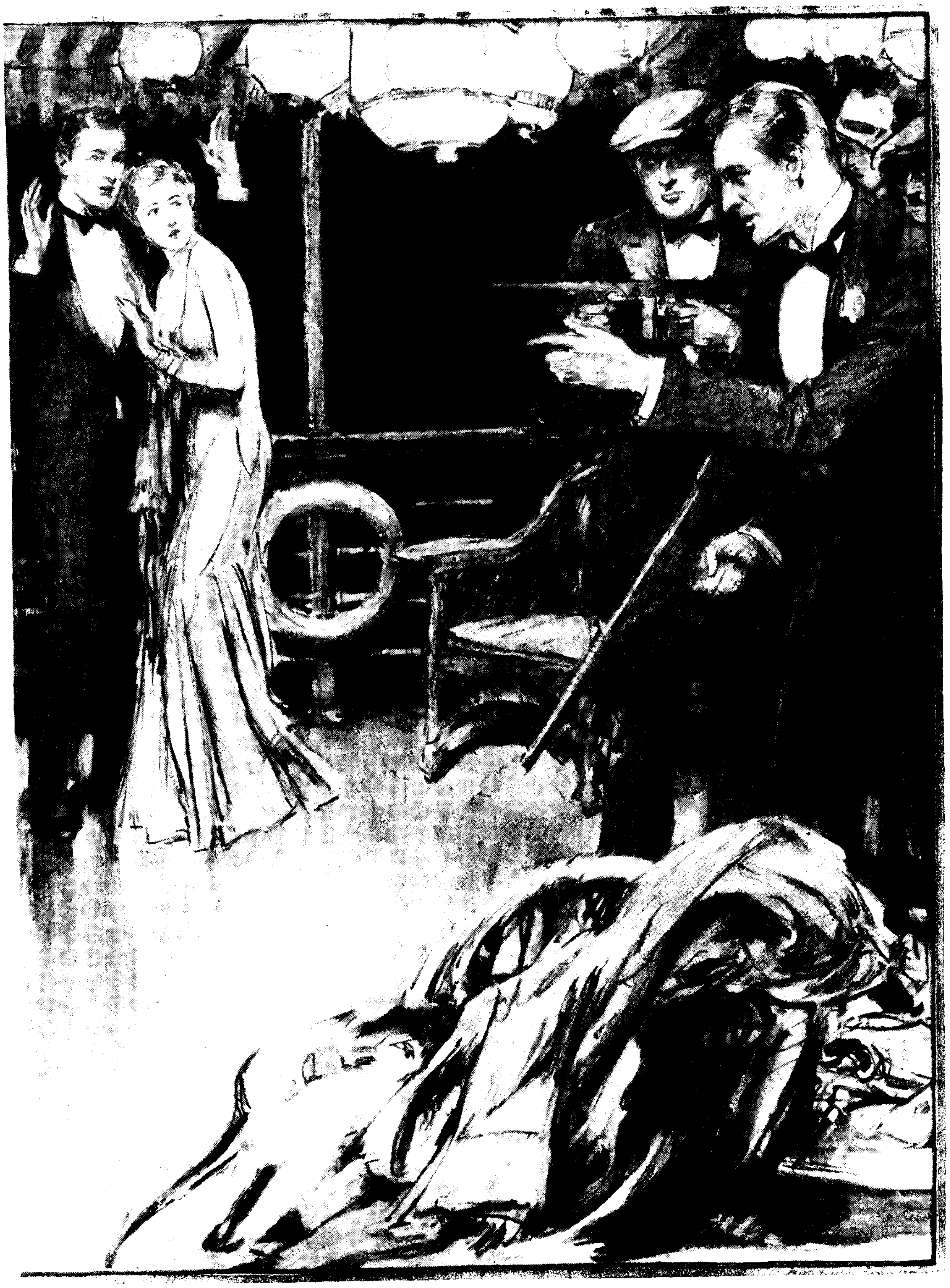
"N-*not* exactly that, Morgan," she said, "but—oh, well." She paused a moment. Then, "I'm phoning from the Burman beach."

"Yes?"

"Not a soul here. I want my tan to come quickly, so I came down here. And I'm afraid to go into the surf by myself. Do you ever swim in the afternoon, Morgan?"

"I do this afternoon," he said gallantly.

New arrivals in the Curtin patio



"The joke is off, ladies and gentlemen," he cried. "There's no danger so long as you all take it nice and calm"

By Arthur Somers Roche

were hailing young Curtin's plans for tonight with such enthusiasm that Collette's quiet passage through the enclosure was hardly noticed. He found his rented car in the street outside and climbed into it and sped to the Burman beach.

There, sprawled in the sand before a gayly colored *cabaña*, lay Anne. She looked up at Collette's approach and blinked at him through sleepy eyes.

"Is my back burned?" she asked.

She twisted and offered him a view of a frankly exposed spinal column, upon which the sun had already laid its crimson hand.

"Better go slow the first few days," he advised.

She turned over on her side, resting her chin in her palm, her elbow digging deeply into the sand.

"I'm tired of going slow, Morgan," she said.

"NOW that sounds fairly cryptic," he smiled.

"It shouldn't—and I don't believe it does, Morgan. That's why I adore your N. Grannis. She doesn't go slow."

"She may live to regret her speed," he said.

"But she will have sped," she countered. "Nothing humdrum about her life—no repressions, no cautions—I envy her."

"She probably envies you," he said.

"On account of you—of course," agreed Anne.

Collette's face crimsoned.

"Now what makes you say—"

Anne shrugged. Grains of sand cascaded from her pretty shoulders.

"It's obvious—one look at you two together and I knew how she felt about you. And she—well, from the way she looked at me I could tell that she knew about us—"

"All that in two looks?" he jeered.

"And lots more," she placidly rejoined. "Surprise you?"

"I don't suppose it should," he answered.

"It shouldn't," she assured him. "Women are different from men."

"I had guessed that all by myself," he said mildly.

"Now don't jeer, Morgan," she ordered. "I don't like you when you're sarcastic. N. Grannis—I *do* love that name—has really gone away? And she won't come to tea with me?"

"Did you think she would?"

Anne shook her head.

"Of course not. But I had to ask her—I wanted her, and she knew I wanted her—that's why she wouldn't come."

"And if you hadn't wanted her—really wanted her—then she would have teaed with you?"

"Of course," said Anne.

"And if I asked an explanation I'd be stupid?"

"Or masculine," she told him.

"WOMEN can do things with language," he began.

"We had to learn subtleties to cope with man's strength," she laughed. She sighed. "It would have been glorious, Morgan, and you know it, if she'd boarded the Bonita tonight—but she won't, so—how has it been with you, Morgan?"

He stood, looking down upon her.

"As you see," he replied. "Cliff Conrey offered to give his account to any brokerage firm I might join—"

"Sweet of old Cliff," commented the girl.

"But beyond that gleam of sunshine there has been no rift in the dun financial clouds that hang over me."

"They won't blow away of their own accord, you know," she said.

He rose slowly, brushing the sand from his flannels.

"I'm sorry," she said hastily. "Sit down again, Morgan. Please. Pretty please."

"Suppose," he said, "I'd lost a limb or scarred my face in some accident? Would it be tactful always to remind me of the fact? Or, if that isn't analogous, suppose I had some distasteful defect of character which I apparently had no intention of remedying? You would realize, after a while, that you would either have to accept me as I was, or give me up."

"SORRY, dear, sorry again," she said. Her eyes were misty. "I've been picking. No more, Morgan. And it's only been because I love you. You know that."

"I refuse to know it," he said.

"Of course. But you *do* know it, don't you?"

Through eyes whose mist had almost become a rain she looked at him.

"Anne, you make it hard for me," he said.

"I won't any more," she said. The tears vanished from her eyes and the tremor left her voice. "You're my heavy beau tonight," she stated.

"I wish I were," he groaned. "But I'm booked to take Belle. That was settled before I knew you were coming down here."

"It was unsettled this morning," she laughed. "I traded in one perfectly good Phil Clasby for one perfectly good Morgan Collette. Belle held out for something extra, so I gave her a pair of gloves."

"Flatterer," he smiled. "But are you sure—"

(*Continued on page 32*)

A Wonderful Girl like that

Wilbur Jones meets the most beautiful lady in the whole wide world—a romance which will awaken tender memories in many a wise heart

By John Peter Toohey

ISN'T it a fearfully hot night for your Tuxedo, dear?" inquired Mrs. Jones solicitously as she struggled to adjust Wilbur's somewhat recalcitrant tie.

That young gentleman mopped a liquid brow with a crumpled handkerchief as he smiled bravely.

"Oh, I don't mind," he remarked. "The Dennisons sort of expect it. You see, they're very worldly people—that is, I mean to say they're people of the world and—"

"You mean the great *outside* world, I suppose?" suggested Anne Jones, who was lolling languidly on the sofa and eying him through half-closed lids.

Her brother glared at her.

"I'll trouble you to mind your own inconsequential affairs," he spluttered, "and keep out of matters your little brain couldn't comprehend if you lived to be as old as—as—well, as old as whoever it was that lived such a long time."

Anne chuckled and sat up.

"Too bad the limousine's out of commission," she remarked, "but then I suppose you'll have Simpkins drive you over in one of the other cars."

"You shut up, Anne Jones, or I'll forget I'm a—a gentleman."

"Come, come, children," broke in Mrs. Jones. "It's much too hot to quarrel. Wilbur, I want you to promise me one thing. Now that you're dining with people of the world, as you call them, you've got to remember certain little niceties of conduct. Please, as a favor to me, keep your elbows off the table while you're eating."

He turned a writhing face on her.

"Oh, my gosh," he gurgled, "why don't you ask me if I've washed behind my ears? I'm just about fed up on this kid stuff."

"Very well, dear," smiled Mrs. Jones, "I'll try to remember."

He had almost reached the door when Anne spoke again.

"How's your Œdipus complex tonight, old-timer?" she inquired, casually.

Mrs. Jones looked puzzled as Wilbur turned, snorted, and stalked out.

"Anne," said Mrs. Jones, "what *is* an Œdipus complex?"

"It's a psychological term, Mother dear, and it refers to a boy's love for his mother. You see, it's this way—the psychologists say that a boy's first love is his mother."

"Well, that's natural enough, I'm sure."

"Of course it is. Well—when he starts to leave home and go out into what Wilbur calls the great outside world he usually falls in love first with someone who suggests his mother. The someone may look like his mother or she may just be older than he is, because you see his mother *is* older, naturally."

MRS. JONES looked at her sadly.

"Go on," she remarked with an air of chastened resignation. "Tell me the worst. Who is it this time? I don't know anyone Wilbur knows who looks like me."

"She doesn't, dear, except that she's got dark hair. But she *is* older."

Mrs. Jones gave a little squeak.

"Older than me?" she gasped.

"No, silly—older than Wilbur."

"Much older?"

"I'm not sure *how* much, but I'm afraid it's considerable—I only heard about it this afternoon. She's old enough to have had two husbands, anyway."

"Anne Jones, you're making this up."

"Honestly, Mother, I'm not. She's visiting the Dennisons—distant cousin or something from New York. The country club was buzzing with it all afternoon. She's tall and slender and willowy like one of those face-cream ladies in the ads and she wears the smartest sport clothes I've ever seen and Wilbur has been hanging around her like a sick pup for the last three days."

"But the husbands—*two*, you said? Where are they?"

"Well, one's dead, I understand, and the other's—well, the other's very much alive and kicking."

"Alive and kicking—then there'll be a—my gracious, Anne, this is the worst mix-up yet. This is positively the last straw. There'll be a scandal if we don't do something. Why, your poor brother may be shot or—why, you can't tell what might happen."

"No danger there, dear. She's safely divorced."

"DIVORCED?"—Mrs. Jones' agitation was pathetic. It was evident that she would have much preferred to know that this insidious vampire was still safely united in the bonds of holy matrimony to the second sharer of her joys and sorrows.

"I'll call Maude Dennison up and tell her to—to call this hussy off," she continued, straightening up.

"Mother, you'll do no such thing! Why, that would be absurd. And how do we know she's a hussy?"

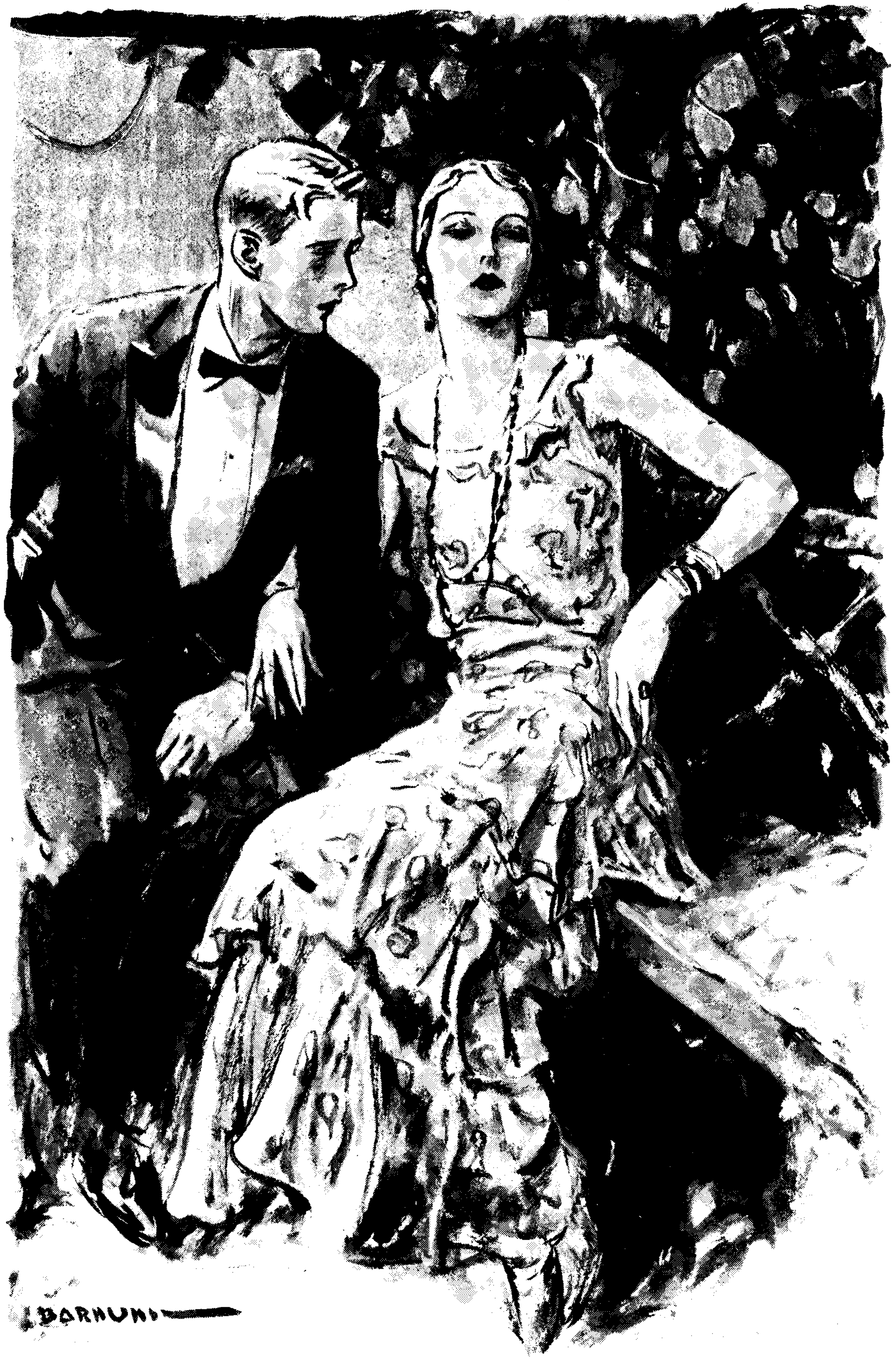
"Any married woman—or divorced woman—who would make a fool out of herself over an eighteen-year-old boy *must* be a hussy."

"Oh, not necessarily, and, if you ask me, it's Wilbur who's making a fool out of himself and not the lady in the case. You mustn't mention a word of it to the Dennisons. We'd be the laughingstock of the town. And how would you feel then?"

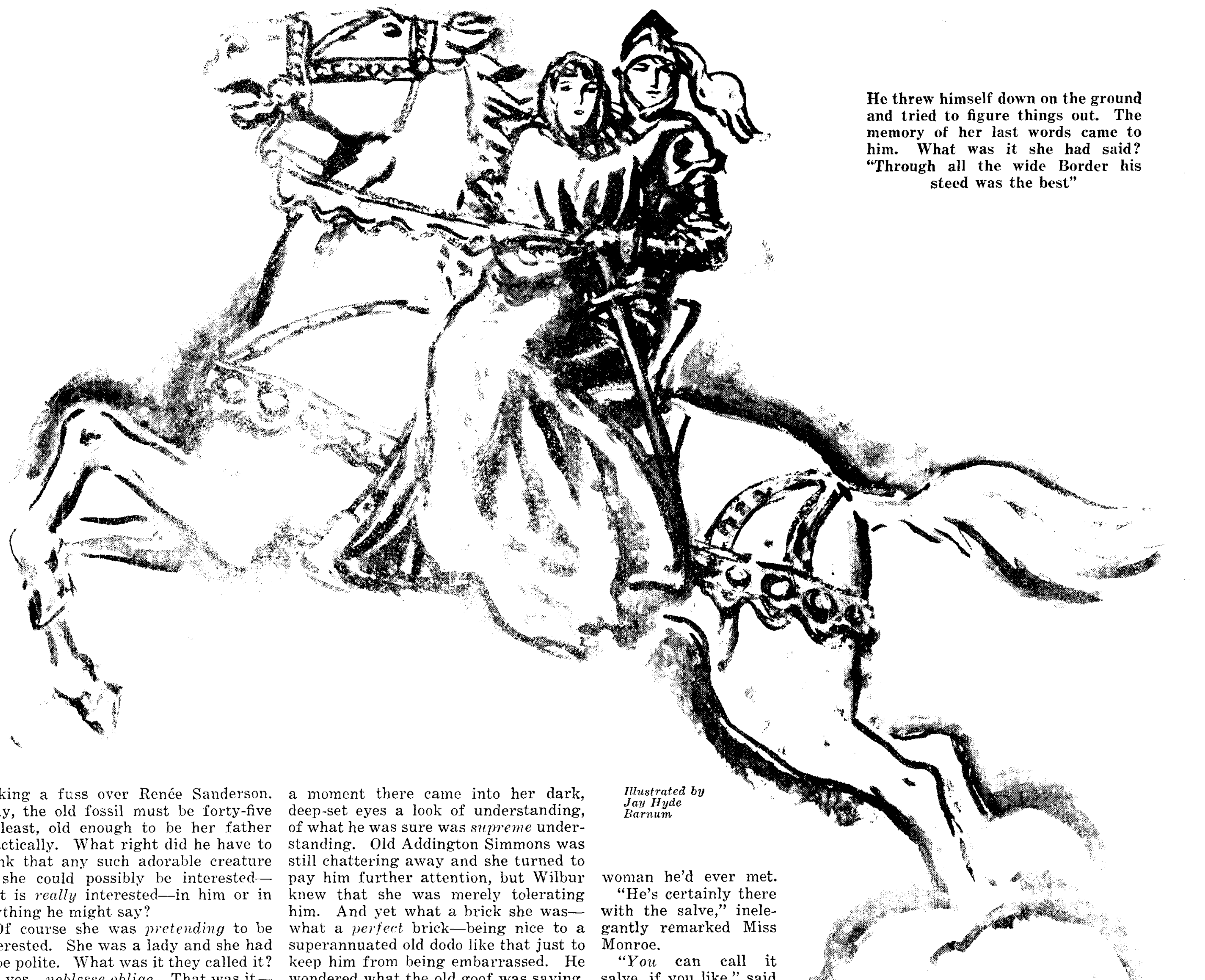
"And how do you suppose I'd feel if he eloped or—or anything like that?"

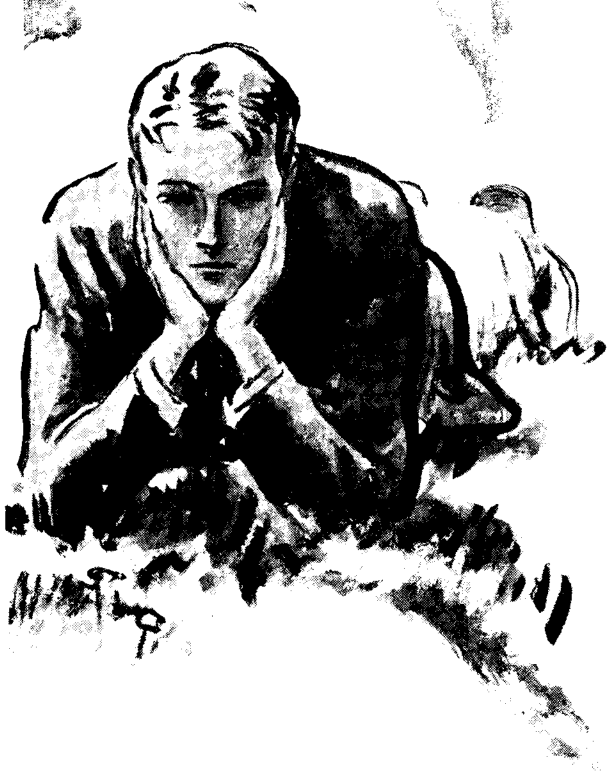
She sighed wearily, walked out on the wide veranda, and slumped into a wicker rocker, where her mind went drifting back through the years. Why, Wilbur had been a worry since he was three. He had brained one of his playmates with a tenpin at that tender age and had almost fractured his skull, and at four he had set the Andersons' barn on fire. And now he was in the clutches of a divorcee who probably lived in a "love nest" done in pink satin and who, undoubtedly, wasn't averse to accepting any sable coats that came her way. Why, she probably used perfumed bath salts. That, in Mrs. Jones' opinion, would definitely set her apart from respectable people. She managed to cry a little at the prospect that loomed before her.

Over at the Dennisons' Wilbur wondered if the darned dinner was ever going to end. It was bad enough having to sit wedged in between that silly Clair Monroe with her childish prattle about the "scrumptious" time she'd had in Europe the summer before and the elderly and slightly deaf Mrs. Musgrave, but the worst torture was watching that old fool Addington Simmons



She slipped down on a seat beside him and let her hand linger on his arm





He threw himself down on the ground and tried to figure things out. The memory of her last words came to him. What was it she had said? "Through all the wide Border his steed was the best"

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

making a fuss over Renée Sanderson. Why, the old fossil must be forty-five at least, old enough to be her father practically. What right did he have to think that any such adorable creature as she could possibly be interested—that is *really* interested—in him or in anything he might say?

Of course she was *pretending* to be interested. She was a lady and she had to be polite. What was it they called it? Oh, yes—*noblesse oblige*. That was it—*noblesse oblige*. He whispered the words to himself. The Monroe girl looked at him queerly.

"Did you say anything, Wilbur?" she inquired.

"Me?—no—nothing—that is, nothing important. Just a quaint foreign phrase that came to me. You wouldn't understand. It just happened to—well, explain a whole lot."

He smiled enigmatically in a superior way and reached for his coffee cup. What could she, poor frivolous child, know of the deeper and finer impulses of life, of the gestures that sensitive women of the world were required to make to maintain the amenities of social intercourse?

"Well, if you ask me I think you've got ants in your attic," retorted Miss Monroe, turning her attention to her companion on her left.

Wilbur resumed his contemplation of the divinity at the end of the table. How like a countess she looked, he thought, how exotic and how *disturbingly different*. He found himself murmuring another quaint foreign phrase—"*Très chic*." That was what she was—"*très chic*." He sighed.

"*Très chic*," he murmured again. "*Noblesse oblige*."

"I beg your pardon," almost shouted Mrs. Musgrave, who was watching him, "but I didn't quite hear."

He smiled indulgently at her and shook his head. The divinity at the end of the table turned toward him and for a moment there came into her dark, deep-set eyes a look of understanding, of what he was sure was *supreme* understanding. Old Addington Simmons was still chattering away and she turned to pay him further attention, but Wilbur knew that she was merely tolerating him. And yet what a brick she was—what a *perfect* brick—being nice to a superannuated old dodo like that just to keep him from being embarrassed. He wondered what the old goof was saying. The divinity was laughing pleasantly.

"That's charming," she said.

"I'm sure it was something complimentary you said, Addington," remarked Maude Dennison. "Let us all in on the secret."

"I was remarking on the exquisite taste displayed by Mrs. Sanderson in the adornment of her exquisite person."

The divinity, blushing, bowed her head.

"I told her I was reminded of an old French saying—'*le costume est exquis, tout à fait madame et madame est assurement le costume*,' which I suppose you could render in English as 'the costume is the woman and the woman is the costume.'"

A BUZZ of appreciation swept around the table. Maude Dennison leaned over and nudged Mr. Simmons.

"That would be one way of rendering it," she remarked playfully, "but if I remember my French the epigram is a little more personal in its application—not quite so coldly formal."

Addington Simmons beamed on the divinity.

"It was intended to be personal—decidedly personal," he said, gallantly.

Wilbur writhed and wished he hadn't flunked in French back in high school and that he hadn't decided to pass it up when he entered college. Compliments to pretty women sounded so darned romantic when you said them in French. That old fossil had probably been using that one for years with every pretty woman he'd ever met.

"He's certainly there with the salve," inelegantly remarked Miss Monroe.

"*You* can call it salve, if you like," said Wilbur crushingly, "but *I* prefer the term mortar and if you ask me what he laid it on with I'll tell you—a trowel."

Miss Monroe ostentatiously rubbed one forefinger across the other as if she were sharpening a pencil.

"It's certainly pretty dusty on the river tonight for you, old dear," she countered. "Where do you go from here?"

"I don't see that that's any of your immediate concern," he replied haughtily.

He was glad that Maude Dennison decided at that moment to adjourn the festivities to the living-room. Miss Monroe elevated her nose and drifted off by herself and he found himself escorting Mrs. Musgrave to a seat.

"Such a distinguished man—Mr. Simmons," she was saying in that high-pitched, far-away voice peculiar to deaf people.

He didn't vouchsafe a reply and she persisted:

"I said he's such a distinguished man—so cultured—so traveled—and such a gallant gentleman with the ladies—oh, such a gallant gentleman."

She leered at him knowingly. He grunted something that would have been inaudible had Mrs. Musgrave possessed the acute hearing of a bounding antelope, politely bestowed her on a chaise longue and looked about to see where the divinity had gone. Mr. Simmons had been corralled by his hostess and was leaning languidly on the piano. The light from a lamp at his elbow threw his head into high relief and Wilbur noticed that he had a bald spot. He chuckled grimly. Why, the poor old dodderer probably had false teeth and wore woolen underwear in the summertime. From the wide entrance hall came the faint murmur of a feminine voice and then the laugh he knew so well. He darted to the door.

SHE was standing at the foot of the curved stairway with a long, slender arm draped with unconscious grace about the newel post. Old Mr. Musgrave was with her, grinning foolishly and stroking his white mustache. Another old dodo. Well, he could rescue her from *this* one. He moved forward to her.

"Hello, Wilbur," she said graciously. "You seemed to be having a sticky time at dinner. What was the matter?"

"Oh, nothin'—I just wished I—well, what I mean is—well, I guess it was the heat."

"Best girl went back on him, I fancy," said Mr. Musgrave. "I noticed she wasn't paying much attention to him all through the meal."

"*Best girl*," echoed Wilbur. "I would like you to understand, Mr. Musgrave, that Miss Monroe means nothing to me at all."

Mr. Musgrave chuckled.

"It's worse than I thought," he went on. "The young man's really hard hit, but he'll get over it. Youth's fearfully resilient, Mrs. Sanderson, fearfully resilient."

He ambled off and Wilbur turned to the divinity.

"That darned old busybody makes me sick," he remarked. "Let's get out of here."

She linked her arm in his and the contact made him tingle.

"Let's," she replied. "It's stifling."

She led him through the door, out across the spacious veranda and down the steps to the lawn. A rustic summerhouse was faintly discernible in the moonlight. They walked to it.

"Maybe—maybe we could sit in there," he murmured.

"It would be thrilling," she whispered.

She slipped down on a seat beside him and let her hand linger on his arm. From somewhere across the street came the tremulous echoes of a deep, throaty voice crooning the last words of a song over the radio:

"Can't you and I be friends?"

Wilbur swallowed hard and murmured:

"Can't we?"

"Can't we what?"

"Why, what she was singing—can't you and I be friends?"

"Why, of course. I thought we were."

"Oh, *that*. Of course we're friends and so on, but what I mean is can't we be *real* friends? I think one of the most beautiful things in life is a *real* friendship—that is, I mean not the petty friendship of ordinary people, but a—well, what I mean is the *deep* friendship, that is—well, what I mean is a *real* friendship."

She laughed softly.

"I understand, Wilbur," she said, gently. "I'd like to have you feel that I'm a *real* friend."

She gave his arm a gentle pressure and he became inarticulate. Somehow he couldn't think of anything to say. The situation was too incredibly, too overpoweringly impossible for complete realization.

"Why, you're trembling," he heard her saying. "Are you cold?"

"Me?—no—that is, I'm—what I mean to say is, I'm—well, on the contrary. I was just thinkin' of what that old fool Musgrave said about Clair Monroe. You didn't believe that, did you?"

"Of course not! Still she's rather pretty."

Wilbur snorted contemptuously.

"Pretty—yes," he rattled on, "but being pretty isn't being beautiful. Now take you—you're beautiful—you're—you're—why, you're positively *queenly*."

She laughed softly again.

"You're a dear boy," she murmured, "a very dear boy."

HE FOUND himself trembling again. He reached for her hand and as he grasped its yielding softness, he felt a return pressure that gave him a queer, choky sensation.

"And you're—you're a very dear girl," he gasped.

She made an impulsive movement and he felt her lips graze his cheek. As he reached out encircling arms she stood up and fended him off with a pretty gesture.

"'Enough! We're tired, my heart and I,'" she quoted coquettishly. "If we don't get back to the house right away there'll be a lot of arched eyebrows."

He followed her down the path in a daze. She joined a laughing group on the veranda and he found himself alone. She was perfectly right, he told himself, to permit no further intimacies just *then*.

One or two of the dinner guests were leaving and he decided that it would be best to go home, where he could be alone with his reveries. He mumbled a good-by to Maude Dennison, who was in a corner of the porch, and sought out the divinity. He found her talking again with the exasperating Addington Simmons, her piquant face lighted up with an utterly adorable smile. He would have liked to say "Anon, dear heart" or something like that, but all he could manage under the circumstances was:

"See you later, I hope."

She pressed his hand and he read intolerably sweet meanings into the smile which she flashed on him. As he moved away he heard Addington Simmons saying:

"Nice kid, that."

Kid! Huh! If that old mossback only really knew what had happened that night he'd sing another tune. On the way home he indulged himself in a fantasy in which the divinity was announcing her engagement to the astonished Simmons.

"Wilbur and I are going to be married in September," she was saying. "He's a dear, you know, really a dear."

"God bless my soul," old Simmons was saying. "Well, I suppose it's the old story—youth calls to youth."

Wilbur managed a brief telephone conversation with the divinity the following morning, but it was not until the second day that he saw her again and then under circumstances that were singularly disturbing. He had motored aimlessly to the country club and had unexpectedly come upon her in the corner of the sun porch. She was alluring in pink organdie and was sipping lemonade with a young gentleman who looked about his own age, but who was more than six feet tall. The tall young man had an unpleasantly aggressive grin and he seemed to be very much at home.

"Oh, hello, Wilbur," remarked the divinity, casually. "Sit down, won't you? I'd like you to meet young Mr. Andrews from New York. Billy, meet Mr. Jones."

The tall young man rose awkwardly and enfolded Wilbur's hand in an all-embracing grip.

"Hello," he said pleasantly. "I see you came early to avoid the rush."

"The *rush?*" Wilbur echoed. "I don't quite—"

"There's usually a rush for front seats when she's around," returned Mr. Andrews, again grinning affably. "You generally have to get 'em through a speculator."

He turned frankly admiring eyes on the divinity. Wilbur flopped into a seat. What could *this* possibly mean? he asked himself. The lady saved the situation.

"Billy's only joking," she remarked hurriedly. "He's a terrible tease."

"Don't tell me you're not a success here," persisted the brash Mr. Andrews. "Don't tell me that. I couldn't bear it. She is, isn't she, Mr. Jones?"

"I'm sure I haven't noticed," replied that young gentleman with dignity, "and I'm also sure she would much prefer not to have any such matter discussed."

The strange young man gripped his nose with one hand and raised the other aloft.

"I'm going to jump off the pier and end it all," he remarked, tragically.

"That'll be all, Billy," snapped the divinity. "You're insufferable sometimes—positively insufferable."

"Please don't start nagging," said Mr. Andrews sulkily. "I'll bet she doesn't nag you, does she, Mr. Jones?"

WILBUR felt that the limit had been reached. The situation demanded prompt and drastic action.

"No, she never does," he said, rising to his feet, "and I'll trouble you to stop these slurring remarks instantly."

Alarm swept into the divinity's dark eyes as she placed a restraining hand on the arm of young Mr. Andrews, who had started to get up. His eyes were narrow slits and his mouth was twitching.

"Sit still," she commanded. "Don't you dare move. Wilbur, please sit down. When you know Billy better you'll realize that he doesn't mean half what he says."

"I do not wish to know him better," said Wilbur, with what he hoped was the proper note of contemptuous disdain. "He and I would have nothing in common—absolutely nothing."

Young Mr. Andrews' eyes were no longer narrow slits. He was grinning again.

"Attababy," he chuckled.

"Oh, hush, Billy"—cautioned the divinity.

Wilbur, convinced that a dignified retreat was the only way out of this incredible and utterly unbearable situation, looked at his watch.

"You'll pardon me," he said, rising again, "but I have an important engagement. I really must go."

(Continued on page 58)

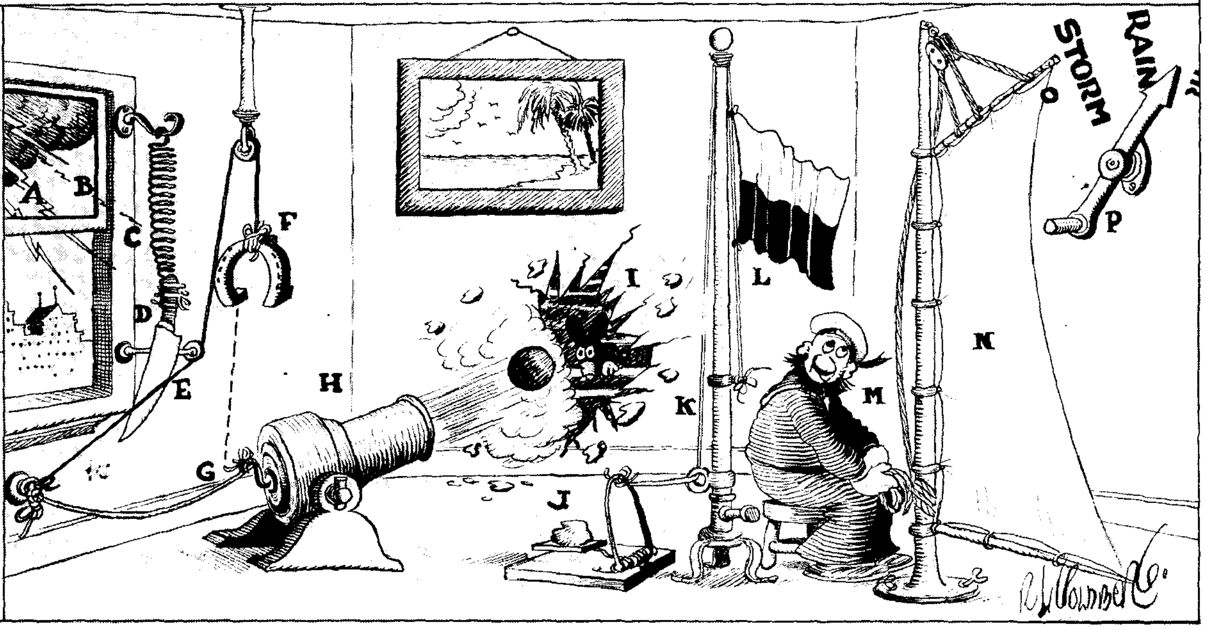
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS IS HIT WITH AN ANGEL CAKE AND THE ANGELS WHISPER AN IDEA FOR A NEW SCIENTIFIC BAROMETER.

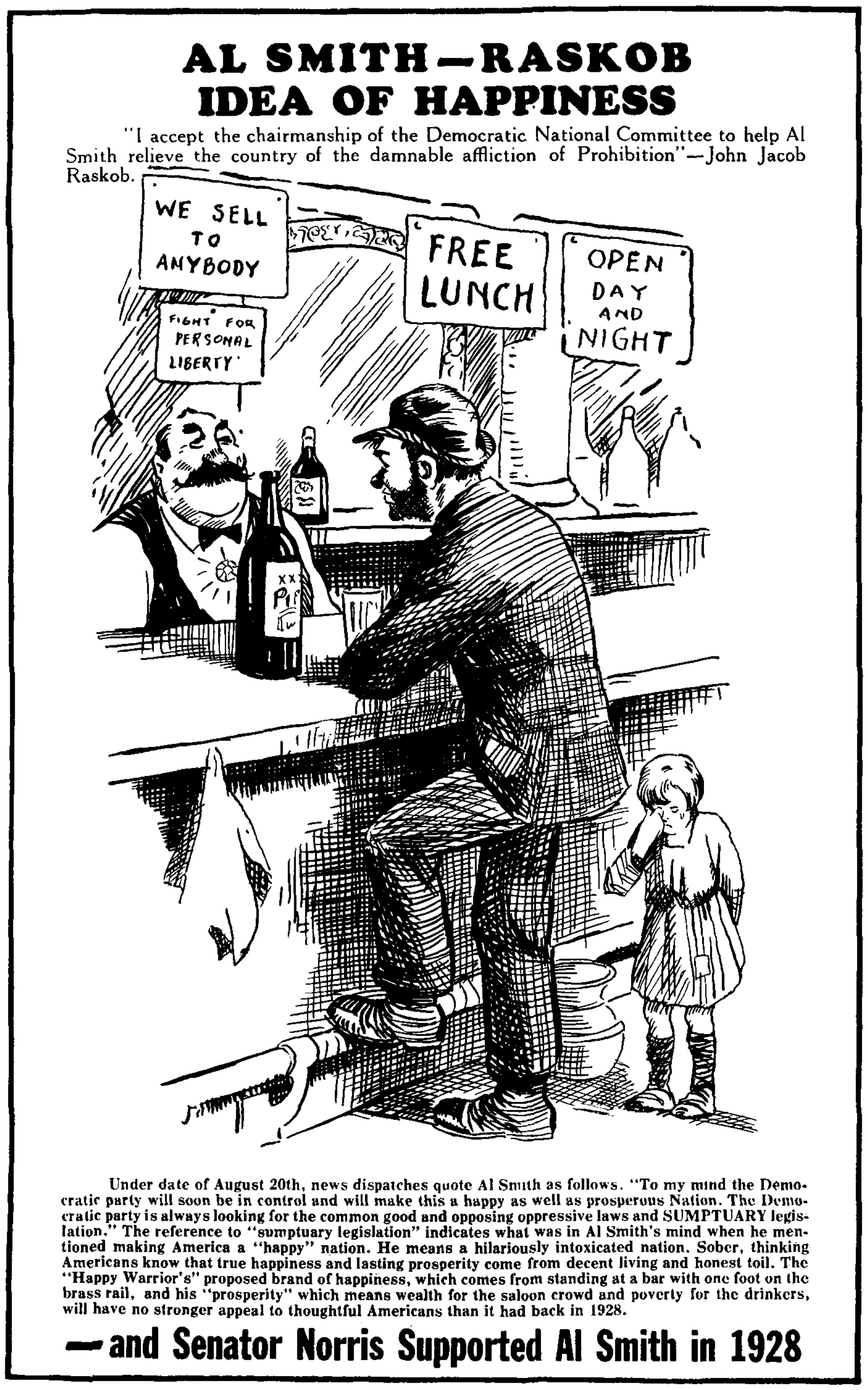
FLASH OF LIGHTNING (A) FROM DISTANT THUNDER STORM, SENDS ELECTRICAL VIBRATIONS (B) TO MAGNETIC SPRING (C) WHICH CONTRACTS AND CAUSES KNIFE (D) TO CUT CORD (E) AND RELEASE HORSESHOE (F), ALLOWING IT TO DROP ON STRING (G) AND PULL TRIGGER OF CANNON (H) WHICH SHOOTS A HOLE IN WALL. RAT (I) SEEING A NEW ENTRANCE TO LIVING ROOM, ENTERS AND IS CAUGHT IN TRAP (J) WHICH SPRINGS AND PULLS ROPE (K) RAISING STORM SIGNAL FLAG (L). EXSAILOR (M) WHO IS A LITTLE CUCKOO, THINKS HE IS AT SEA AND HAULS DOWN SAIL (N), CAUSING TOP BOOM (O) TO STRIKE AGAINST ARROW (P) AND SWING IT TO POSITION INDICATING STORM.

IF YOU HAVE TROUBLE IN FINDING A NUTTY SAILOR, GET A SANE SAILOR AND DRIVE HIM CRAZY BY TELLING HIM THEY ARE GOING TO CLOSE UP SALOONS ALL OVER THE WORLD.



Brother Against Brother

By The Gentleman
at the Keyhole



AL SMITH—RASKOB IDEA OF HAPPINESS

"I accept the chairmanship of the Democratic National Committee to help Al Smith relieve the country of the damnable affliction of Prohibition"—John Jacob Raskob.

Under date of August 20th, news dispatches quote Al Smith as follows. "To my mind the Democratic party will soon be in control and will make this a happy as well as prosperous Nation. The Democratic party is always looking for the common good and opposing oppressive laws and SUMPTUARY legislation." The reference to "sumptuary legislation" indicates what was in Al Smith's mind when he mentioned making America a "happy" nation. He means a hilariously intoxicated nation. Sober, thinking Americans know that true happiness and lasting prosperity come from decent living and honest toil. The "Happy Warrior's" proposed brand of happiness, which comes from standing at a bar with one foot on the brass rail, and his "prosperity" which means wealth for the saloon crowd and poverty for the drinkers, will have no stronger appeal to thoughtful Americans than it had back in 1928.

—and Senator Norris Supported Al Smith in 1928

The stock cartoon, with embellishments, that shook a party

PRESIDENT HOOVER is reported to be looking for a new chairman of the Republican National Committee to succeed the amiable Dr. Fess. The new chairman must be an important man, an outstanding figure, a man of character and force; someone of Presidential size, let us say, who will be pleased to make a man other than himself President; someone the very sight of whom will restore confidence in the wavering G. O. P.

Perhaps I can make clearer what is in their bright minds by saying that some of President Hoover's advisers entertain the hopeful notion that Ambassador Charles G. Dawes is just the man for chairman. Needless to say, at this writing, Mr. Dawes has not been consulted and President Hoover, having been consulted, is noncommittal. One wonders just how much Mr. Dawes, who as Vice President was too self-assertive for Calvin Coolidge, would like the job of being whipping boy for Calvin Coolidge's successor.

One reason why a Great Man chairman is called for is to shift the limelight from Robert H. Lucas, executive director of the National Committee; to cause Mr. Lucas to be forgotten as one of the many hirelings in the national headquarters, a person whose light is dimmed by the effulgent chairman.

There are only two ways of disposing of Mr. Lucas: He must be fired or he must be obscured. Firing is difficult. The labor turnover at the national headquarters has been excessive; three chairmen and an executive director all in the course of two years. Obscuring is equally difficult, for in a party rather short of Presidential timber where does one find an even greater man for chairman than is required for President? The G. O. P., moving through the crescendo of Dr. Work, Claudius Huston, Fess and Lucas, needs a Napoleon or a Bismarck as chairman.

No mere stock Great Man will serve to overshadow the extraordinary Mr. Lucas. He is indeed a remarkable party manager. If one may believe his story he dug down into his own pocket for $4,000 with which to defeat George W. Norris, the Republican candidate for senator from Nebraska. His generosity is all the more extraordinary because when he became executive director it was explained that he was a man of small means, who had to be paid $25,000 a year salary. A contribution of $4,000 out of $25,000 is a splendid example to all Republicans.

What moved Mr. Lucas to devote so large a part of his stipend to the party cause was a righteous determination to remove Senator Norris from the Republican party. Mr. Norris' offenses were bolting Mr. Hoover in 1928 (incidentally Mr. Lucas bolted Mr. Taft in 1912), being a Progressive and generally being opposed to President Hoover's program and policies.

With his $4,000 Mr. Lucas went about removing the obnoxious Mr. Norris from the vitals of the Republican party with the intelligence characteristic of politicians. He procured some "literature" calculated to show that Mr. Norris was a dangerous man. The chief item was a cartoon, a drunken father in a barroom with a pitiful child trying to bring him home. This was labeled "Al Smith-Raskob Idea of Happiness—and Senator Norris Supported Al Smith in 1928."

You may take the cartoon as reminding the Nebraska voters that Mr. Norris had supported a wet for President or that he had supported a Catholic for President. There was also a letter with the name of a fake Tammany Club at the top of it and signed "O'Shea." Just why Mr. Lucas chose to have it signed O'Shea instead of, say, Higginbotham also interests students of political intelligence. "O'Shea" wrote joyfully that Norris "helped us in 1928 and will help us in 1932."

The cartoon was printed by Stengle, a Ku Klux printer, from whose shop comes the Fellowship Forum, the Ku Klux organ. The cartoon was a stock cartoon of the Fellowship Forum, often printed in it.

THE ease with which Mr. Lucas found his way to the Ku Klux print shop suggests to many minds that a path had been beaten to the door of that shop in the campaign against Al Smith in 1928. Perhaps this deduction is unfair. But Mr. Lucas should have thought of the risk he was running in buying a Ku Klux cartoon to defeat not only Senator Norris, a Republican, but also half a dozen Democratic candidates for the Senate in states where it was thought that the Ku Klux issue of 1928 might be revived in last November's election.

Mr. Lucas never intended to have these activities of his found out. And they wouldn't have been except that Investigator Nye, blundering around in search of a good story, stumbled on Mr. Lucas' cartoon. Then, suddenly, up hops Mr. Stengle—the Ku Klux printer in the Nye committee hearing—and tells the world that Mr. Lucas bought the cartoon from him.

Did the disclosure of Ku Klux Stengle faze Mr. Lucas? Not at all.

"I did it," he exclaims. "I did it with my little hatchet! No one told me to do it! I did it all alone. It was my sole and exclusive idea. I was plucking a viper out of the bosom of the Republican party!"

One would have thought that so praiseworthy a service might have been performed publicly.

But Mr. Lucas' protestations do not satisfy Mr. Norris and the other Progressives. They won't have it that Mr. Lucas was solely responsible for the attempt to defeat Mr. Norris. They act as if it were beneath their dignity to be assaulted by a hired man in the Barr building. They will have it that it was Mr. Hoover himself who caused the war on the Progressives. So they demand that Mr. Hoover fire Mr. Lucas, meaning to show that if Mr. Hoover does not fire Mr. Lucas it can only be because Mr. Hoover ordered Mr. Lucas to cause Mr. Norris' defeat.

THE reasoning is, of course, defective. Mr. Hoover may not fire Mr. Lucas because his place is hard to fill, the number of available party managers being almost exhausted. Although he did not order what Mr. Lucas did, Mr. Hoover still approves of it, because he likes Mr. Lucas' smile, because he admires a man who will spend $4,000 of his own money on purifying his party and so on.

But if Mr. Lucas undertook on his own account to purify the Republican party his action in doing so is as unique as his action in spending $4,000 of his own money for that purpose. National Committee executives are no more than faithful servants of the White House. In Mr. Coolidge's day the head of the National Committee never dared to peep except on a signal from the President. And Mr. Hoover has always kept a close watch on the National Committee and directed its activities.

An odd incident in the recent congressional campaign illustrated his habit. A New Yorker of wide reputation was to speak over the radio attacking Tammany and opposing the election of Governor Roosevelt. He said, and I think justly, that one element of Governor Roosevelt's strength was his closeness to ex-Governor Al Smith. The speaker wrote a speech contrasting Roosevelt with Governor Smith, to the former's disadvantage. This involved, naturally, a degree of praise for Al Smith. The speech was sent to Washington for approval. It went to the White House, where the President edited out of it all praise of Governor Smith. After which the author of the speech declined to make it.

As a matter of fact, the idea of beating the Progressives was an old one. It was favorably considered months before Mr. Lucas went on the party pay roll. Charles Francis Adams, Secretary of the Navy, made a speech in favor of it more than a year ago. Representative Franklin W. Fort, one of Mr. Hoover's closest advisers, long advocated it. And one reason why Dr. Work, the old chairman of the National Committee, was ousted was that he disapproved of this heroic remedy for the party's disorders.

THIS was in the fall of 1929. It was probably thought, very justly, by the President and his advisers that the Progressive Republicans did not belong in the Republican party. Their presence in the party had made the large Republican majority in the Senate ineffective.

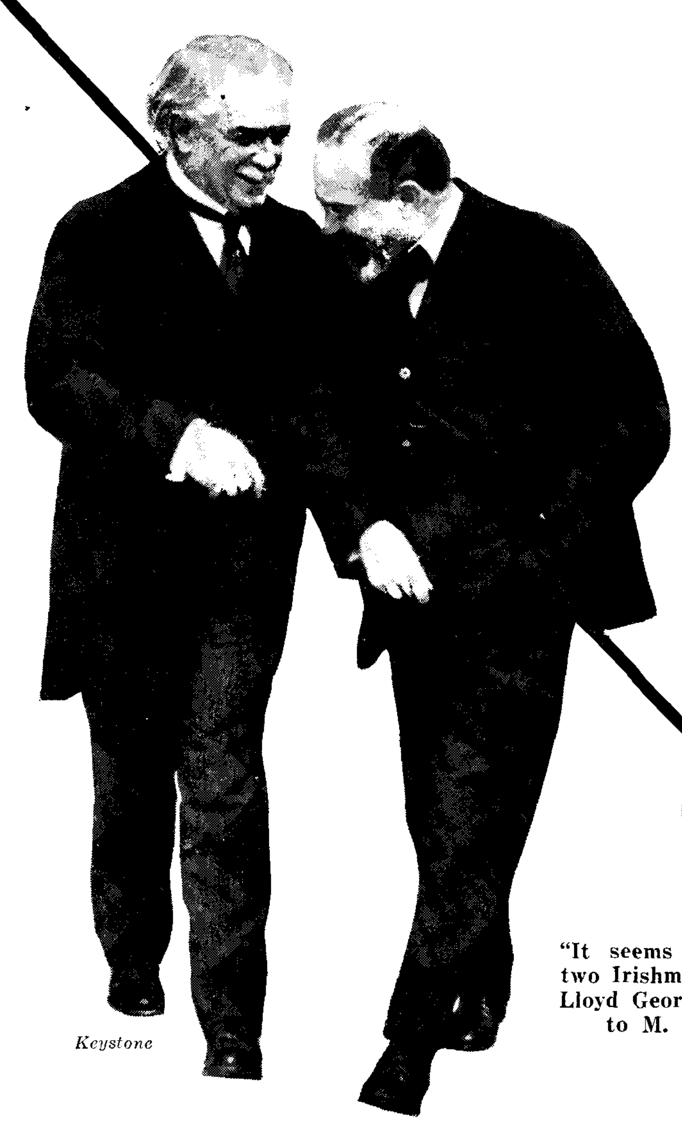
The defeating of two or three Progressive senators in the next election would, it was probably thought, render the rest of the Progressives in the Senate more amenable. And the danger of losing the Senate by defeating two or three Progressive senators was not appreciated, for it was not realized at that time in what political straits the

(*Continued on page 54*)

Philosophers and Friends

By Winston Churchill

Son of an American beauty and an English nobleman, Winston Churchill has combined daring, wit and eloquence in his brilliant career as a statesman and author. Here he tells you about Lloyd George, Lord Hugh Cecil and other distinguished men, English and American, who have had a decisive influence in shaping his opinion



Keystone

"It seems there were two Irishmen . . ." Mr. Lloyd George tells one to M. Barthou

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL
MESS.RS BASSANO
OLD BOND ST LONDON KINGS RD BRIGHTON

Brown Bros.

Lord Randolph Churchill. "I took my politics almost unquestioningly from him"

ALMOST the chief mystery of life is what makes one do things. Let the reader look back over the path he has traveled and examine searchingly and faithfully reasons, impressions, motives, occasions which led him to this or that decisive step in his career. Sometimes he will find that people who impressed him least influenced him most; small people, casual remarks and little things very often shape our lives more powerfully than the deliberate, solemn advice of great people at critical moments.

Men and women as often as not address themselves to serious emergencies with resolution and with a conscious desire to choose the best way. But usually in our brief, hazardous existence some trifle, some accident, some quite unexpected and irrelevant fact has laid the board in such a way as to determine the move we make. We have always to be on our guard against being thrown off our true course by chance and circumstance; and the glory of human nature lies in our seeming capacity to exercise conscious control of our own destiny. The broad view, large principles, a good heart, a noble aim, a firm faith, all help to make a guiding compass for our stormy voyage. Still, as we lean over the stern of the ship and watch the swirling eddies in our wake the most rigid and resolute men and women must feel how many currents have played their part in the movements of the vessel that bears us onward.

It is therefore with some reserve that I select from memory's album a few snapshots, thumb-nail sketches or fading daguerreotypes of the past.

The greatest and most powerful influence in my early life was of course my father. Although I had talked with him seldom, and never for a moment on equal terms, I conceived an intense admiration and affection for him; and, after his early death, for his memory. I read industriously almost every word he had ever spoken and learned by heart large portions of his speeches. I took my politics almost unquestioningly from him. He seemed to me to have possessed in the days of his prime the key alike to popular oratory and political action.

These waters were deceptive. Although Lord Randolph Churchill lived and died a loyal Tory, he was in fact during the whole of his political life, and especially during its finest phase after he had left office forever, a liberal-minded man. He saw no reason why the old glories of Church and State, of King and Country should not be regained with modern democracy; or why the masses of working people should not become the defenders of those ancient institutions by which their liberties and progress have been achieved. It is this union of past and present, of tradition and progress, this golden chain, never yet broken because no undue strain is placed upon it, that has till recent years constituted the peculiar merit and sovereign quality of English national life.

When I became most closely acquainted with his thought and theme, he was already dead and I was a subaltern of cavalry. It was in this mood that in the year 1895 I first set out for the United States.

A Man without Peers

I was met on the pier by Mr. Bourke Cockran, a great friend of my American relatives, who had most kindly undertaken to look after me during my stay in the city. I must record the strong impression which this remarkable man made upon my untutored mind. I have never seen his like and in some respects have never met his equal.

With his enormous head, gleaming eyes and flexible countenance he looked uncommonly like the celebrated picture of Charles James Fox. It was not my fortune to hear any of his orations, but his conversation in point, in pith, in rotundity, in antithesis and in comprehension exceeded anything I have ever heard.

Originally a Democrat and Tammany Tiger, he was affronted by Mr. Bryan's free silver campaign. He took sides against his party and delivered from Republican platforms a memorable series of speeches. Later on, when the currency issue was disposed of, he rejoined his old friends. This double transference of party loyalties naturally exposed him to much abuse. I must place on record that never during our acquaintance of twenty years did I detect any inconsistency in the general body of doctrine upon which his views were founded. All his convictions were of one piece.

In England the political opinion of men and parties grows like a tree shading its trunk with its branches, or shaped or twisted by the winds, rooted according to its strains, stunted by drought or maimed by storm. In America opinions are taken from the standard textbooks, and platforms are made by machinery according to the exigencies of party without concern for individuals. We produce few of their clear-cut political types or clear-cut party programs. In our affairs, as in those of nature, there are always frayed edges, borderlands, compromises, anomalies. Few lines are drawn that are not smudged. Across the ocean it is all crisp and sharp.

Cockran, by "that frequent recurrence to first principles" which the American Constitution enjoins, had evolved a complete scheme of political thought which enabled him to present a sincere and effective front in every direction according to changing circumstances. The views I heard him express in the winter of 1895, with one exception, have now become largely dominant through the world. Whether as pacifist, individualist, democrat, capitalist or "Goldbug," he represented the rising spirit of the age.

Only as a free-trader has he been divorced from the movement and habits of our times, and yet, as he repeatedly declared, this was the underlying doctrine by which all the others were united. Thus he was equally opposed to socialists, inflationists and protectionists, and he resisted them on all occasions. In consequence there was in his life no lack of fighting.

Next let me present the picture of a treasury official of the old school, of the great days of Gladstone and Disraeli. Sir Francis Mowatt had served under both these famous Chancellors of the Exchequer and had been private secretary for some years to Mr. Gladstone. He represented the complete, triumphant Victorian view of economics and finance: strict parsimony; exact accounting; free imports whatever the rest of the world might do; suave, steady government; no wars; no flag-waving; just paying of debt; reduction of taxation and keeping out of scrapes; and for the rest—for trade, industry, agriculture, social life—*laissez faire* and *laissez aller.*

The Apostle of Conservatism

Let the government reduce itself and its demands upon the public to a minimum; let the nation live of its own; let social and industrial organization take whatever course it please, subject to the law of the land and the Ten Commandments. Let the money fructify in the pockets of the people. Like Bourke Cockran, he would consign to the uttermost limbo jingoes, imperialists, bimetallists, socialists, protectionists, etc.

Tall, spare, with a noble brow, a bright eye and strong jaw, this faithful servant of the Crown, self-effacing, self-respecting, but resolute, convinced, sure of himself, sure of his theme, dwelt modestly and frugally for nearly fifty years at or near the center of the British governing machine. Governments, Liberal or Tory, came and went. He served them all with equal fidelity,

Keystone View

Winston Churchill: His policies have decisively shaped the course of English government for many years

International Photos, Inc.

Lord Hugh Cecil. "Here for the first time, and I am afraid almost for the last, I met a real Tory"

cherishing his Gladstonian sentiment as a purely private affair.

He was one of the friends I inherited from my father. He loved to talk to me about Lord Randolph's short tenure as Chancellor of the Exchequer. How quick he had been to learn the sound principles of public finance, how readily he had flung aside his fair-trade or protectionist wild oats and how resolutely he had fought for public economy and reduction of armaments. What fun he was to work with and serve! What a tragedy had laid him low! Such was my introduction, and it afforded a firm basis for an affectionate friendship.

Presently I began to criticize Mr. Brodrick's army expansion and to plead the cause of economy in Parliament. Old Mowatt, then head of the Civil Service, said a word to me now and then and put me in touch with some younger officials, afterward themselves eminent, with whom it was very helpful to talk—not secrets, for they were never divulged, but published facts set in their true proportion and with their proper emphasis.

Then came the fiscal controversy of 1903. The great Joe Chamberlain, the Radical hero of the Eighties, the Tory hero of the hour, brought a kind of watered-down protection with food taxes once again into the political arena. An intense political crisis slowly and progressively developed. Mr. Ritchie, the blameless Chancellor of the Exchequer, was held by Mowatt, his chief adviser, right up in the forefront of the battle and went down fighting with his free-trade colors flying.

Mowatt, going far beyond the ordinary limits of a civil servant, making no secret of his views, courting dismissal, challenging the administration in admirable state papers, carried on the struggle himself. He armed me with facts and arguments of a general character and equipped me with a knowledge of economics, very necessary to a young man who, at twenty-eight, is called upon to take a prominent part in a national controversy.

An Invaluable Tutor

My earliest years in Parliament were lived within the orbit of Lord Hugh Cecil. Here for the first time, and I am afraid almost for the last, I met a real Tory, a being out of the seventeenth century, equipped with every modern convenience and aptitude. Oliver Wendell Holmes says somewhere that "youth with an ecclesiastical turn manifests its abilities exceptionally early." Certainly this cherished son of the long-established Conservative Prime Minister leaped into the political arena accoutered with every intellectual weapon and with earnest resolve to defend causes which nobody then seemed to consider very important and few people now bother about at all.

I had scarcely got into Parliament when he drew me into his vehement resistance to the bill for allowing a man to marry his deceased wife's sister. I was myself at first sight inclined to think this might be a very excusable and often reasonable arrangement. A widower with four or five young children may often turn to his wife's sister to bring up his family. If he loved and admired his wife, it seemed natural that he should find in her sister many of the traits which had enchanted him before. Certainly there were in fact many happy homes constructed on this basis.

But when I pointed out these considerations to Lord Hugh Cecil, he was scandalized at my ignorance of ecclesiastical law and of the profound reasons underlying that law. The object of the Christian Church, he explained, was to enlarge the bounds of family affection to the widest possible extent without admitting within those bounds the possibility of sex disturbance.

For the Good of Society

Here were noble and delightful relationships where the deceased wife's sister without fear of scandal could enter the widower's house and discharge in perfect honor over long years her duty to her beloved nephews and nieces. Dethrone the principle of prohibited degrees, and in hundreds—nay, in thousands—of households the position of these devoted women, hitherto unquestioned, would become a target of comment and calumny.

All this, in itself important, was only a single instance of our duty to preserve the structure of humane, enlightened, Christian society. Once the downward steps were taken, once one's moral and intellectual feet slipped upon the slope of plausible indulgence, there would be found no halting-place short of a general paganism and hedonism.

These arguments, enforced with splendid eloquence and flame of faith, induced me to assist Lord Hugh Cecil in the prolonged and successful obstruction of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill of 1901 in the Grand Committee. After some weary weeks we convinced the supporters of the measure—or "promoters" as we derisively called them—that there were no limits to the arguments which could be used against their project.

In the end Lord Hugh Cecil had recourse to a parliamentary stratagem which involved him in a serious charge of casuistry. Private members bills are much at the mercy of time. On whether the vote could be recorded before the clock struck four depended the fate of this obnoxious measure.

A majority in its favor was assured. In those days it used to take the members of the House of Commons rather more than a quarter of an hour to walk through the lobbies to record their votes. When the debate came to an end there were only eighteen minutes left.

Lord Hugh Cecil loitered in the lobby. Accompanied by about a score of Tories—among whom, to my surprise, I perceived the venerable figure of Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer—he literally crawled inch by inch across the matting which led to the portals where the votes were counted.

By fifteen seconds the stroke of the clock preceded the end of the division on the measure, upon which months of labor had been consumed by the partisans of either view. The bill was in consequence dead, and the further fortunes of the cause were relegated to the chances and mischances of another year.

The Radicals and Nonconformists, who, as was rudely insinuated, wished to regularize at the expense of the Church their immoral relations with their deceased wives' sisters, took a very hostile view of this maneuver. They declared it shabby, tricky, not playing the game, not cricket. They howled and would have hissed, had it not been disorderly, at Lord Hugh Cecil when he at last reëntered the chamber.

He bore these manifestations with the most perfect contempt permissible to a devout person. He had broken nothing in the rules of procedure as they then

(Continued on page 60)

Power

Brown Bros.

Senator Penrose with George Franklin Murphy

Boies Penrose, last of the old-time political bosses, ruled the Republican party adroitly and severely. Ignoring the Spanish-American War, disciplining Pennsylvania, he steered his own course regardless of criticism. His interests were parochial, his power almost unlimited. Here's a picture of the man in all the gusty magnificence of his prime

IN THE week following Boies Penrose's election to the United States Senate several of Pennsylvania's blandest newspapers, whose policy it was to speak nothing but good of the dead, the rich and the successful, were at many pains to congratulate the state on the legislature's choice. Some went farther than others.

One of them went entirely apoplectic, ascribing to Penrose an array of virtues which would have made a man utterly unfit for politics, if not for life. Patriotic zeal, statesmanship, command, honor, righteousness, justice and temperance were but a few of the better known. By way of climax, the author predicted that Mr. Penrose would soon be President of the United States. There being nothing more that one, however sanguine, might reasonably bestow upon the new junior senator from Pennsylvania, the rhapsodist quit.

As far as we know, only one Republican took offense—Boies Penrose. He was, we are informed, excessively annoyed—mad from heel to crown. When the hard-working troubadour called upon his hero for possible news items and mayhap a few Jovian words of appreciation, Penrose let go.

"What the hell do you mean by making me ridiculous?" he bellowed. "I've just been talking to your editor. I told him I don't give a damn what your paper says about me in the future as long as they don't let you write it. He told me there aren't any more fools like you down there and so it won't happen again. Think I like that sort of nonsense?"

The dumfounded journalist was tongue-locked.

"I'm not a statesman," went on Penrose. "I'm just a Republican—a regular Republican. That's all I want to be and that's all I'm going to be. The people of this great state know I get drunk. Everybody knows I— Bah, you're as pale as a frightened woman. Here—take a drink."

Fortified, the victim managed a stuttered apology. Whereat Penrose lurched to his feet.

"Oh, get out," he shouted. "Get out of here before I get sick. You're sorry, are you? Well, anybody who won't stand by his own opinion after he has put it down in black and white is a sniveling skunk. Get out. Why weren't you man enough to tell me to go to hell?"

An Uninhabitable Heaven

All of which illustrates as clearly as any of the Penrose stories his honest hatred of fawning flattery. He was a man of few ideas—most of them primitive ones. Idealism in politics, said he, was "pretty but not very healthy."

"The state these reformers describe," said he to Quay, "is like the heaven you read about in Revelations. It's handsome and expensive but nobody with a human emotion in his system could live in it more than two days, particularly if it rained."

And once, on the threshold of a lesser campaign, when asked by the boss of a remote district what the issue was going to be, Penrose considered for a moment and then decided "Americanism."

"Yeah?" said the hinterlander. "And what is this Americanism?"

"Something to get votes with," replied Penrose. "Outside of that what do you care?"

He entered a ponderous Senate on the day William McKinley entered the White House—March 4, 1897. It was a Senate warranted to overawe a modest man, a rich man's club, a carefully selected society of Gogs and Magogs elected by legislatures controlled by big business. A safe and smug oligarchy of four clever men saw to it that the uncultured voice of the masses was never raised within the Senate. If it threatened to be heard (as it recently had with a new prophet, Bryan, at large among the people) this stately quartet hurriedly shut the windows, pulled down the blinds, cleared the galleries and commenced to emit noble rumblings, drowning the unlovely popular clamor. They were the baronial Aldrich of Rhode Island, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, to whom Penrose was to be apprenticed; Platt of Connecticut, so cold that it was a wonder the water didn't freeze when his bony fingers touched the glass; Spooner of Wisconsin, who was soon to be swept aside by La Follette; and Allison of Iowa. Their bellwether was the suave Aldrich, who had come to the Senate in 1881, having sold his grocery business for fifty thousand, which modest sum he managed to run up to twelve millions.

In addition to these gilded giants the Senate housed such lusty renderers unto Cæsar as Tom Platt, the Easy Boss of New York; Marcus Alonzo Hanna, President McKinley's mahout; Pitchfork Ben Tillman; Fire-alarm Joe Foraker; Eugene Hale of Maine, Aldrich's intelligence officer; and prim Henry Cabot Lodge, of whom the terrible Czar of the House, Thomas Brackett Reed, had said that the Lodge mind was like its native New England soil—highly cultivated but barren.

Some luminaries of the Penrose political era. Top to bottom are Jim McNichol, Penrose's lieutenant; William S. Vare; and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge

Follow the Leader

And Matt Quay, of course. A noble company, almost all of whom leaped to swift obedience at the sound of a master's voice, just as Penrose himself, for all his individual courage and disdain, was soon to learn to speed to heel when Henry Clay Frick whistled. To Mr. Frick went the considerable distinction of Penrose's blind and unquestioning loyalty. At a word from the steel master Penrose dropped everything—politics, arrogance and engagements—and bolted for Pittsburgh.

There are no indications that Penrose was even mildly impressed by the mighty company. To the contrary, he informed Mr. Quay that he wasn't at all sure he would ever wholly recover from the disappointment of being denied the mayoralty of Philadelphia—his beloved Philadelphia.

Whereat Quay told him that the sooner he realized that defeat and disappointment were unavoidable in politics, the sooner he would master the secret of winning.

Quay also told him that life had been fatly indulgent to him and that, in Quay's opinion, the Philadelphia disaster was the best thing that could have happened to Penrose.

"Anyway," concluded Quay, "you're a senator now."

"I'm not so sure I ever wanted to be a senator," growled Penrose.

Don Cameron, whom Penrose had succeeded in the Senate, joined them at this moment and offered a suggestion.

"A little discipline wouldn't hurt you much, Boies," he said. "Why not get married?"

"That's it, Boies," said Quay, who was always in a dither during campaigns lest Penrose amble off into one of his sudden free-lance tilts at love. "What you need is a wife."

"Think so?" drawled Penrose. "All right. Let the organization pick the woman. I'll marry her."

But the organization didn't, which, considering the nonchalance with which the Republican party accommodated itself to the whims of its favorites, was odd.

It was a very good thing for the lady, too, whoever she might have been. Penrose, an almost professional bachelor, nursing an obsession that scores of women were making a career of scheming to ensnare, embroil and ruin him, steadfastly refused to join the increasing army of unsuccessful husbands.

To dissemble a deep-rooted hatred of

and Glory

By Walter Davenport and Robert B. Vale

all avoidable effort, Penrose cultivated cynicism. It was not a true cynicism. It didn't protect him against the galling chagrin that besets the non-philosophical after defeat. Penrose fretted under adversity even after the victors had lost interest.

The truth is that Penrose was inordinately lazy. And it was inevitable that this unchallenged indolence presently should spread upward from his massive limbs to his mentality until in his pathetic decline he was unable to rise above a petty bigotry that would have shamed a cheap kleagle.

From the beginning he exhibited no particular interest in national affairs outside of tariff rates and business regulation. He worked to raise the former and lower (or prevent) the latter—a simple program on which a man could concentrate. International affairs occupied him not at all except where they impinged upon the interests he chose to represent. When he entered the Senate the country was bound for war with Spain—war which was popularly conceived as a stroke for a people's freedom but which became a war of conquest and sugar. Penrose was so little concerned with whether Mr. McKinley would adhere to his first policy—to avoid bloodshed—or be swayed by the expansionists into forcing Spain to fight that he remained in Pennsylvania on many days when the war party and the arbitrationists accused each other of cowardice and savagery.

"When," said he to Mr. Aldrich, "the Republican party has decided upon its policy, please wire me and I'll hurry back and vote in support."

True to His Masters

Nor did he exhibit any interest in the country's subsequent flirtations with imperialism—the annexation of Porto Rico and the Philippines. Neither of these popular debates directly concerned Pennsylvania's coal mines or Pennsylvania's steel mills or Pennsylvania's huge textile industry. These were the frontiers of Penrose's concern. These he was pledged to protect with high tariff rates and against government regulation. Let the sugar interests scramble for Porto Rico and the Philippines. His vote would be theirs in whatever they craved—provided their votes were his for Pennsylvania. While the elder statesmen argued the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty with England in the interests of an isthmian canal through Nicaragua, Penrose was framing ripper bills to be passed by the Pennsylvania legislature to subjugate recalcitrant machines in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. While the governmental schemes for our own colonies were rendering Congress dizzy with the famous conundrum: "Does the Constitution follow the flag?" Penrose was spending his days in back rooms in Harrisburg fighting through alcohol fumes and cigar smoke for the reëlection of Senator Quay, into whose waning strength the Wanamaker-Martin crowd in Philadelphia were boring, assisted by Boss Bill Flinn of Pittsburgh.

So parochial were Penrose's interests and so comprehensive his neglect of what was popularly believed to be the duties of a United States senator that even Quay thought it worth while to remonstrate.

"Boies," said he, "the people of Pennsylvania are going to demand more of you."

"More what?" demanded Penrose.

Apparently Quay wasn't sure. At any rate he didn't reply. Quay was getting old.

Penrose's voice was heard in the Senate for the first time when, in 1899, the Pennsylvania legislature—in a deadlock, 79 to 79—refused to reëlect Quay, and the Senate, when Quay appeared with a certificate of appointment from Governor William A. Stone, declined to seat the fading boss of Pennsylvania. And the Senate's pious action was packed with irony inasmuch as in the opposition to Quay was the exceedingly vulnerable Senator Hanna, who had succeeded Quay as chairman of the Republican National Committee and whose railroad and coal affiliations in Ohio were forever giving way to the Pennsylvania coal and transportation interests to which Quay and Penrose were responsible. Hanna, who was never completely out of trouble as his ill-conceived and never successful clashes with Theodore Roosevelt testify, let his dislike for Quay destroy his judgment and his was the deciding vote which sent Quay back to Pennsylvania, with Stone's certificate in hand, to await the next legislature.

The situation is worth a bit of expansion. Hanna, not always mentally alert, had the additional handicap of hatred. He couldn't think and dislike at the same time. Quay, a far shrewder politician, was forever winning for his Pennsylvania masters governmental favors and concessions which Hanna had coveted for the steel mills and coal mines of Ohio.

Penrose Makes a Prophecy

Hanna was always a month or so behind Quay; and Quay now had the able assistance of the slothful but resourceful Penrose. Repeated defeats by Quay made Hanna savage. And now had come his chance to remove his hated and chronic conqueror. He paid for it later.

Penrose's defense of Quay in the Senate, before the vote, was one of praise of his colleague rather than an onslaught upon Quay's opponents. Only once did he speak of the hypocrisy of those senators who, themselves practicing the Quay ethical code, would debar him on moral grounds.

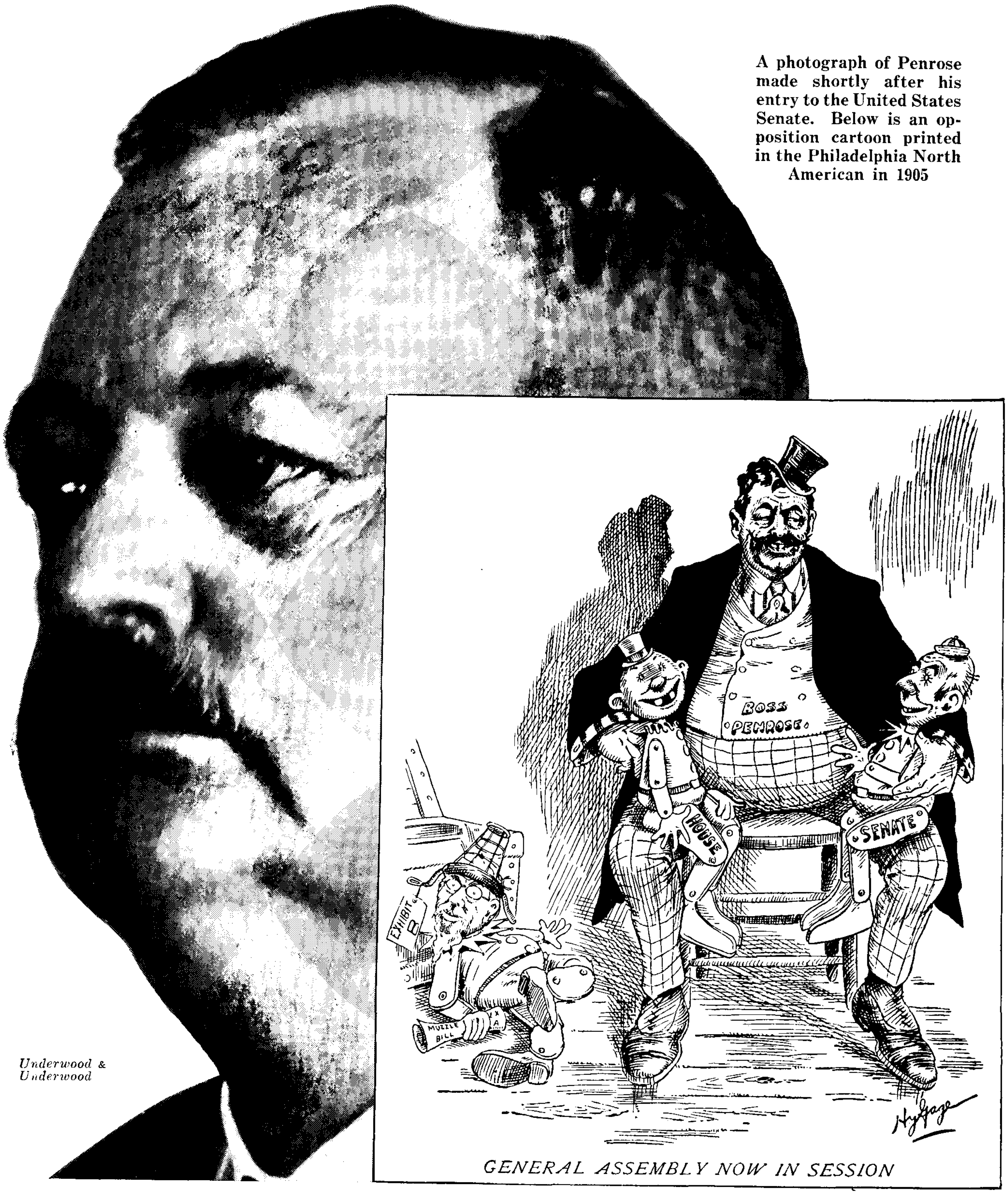
"Such action," said he, "for such reasons, should laugh Matthew Quay into the Senate while it laughed his critics out."

But he reserved a better and shorter speech for the cloakroom where, after Mr. Hanna's vote had deprived Mr. Quay of his seat (the vote being 33 against Quay and 32 for), he accosted Hanna.

"Senator," said Penrose, who was in the second year of his first term, "it probably didn't occur to you that the next legislature of Pennsylvania will send you some very disturbing news."

Hanna, national chairman and leader of the party, tried to make it clear that he was not interested in the legislature of Pennsylvania. What he succeeded in doing was to offend Penrose by trying to snub him. Snubbing Penrose was a

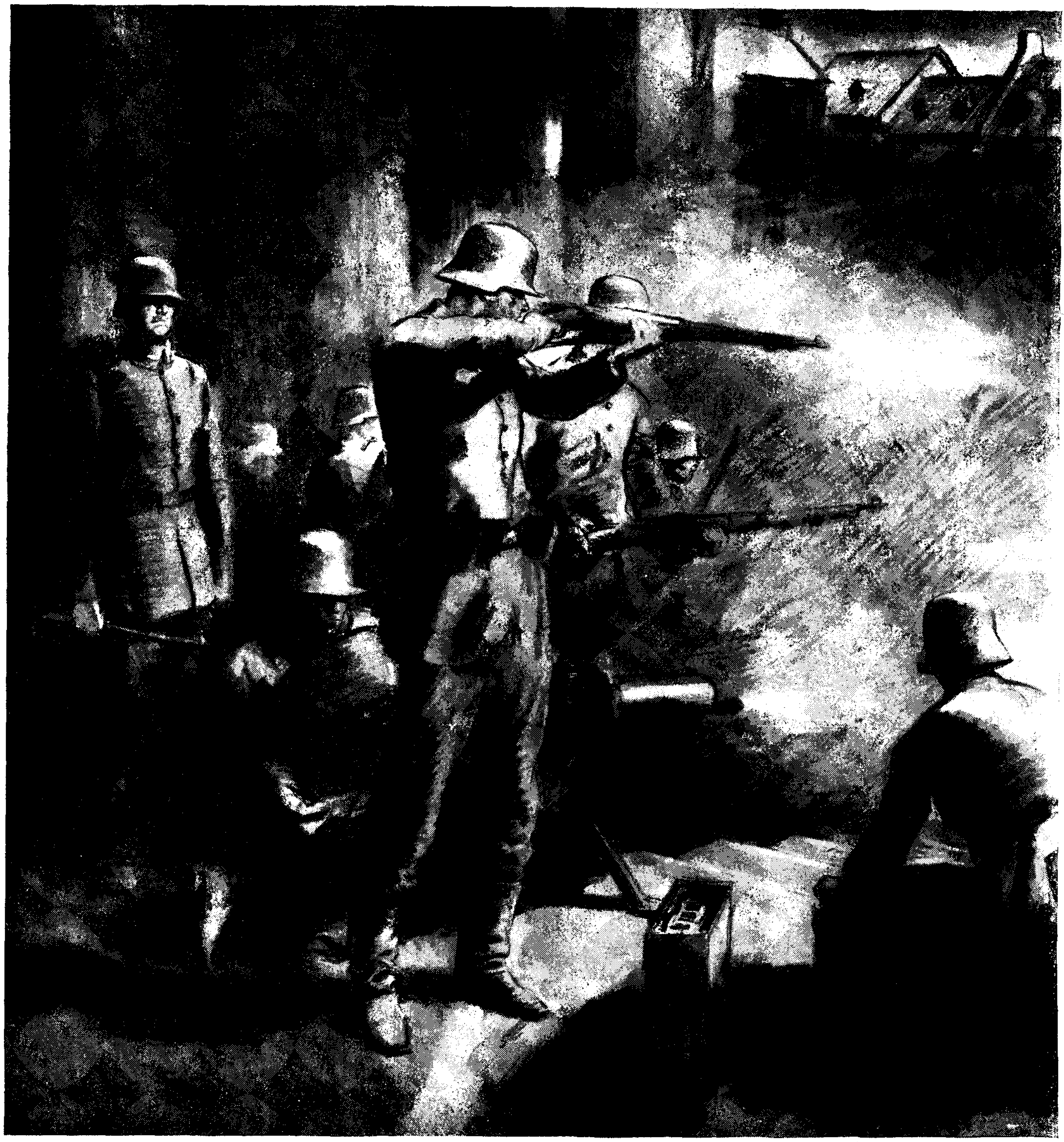
(*Continued on page 64*)



Underwood & Underwood

GENERAL ASSEMBLY NOW IN SESSION

A photograph of Penrose made shortly after his entry to the United States Senate. Below is an opposition cartoon printed in the Philadelphia North American in 1905



The tack-tack of the machine gun shatters into a thousand echoes, and I see the solitary

The Road Back

By Erich Maria Remarque

The Story Thus Far:

ERNST enlisted in '17—swept into the war, along with his schoolmates, in a storm of enthusiasm. A new age seemed to have dawned—all the old things, the rotten, the compromising, the partisan, were to be swept away.

After the Armistice they find a new world, but not the one they had dreamed of. Corruption is more rampant than before the war. The ideals they fought for are openly derided. Slowly they come to the terrible realization that they have fought in vain.

The morale of the little group of returned men rapidly crumbles. Peace does what the war was unable to do: it separates and vanquishes them.

Bödecker has gone insane. Ledderhose joins the ranks of the profiteers. Ludwig Breyer falls a victim to disease. Georg Rahe, sickened at the meanness of civil life, reënlists. Adolf Bethke, the best soldier in the company, learns that his wife has been unfaithful in his absence. He orders the woman out of his house. But life without her proves insufferable, and he takes her back.

Ernst, who tells the story, seeks out his boyhood sweetheart Adele, only to find that *now she is unattractive and indifferent.* He feels that all the gods of his youth have betrayed him. Memories of the war pursue him constantly and in his dreams he is haunted by an English captain whom he blew to bits with a hand grenade. He tries to find relief in the hectic post-war merriment, but without success. A brief affair with a girl whom he calls the Swallow only serves to accentuate his loneliness. Love, he feels, is a torch falling into a chasm, that only reveals how deep it is.

He receives an appointment as teacher in a small village and goes there resolved to lose himself in his work. But the phantoms of the war will not let him rest and the monotony of the teacher's life torments him. He returns home more hopeless than ever.

IX

THE long red brick building of the barracks lies on the edge of the town. Slowly I walk across the parade ground. From the windows bedclothes hang in the sun. To the left is the canteen and to the right the wing with the recruiting offices. Everywhere there are notices indicating the way to the offices where temporary volunteers are enlisted.

In the corridors a smell of leather mingles with the stink of sweat, fusty air and stale bread. A few doors stand open and from the gloomy rooms gape empty lockers and stripped bedsteads. A sergeant major passes me by.

The neighborhood of the offices is seething with soldiers. "Where can a fellow enlist around here?" I ask of one of them. He looks me over from top to toe. "You just left your mother's apron strings too, eh?" he says contemptuously. Another comes along, his hands in his pockets, and jostles against me. "Want to learn a bit of kill-kill, eh? Hand over a cigarette first!"

I look at him calmly. He shoves up a bit closer. "Didn't you hear me, you fool? Give us a cigarette! Or do you want me to put you over my knee first? Wouldn't be the first, eh, Otto?" He laughs, loud and self-satisfied, and sways to and fro. "Take a little walk with me? Some big surprises in store for you, laddie. We're strict here! No time for any of your revolution guys here."

"You shut your silly mug, and don't try to pull that stuff on me," I say. "We used to eat the likes of you for breakfast."

The others laugh. "Struck an old-timer there, Schorse," grins Otto.

"Then why didn't you say so?" growls Schorse ill-humoredly, and points over his shoulder with his thumb. "That's where you go in."

"Well, I guess there's plenty of time," I say, taking a box of cigarettes from my pocket and handing it round. We smoke. "When do you push off?" I ask.

Schorse spits. "We'll be disbanded again like as not. You know—" he makes a wavering motion with his hands. "Up, down. On the one hand they would like to make use of us, on the other we're too dangerous for them. Today they say one thing, tomorrow the other. But the lieutenant in charge—he'll not let us go. He knows what he wants, eh, Otto?"

OTTO nods. "And we know a thing or two also," he says indolently, casting a sidelong glance toward the offices.

Schorse laughs. "There's always chips to be picked up where there's carpenters, and that's a fact. But traitors get pretty short shrift, I can tell you. There's folk, for instance, as would like to be nosing round the armory. Well, up comes Sergeant Major Buschmann and takes one off a bit behind the shrubbery. But before that," he guffaws, "before that there comes a hiding, good and hard with the belt-buckle on the bony parts, till the young gentleman hasn't a squeak left in him." He wipes his mustache. "That's between me and you and the gatepost, my son."

"And if that once leaks out, you are dished," I say. Schorse looks at me in astonishment for a moment, then he bursts into laughter. "Hear that, Otto?" he roars. "He says we will be dished!" Still shaking with laughter he taps me pityingly on the chest: "In the first place, *nothing ever does leak out.* Buschmann doesn't exactly take newspaper men along with him, you know. And in the second place, even if anything did come out, we've plenty of friends knocking about. You'd be surprised what influence our lieutenant's got behind him, from the top to the bottom. Don't you worry, no harm will come to us. We're the fair-haired boys of the law courts. Everything for the Fatherland! That'll get us out of anything."

"We're going on the land for a bit, soon," interjects Otto.

"Yes, that's right," says Schorse. "Some of us are skedaddling from here shortly. To play a bit of hide-and-seek round the big estates, harvest-workers with rifles, if you follow me. That's on account of the Control. Officially we are only supposed to be so and so many. But damn it all, do you know, I ran across a bunch of them a while back, and they actually had to work."

"What?" says Otto, dumfounded.

"What I'm telling you," says Schorse, sourly. "Work! Old soldiers, and working! Why, a man might as well be a civilian and be done with it."

Otto makes a deprecating gesture. "Our lieutenant will see to it that a row starts up somewhere soon."

THEY laugh and thump the table. "When there isn't some sort of a dust-up, life is just dirt," grumbles Schorse.

Otto was formerly a cab driver and Schorse a wharf laborer. They have been four years soldiering, and are such good soldiers that now they are nothing else, and, what is more, don't want to be anything else. They are a remnant of war cut off in the land of peace. Where unrest shows itself there they gather together, for only there are they at home. Where there is no more war

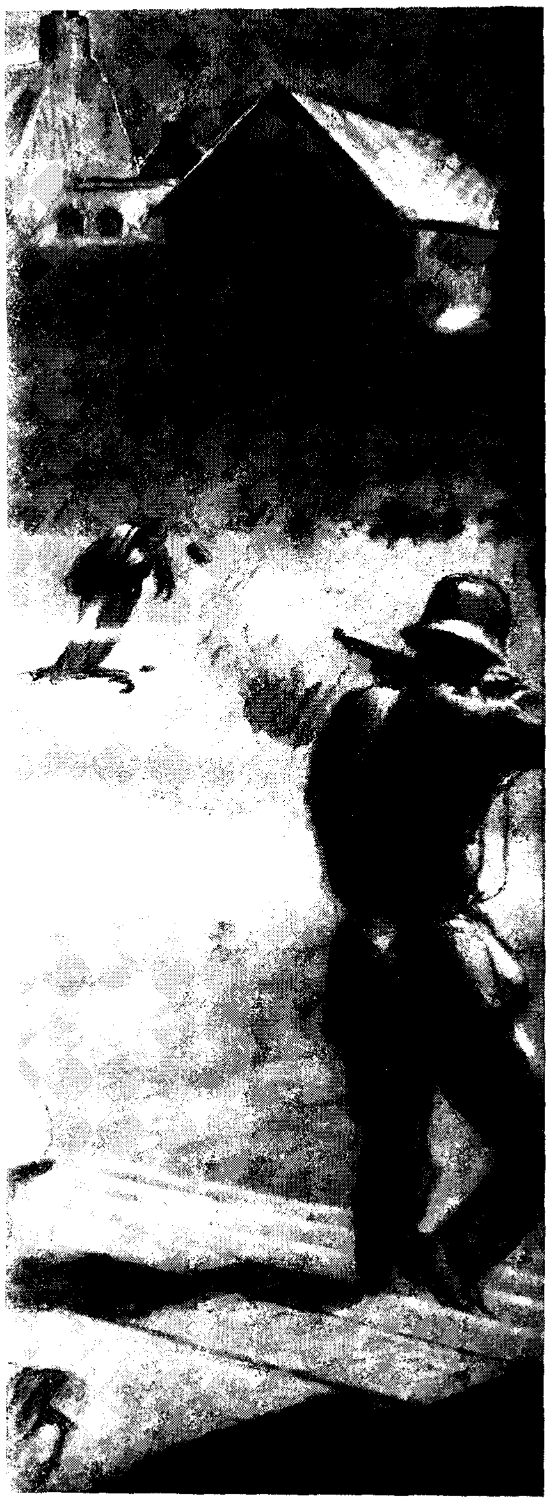


figure turn and fall over

they are lost. These demoralized, ingrained tramps, these officers without livelihood, joined with a sprinkling of idealists, form the last, tough clinkers of war.

A sergeant major with a rubber cudgel walks down the room, a powerful fellow with a brutal face and small eyes. The men become quiet. Some recruits get up and stand at attention. He examines them rapidly. Almost fearfully they look at him. Then he goes on. They breathe again and sit down.

"Bah!" I say scornfully. "Your Revolutionary sergeant major frightens you more than our Royal Prussian ever did."

"Not so loud, boy," answers Schorse with a glance toward the door. "That was Buschmann. The Butcher. If he so much as hears the word Revolution he goes raving mad."

I get up. How could I have looked for refuge here? What is this here but a dismal, ghostly caricature of war? Men that have turned into machines and lost all sense of reality. So obsessed are they with war that they will even deceive themselves. A few rifles that ought to be given up are secretly stowed away, hidden, buried and guarded—as if with them they could deliver the Fatherland! When the merest child today knows what vast material in artillery alone is necessary to fight for one week over a stretch of a few miles. But for these hidebound soldiers war has become an ideal in itself, its object is entirely eclipsed. To keep a dozen rifles in the dark they will kill mercilessly, and still regard themselves as the avengers of the Fatherland. They would be laughable if men's lives were not at stake in it. A general might still fight battles so with lead soldiers.

I SUPPOSED I should find something of comradeship still surviving here. But I shrink back in horror from the savage gang spirit that here passes for such. Bitterness, brutality, despair, indifference are here all mingled with cynical conceit and vainglory to produce a specious imitation of it. There are, it is true, a few quiet fellows among them, but the loudest play the first fiddle. It is the old familiar, rough, hearty spirit no more. It is hopelessness and sheer swashbuckling. These fellows are lost.

"Are you not going in then?" Otto asks me, nodding toward the recruiting office as I offer him my hand.

I shake my head.

"Well, it's all pretty bloody whichever way you take it," he says philosophically and knocks out his pipe.

"Came here to spy, did you?" says a long-legged fellow, coming up to me suddenly.

"Not exactly," I answer. "But so long as you stand at attention before sergeant majors, the army doesn't see me again."

"Yes, you're right there," declares Schorse, turning on the tall fellow. "You let him alone or I'll kick you one. You're spying yourself if I know anything. I've had my optics on you already."

So that is here too! They don't trust one another any more, eh? Two recruits with pale schoolboy faces enter noisily. Apparently they have run away from school in search of adventure. The Kantoreks are already busy on the job. I walk swiftly across the parade ground, past the red walls where this lowbrow world of drill and force and stupidity still pursues its ghostly existence. I no longer understand why I came here. Life—suddenly I feel it surging in my veins. The swallows dip through the air. I stand still, bewildered, so warm and full like an unhoped-for happiness does this renewed recognition flood over me.

Just behind the barracks I encounter Karl Bröger. He shows me in triumph a settlement for a hundred bottles of cognac and reckons up for me how much he stands to make by it.

"Then you have enough for today," I say. "Let's go for a bath."

He stops short. "Bath? Why?"

"I just feel like it," I answer.

He glances up at the blue sky. "It will cost me a cool hundred marks, the afternoon. Well, right you are. I suppose a man must bathe, too, once in a while."

He goes quickly and gets a few rounds of bread and butter, and then we push off. On the way we pass Arthur Ledderhose's place. Two new shop windows have broken out on the ground floor and above in majestic gold letters is the superscription: Arthur Ledderhose, Exporter and Importer. The cigar stall has vanished.

"Arthur's getting along," I observe.

"Bet your life," laughs Karl; "next thing he will be calling his old woman 'Gnädige Frau.'"

The streets and houses are left behind us. The wind blows up cool from the river. The leaves of the willow trees shimmer gray and silver. We seek out a good spot and undress.

A chilly shiver creeps over my skin as I pull off my shirt. Oh, these first gasps, these first few steps into the water! Ripples of sunlight glide over the sand, the wavelets are clear and so cold the shiver runs right up one's neck. Cautiously I go in deeper and stoop down to dip in my hands. Then suddenly I get a push that sends me in head over heels. I fling myself backward and drag Karl down with me into the water. We fall over each other and struggle, we shriek and plunge under; the water is not cold any longer, it is electric; we swim under the water, we lash it with our arms and crystal fountains of spray fly up; we shoot down to the bottom and come up again puffing; then with long craving strokes, breathing deeply, we swim along the bank, past the yellow marsh marigolds and wild rose bushes, to the meadows in the distance where a herd of brown, gleaming horses is grazing. There we climb out and chase each other until the sun dries our bodies. We gallop through the long grass that strikes lightly and prickles against our bare legs, then we hunt for flat stones to send skimming out over the river so that they flip and scatter the water each time they bounce.

"Not quite the same thing as bomb throwing, what?" shouts Karl.

"No, by God," I call back, "and we couldn't run like that with a full pack up, eh?"

"Oh, boy—no belt, no rifle, no boots!" Karl yells joyfully and throws Wolf, who is barking around us, out into the water.

WE JUMP in again and swim back, the dog with laughing eyes, ears laid back and his tongue hanging out, Karl and I splashing and blowing and singing. The water gleams, the sun pours down and our muscles work easy and regular. Afterward we lie down under the willows and munch our bread and butter. I roll about in the sun. Oh, body, think I, best and only companion, how many times you have saved me. You never let me down; you still knew of a way out when the soul was already darkened with terror! You arms, with your muscles beneath the smooth skin, how often with your throw you have delivered me from annihilation; you legs, how often you have carried me out of reach of death's rake; eyes, that have led me through the gloom and out of the confusion of shadows; ears, that heard all things for me when in the din of the battle danger crept on! I move my toes, work my knees, I feel the supple play of my spine, I roll over and over and bite my teeth into the buttered crust; the willows rustle, the waves are lapping, great and radiant the strong light of summer floods down upon us.

It is already almost evening before we dress to go on—this strange hour of poising and floating, when the balance between day and night hangs still on an even beam and time holds its breath—yet a breath and the evening begins.

Suddenly Karl stands still and points to the river. A few hundred yards before us a bright form walks out into the water. A woman.

She is so far away that her face is not recognizable. Golden and soft the light plays over her body and lends it a warm glow varying between delicate red and bronze. She is so unreal in the late sunlight that mere curiosity yields to a breathless awe that a human being can be so lovely. My heart beats and suddenly I feel: so must love begin, so without lust, so pure under the eyes.

The woman goes slowly farther out into the water, up to her knees. Stooping forward a little she stands still, her head bent, her hands pressed between her knees. A peasant girl perhaps, maybe she is old, perhaps malicious and stupid—what do we care? For us at the moment she is a symbol of uncertainty, of longing and of dream.

Darkly glimmers the water, and the line of the bank swings out like a winding ribbon behind the bright body against the sky line. The woman turns and raises her arms. Shadows glide from her shoulders down her back and flicker over the hips and the thighs. It occurs to me: How could anyone name a thing so rippling and swelling and tremulous as that? What a beggarly lot the poets are, think I, and what is the use of all literature if it has not found one acceptable word for this nimble play of lights and of shadows? What might it be called? Jamaica, or Yoldawonda, or Timbuktu perhaps. I test it quietly, but it is not soft enough; it would have to be spoken delicately and slow.

WHEN we return the town is full of alarm. At every corner stand groups of people. Rumors fly about. The Reichswehr has come to blows with a procession of demonstrating workers.

From the neighborhood of St. Mary's Church comes suddenly the sound of rifle shots, at first singly, then a whole volley. Karl and I look at each other; then without a word we set off in the direction of the shots.

Ever more and more people come running toward us. "Fetch arms, the bastards are shooting!" they shout. We run faster. We wind in and out of the groups, we shove our way through, now we are running—a grim, dangerous excitement drives us forward. We are panting. The racket is growing. "Ludwig!" I shout.

He runs beside us. His lips are pressed together, the jawbones stand out, his eyes are cold and tense. He has the face of the trenches once more. Karl too. I also. We run toward the rifle shots as if it were some mysterious, imperative signal.

Shouting, the crowd gives way before us. We plow our way through. Women hold their aprons over their faces and go stumbling away. A roar of fury goes up. They are carrying a wounded man off.

We reach the market square. There the Reichswehr has taken up a stand in front of the Town Hall. The steel helmets gleam palely. On the steps is a machine gun ready for action. The square is empty; only the streets that lead into it are crammed with people. It would be madness to go farther. The machine gun is covering the square.

But there is one going out, all alone. In the middle of the square he steps out of a shadow thrown by the church into the moonlight. A clear, sharp voice calls: "Back!"

The man lifts his hands. The moon is so bright that his teeth are visible, white and gleaming, in the dark hole of his mouth, as if he were going to speak. "Comrades—" All is still.

His voice is alone between the church, the great block of the Town Hall and the shadow; it is alone on the square, a fluttering dove. "Comrades, put away your weapons! Will you shoot at your brothers? Put your weapons away and come to us."

Never was the moon so bright. The uniforms on the Town Hall steps are like chalk. The windows glisten. The moonlit half of the church tower is a mirror of green silk. The stone knights by the door spring out with gleaming helmets and visors from the wall of shadow.

"Back or we fire," comes the command coldly. I look round at Ludwig and Karl. That was our company commander! That was Hehl's voice. A choking tension takes hold of me, as if I must now watch an execution. I know: Hehl will fire.

The dark mass of people in the shadow of the houses moves, it sways and murmurs. An eternity goes by. Then two soldiers with rifles detach themselves from the steps and make for the solitary man in the midst of the square. It seems endlessly long before they reach him; it is as if they marked time in a gray morass, glittering rag puppets with lowered rifles; ready to fire. The man awaits them quietly. As they come up he says again: "Comrades—"

They seize him under the arms and drag him forward. The man does not defend himself. They pull him along so quickly that he stumbles. Then cries burst out from behind, the mass is beginning to move, a street goes slowly, irregularly forward. The clear voice commands: "Quick, back with him! I'm going to fire."

A warning volley crackles out upon the air. The man suddenly wrenches himself free, but he is not saving himself, he is running across toward the machine gun. "Don't shoot, comrades!"

Still nothing has happened, but as the mob sees the unarmed man break away it also jumps forward. It surges down a narrow passage toward the church. The next instant a command resounds over the square; thundering, the tack-tack of the machine gun shatters into a thousand echoes from the houses, and the bullets, whistling and splintering, strike on the pavement.

Like lightning we fling ourselves behind a jutting corner of the house. In the first moment a paralyzing, curlike fear lays hold on me, quite different from what it was at the front. Then it changes to rage. I saw how the solitary figure turned round and fell over. Cautiously I peer round the corner. He is trying to raise himself up again, but he cannot. He can only prop on his arms and lift up his pale face and groan. The square melts, the church crashes down upon me, I choke and with clutching fingers thrust the image off: The English captain, now he will sink down, and he will rise up again and come running after us, his lackluster eyes will require a reckoning of us: What have you done? Nothing! Nothing! And the dead mouth will speak: Guilty! Guilty!

Gradually the arms bend, the head sinks, and, as though he were exceedingly weary, his body sags down upon the pavement—then the lump in my throat loosens, "No!" I cry, "No!" The cry rises up shrill between the walls of the houses; now the dead man will raise his head again, glowering.

I FEEL myself thrust aside. Ludwig Breyer stands up and goes out across the square to the dark lump of death.

"Back!" comes the command from the Town Hall steps once again.

Ludwig stands still a moment. "Fire away, Lieutenant Hehl!" he calls back to the Town Hall steps. And then he goes forward and stoops down to that thing lying there on the ground.

We see an officer come down the steps. Without knowing how, we are suddenly standing beside Ludwig and awaiting the approach of the figure that, for a weapon, carries only a walking stick. He does not hesitate an instant though now there are three of us, and we could haul him away if we wished; his soldiers would not venture to shoot for fear of hitting him.

Ludwig straightens up. "I congratulate you, Lieutenant Hehl. The man is dead."

A stream of blood is running out from under the coat and trickling into the cracks between the cobblestones. Near the right hand that has thrust forward, thin and yellow out of the sleeve, it is gathering to a pool of blood that reflects black in the moonlight.

"Breyer," says Hehl.

"Do you know who it is?" asks Ludwig.

Hehl looks at him and shakes his head.

"Max Weil."

"I meant to let him get away," says Hehl, after a time, almost meditatively.

"He is dead," answers Ludwig.

Hehl shrugs his shoulders.

"He was our comrade," Ludwig goes on.

Hehl does not reply.

Ludwig looks at him coldly. "A nice bit of work!"

Then Hehl moves. "That does not enter in," he says calmly, "only the purpose, law and order."

"Purpose," replies Ludwig contemptuously; "since when have you offered excuse for yourself? Purpose! You require occupation, that is all. You withdraw your men so that there shall be no more shooting!"

HEHL makes a gesture of impatience. "My men stay where they are. If they withdrew they would be attacked tomorrow by a mob ten times their number. You know that yourself. In five minutes I occupy all the road heads. I give you till then to carry off the dead man."

"Set to," says Ludwig to us. Then he turns to Hehl once more. "If you can withdraw now no one will molest you. If you remain there will be more killed. Through you! Do you realize that?"

"I realize it," answers Hehl coldly.

For a second we stand face to face. Hehl looks at the row of us. It is a queer moment. Something breaks in pieces.

Then we take up the limp body of Max Weil and carry him away. The streets are full of people. A broad passage opens up before us as we come. Cries go up: "Noske's dogs! Police thugs! Murderers!" From Max Weil's back the blood drips.

We take him to the nearest house. It is the restaurant, the Holländische Diele. A couple of ambulance men are already there binding up two people who lie on the dance floor. A woman with a bloodstained apron groans and keeps wanting to go home. They have difficulty in holding her down till an ambulance is fetched, and a doctor arrives. She has a wound in the stomach. Alongside her lies a man still wearing his old army tunic. Both his knees have been shot through. His wife is kneeling beside him and moaning: "He did not do anything! He was only walking past. I was just bringing him his supper." She points to a gray enamel lunch pail. "Just his supper—"

The women dancers are huddled together in a corner. The manager is running to and fro excitedly and asking if the wounded could not be taken somewhere else. His business will be ruined if it gets about. No guests will want to dance there any more. Anton Demuth in his gilded porter's uniform has fetched a bottle of brandy and is holding it to the mouth of the wounded man. The manager looks on in horror and is making signs to him, but Anton takes no notice. "Do you think I will lose my legs?" the wounded man asks. "I'm a chauffeur!"

The ambulance comes. Again shots are heard outside. We spring up. Hoots, screams and the clatter of broken glass follow. We run out. "Rip up the pavement," someone shouts and drives a pick into the cobbles. Mattresses are thrown down from the houses, chairs, perambulators. Shots flash out from the square, and now are answered from the roofs.

"Lights out!" A man jumps up and throws a brick. Immediately it is dark. "Kosole!" cries Karl. It is he. Valentin is beside him. Like a whirlpool the shots have drawn everyone in. "Into 'em, Ernst, Ludwig, Karl!" roars Kosole. "The swine are firing at women!"

Where now is the bright day, the hope, the brown skin of the girl? Bullets lashing, men crying—we crouch in the doors of the houses, submerged, whirled away, devastated, raging with hate. Wounded are being carried away, blood is spurting on the pavement, we are soldiers again, it has us again; crashing and raging the war roars above us, between us, within us. All is finished, comradeship is riddled by machine guns, soldiers firing on soldiers, comrades on comrades; it is finished, it is finished.

ADOLF BETHKE has sold his house and come to live in the town.

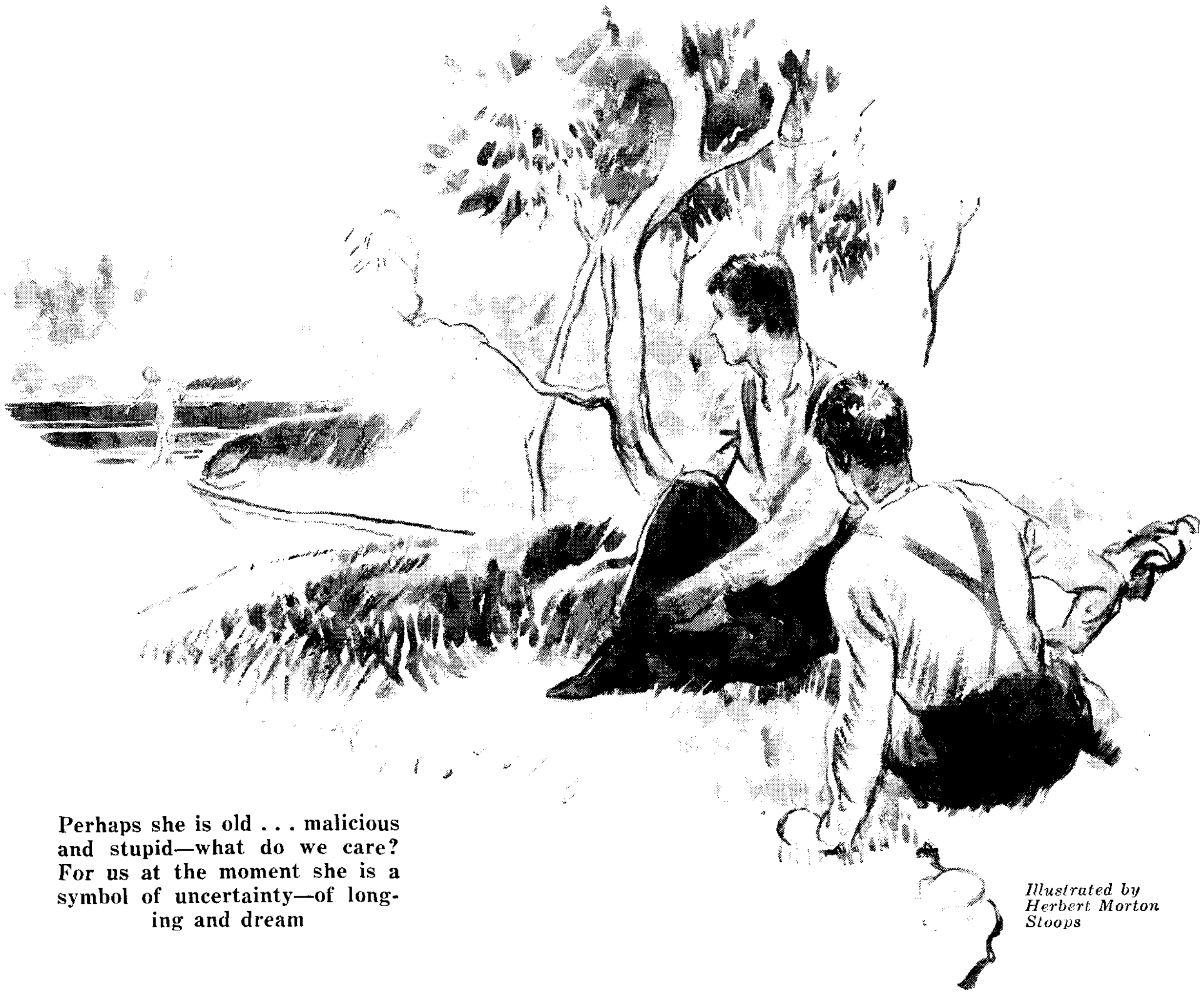
After he took his wife to live with him again all went well for a while. He did his work, she did hers, and it looked as if things would be all right again.

Then the village began to whisper. When his wife crossed the street in the evening voices would call after her; young men who met her would laugh impudently in her face; women drew up their skirts with pointed gestures. His wife never spoke of these things to Adolf. But she wilted under it and grew daily paler.

With Adolf things went the same way. If he went to the inn the conversation immediately stopped; if he visited anyone he was greeted with an embarrassed silence; veiled hints and questions gradually arose; over the cups coarse innuendos would be spoken and after him would sound jeering laughter. He did not know how to prevent it; why should he be accountable to the whole village for what was no man's affair but his own? Not even the parson comprehended it but eyed him disapprovingly through his gold spectacles whenever he passed him by. It tortured him; but Adolf also never spoke of it to his wife.

Thus they lived for some time, till one Sunday evening the pack of tormentors, grown bolder, ventured to call after his wife in Adolf's presence. Adolf blazed up. But she put her hand on his arm. "Never mind, they have done it so often that I don't hear it any more."

(Continued on page 50)



Perhaps she is old . . . malicious and stupid—what do we care? For us at the moment she is a symbol of uncertainty—of longing and dream

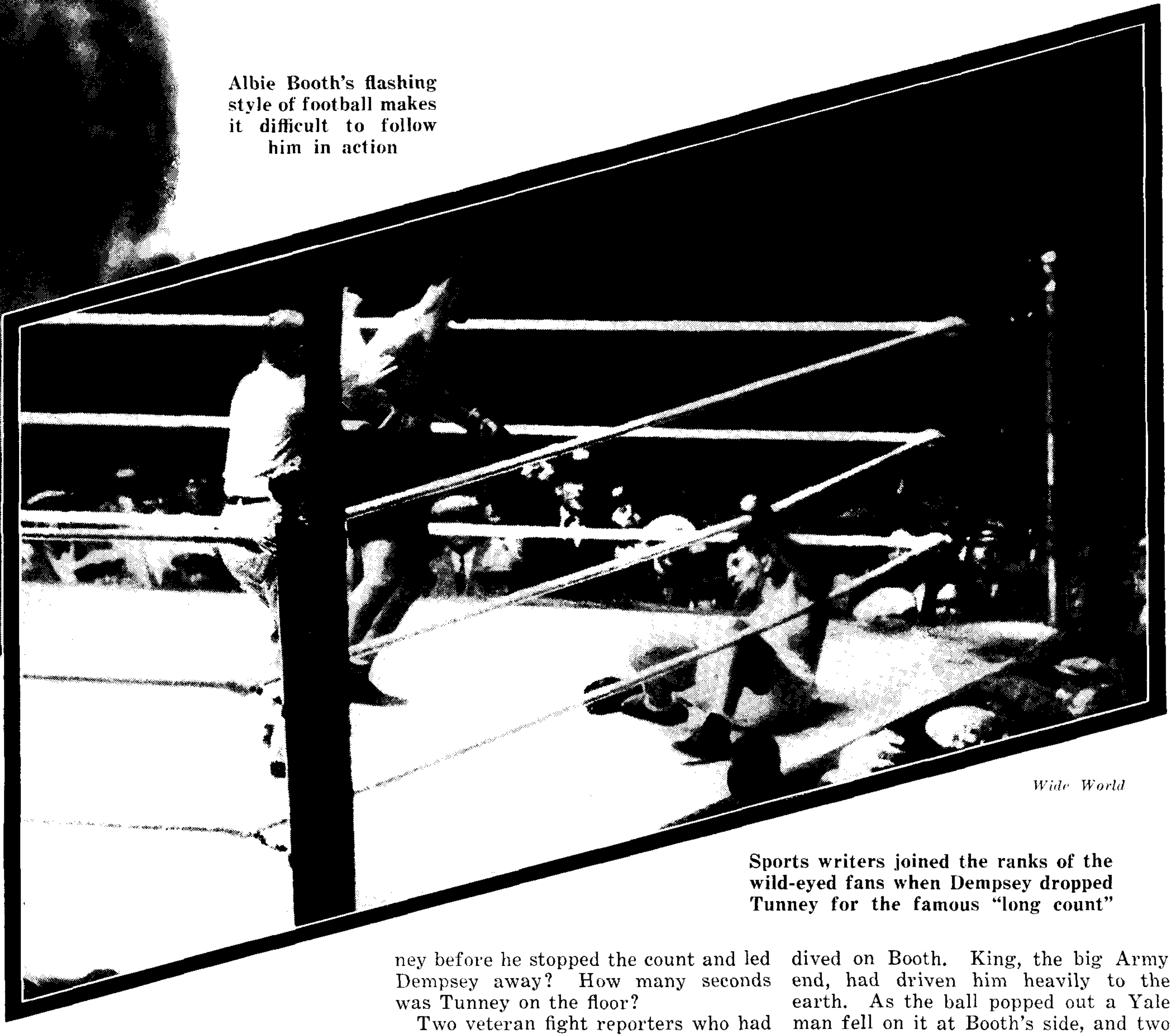
Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

Quicker than the Eye

By Grantland Rice

International

Albie Booth's flashing style of football makes it difficult to follow him in action



Wide World

Sports writers joined the ranks of the wild-eyed fans when Dempsey dropped Tunney for the famous "long count"

If you think the sports writer's job is easy—just a free-ticket racket—try covering a thrilling contest for the press. Here are some of the difficulties you may expect

JUST how many young men have decided they want to be sporting writers is not officially known, but the number is incredibly large. It runs somewhere into the millions, at least.

In the general search for information or advice on the subject one question usually asked is: "What's the most difficult sport to cover?" And this is never very hard to answer.

Number one is a big fight and number two is a football game. Presenting the facts in a baseball game is simple enough and the same applies to a horse race, a track meet, a hockey game, or a tennis competition. Golf leads them all in the way of physical punishment, for it means an all-day gallop in the midst of charging crowds, pushing and shoving and peering in a frantic attempt to see.

But sitting at ringside in a big fight or sending the plays of a football game directly from the field over a wire is another chapter in sports writing. One might take just three of Jack Dempsey's fights to help illustrate this point. When the first round ended at Toledo in a wild upheaval of confusion with the crowd swarming into the ring, thinking the fight was over, you could hear various expert reporters starting their stories in this fashion:

"After knocking Jess Willard down five times in the first round—" or "after Jess Willard had been knocked down nine times—" or "after four knockdowns Jess Willard lay in his corner"—etc. But the fight wasn't over. Both men were called back through a faulty bell that hadn't been heard and then the checking-up started. There were guesses ranging from three knockdowns to nine or ten before enough proof was presented to check the number correctly as seven.

The same thing happened in the Dempsey-Firpo fight, where the rush of action was so terrific and the emotional upheaval was so great that most of those present at the ringside were no longer cold, observing reporters but wild-eyed spectators in a mental turmoil. In each of these two contests the action started so quickly and swept along at such a pace that it was almost impossible not to be swept away by the dramatic surf of the moment. This was especially true in the Firpo contest, for just as one began checking up on Dempsey's punishing blows, Firpo suddenly sent the champion through the ropes.

When occasions of this sort come up there are two things which make accurate reporting difficult. One is the wrecking of all concentration on the facts as they develop and the other is the superior quickness the hands hold over the work of the eyes.

Pugilism's Greatest Thrill

There probably never was a round fought that carried so many problems as the seventh round of the second Tunney-Dempsey fight in Chicago.

It happened suddenly. Crash-smash—and there was Tunney on the floor with Dempsey hovering above him as a frantic referee was trying to count and trying to get Dempsey away to a neutral corner.

How many times had Dempsey hit Tunney before the latter fell? How long had the referee counted over Tunney before he stopped the count and led Dempsey away? How many seconds was Tunney on the floor?

Two veteran fight reporters who had been in the game for over twenty years reported that Dempsey had nailed Tunney twice, with a left and a right, and that Tunney had been on the floor eighteen seconds by stop watches which they held. A few of them still stick to this latter count. Knowing that more than ten seconds had passed I sent the flash in that Tunney had been knocked out, the frantic correction following two or three seconds later.

It was impossible to tell just what had happened. Then the argument broke out as to how many times Dempsey had landed before Tunney hit the floor. Opinions varied as to whether it was two or three, or four or five. Later the slow-motion pictures showed a record of seven punches landed with right and left.

Here again the eye could not keep up with the speed of the hand. The majority of brains or minds came to a standstill under the emotional shock of a champion falling. It required expert motion-picture mathematics finally to fix the count at fourteen seconds while Tunney lay on the floor.

Then there was the play in the Army-Yale game which even the motion pictures hardly decided. Army threw a pass. Booth of Yale intercepted it near his own goal line and started a return. He whirled from one man and then as two or three Army men charged his way, one nailed him. Down went Booth. Out popped the ball and there was a headlong dive for it by both Army and Yale men. To many it looked as if two or three Army men had dived on Booth. As a matter of cold fact, no one had dived on Booth. King, the big Army end, had driven him heavily to the earth. As the ball popped out a Yale man fell on it at Booth's side, and two Army men, Price and another, diving also for the ball, fell across the Blue jersey—and this all happened in one compact, swirling play.

It's Still in a Fog

In the Army-Notre Dame battle in Chicago, Notre Dame was leading 7 to 0. Fog and darkness had settled on the field. A hundred or more football writers were peering through the mist. Carideo dropped back to his own ten- or twelve-yard line to kick. The two teams were made up of dim, ghostly figures. Suddenly there was a whirl and a swirl, and a flock of shadows dashed by Carideo back across the goal line. The kick had been blocked and recovered. Blocked by whom and recovered by whom?

Someone rushed in and announced that the kick was blocked by Price and recovered by Price. This news was placed on the wires. A short while later another courier who had been in the Army dressing-room appeared, "This is official," he repeated, "direct from Army coaches—the kick was blocked by Price and recovered by King."

The correction was rushed through. An hour later it was discovered that the kick was blocked by King and recovered by Price.

Games of fast, hard body-contact are the hardest to follow accurately because they stir up greater mental turmoil in the minds of the onlookers and because the speed of the human eye is limited in transferring a correct picture to the brain.

On the High Trapeze

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

SLEEK in silk and spangles, Philippe Lavonne came out of his dressing tent and started toward the back door of the big top to await his cue. He was the Grand Amalgamated's new star, the feature of whose flying act was a triple somersault; few persons can do it.

On the way Philippe passed Skeet Flanders, a single trapeze performer whom he had replaced as the stellar attraction. But Skeet had been a good fellow about it; they had been fine friends. Inherently honest himself, it was difficult for Lavonne to recognize deceit in others.

"Say, Frenchy," Skeet said with a peculiar grin, "I'll bet you miss the triple this afternoon."

"I miss the triple?" Lavonne stared. "You're crazy! I'll do a fine triple."

"Bet you five you don't," drawled Skeet.

They bet, volubly. Then—

"Why do you bet me about that triple?" Philippe asked. Skeet stared toward the top of the tent.

"Oh," he said casually, "I've noticed you're a little off in your timing lately."

The music changed again. Philippe strode into the tent. He climbed the rope ladder to his pedestal with a slightly slower step than usual. Off in his time? He hadn't noticed it. But that's the trouble. Often a performer is the last to realize what's wrong. Time is the heart and soul of a triple somersault. The performer must gauge every movement to the hundredth part of a second. Suddenly Philippe found himself giving thanks that J. T.—as everyone called the owner—was away on a trip. That was lucky; everything would be all right by the time the Big Boss got back. Philippe owed everything to J. T.; he had discovered the flier in France and developed him. The aërialist looked upon him as a sort of circus god, for whom only perfection could prove true worship.

HE REACHED his pedestal, and went into his routine, his mind intent upon his timing, his muscles becoming unconsciously more taut. Finally the waltz music ceased and the drum rolled for the triple. He shot from the bar into the dizzy, sickening speed of the three turns; the world blurred, he all but lost consciousness with the swiftness of it. Then as he slowed with the third turn, he broke out into the leap for his catcher's hands. There was an awful moment of uncertainty as their grips faltered; he had come too short. But he held.

He dropped to the net. At the door Skeet waited with a five-dollar bill.

"Well, you just did win!" he said. "I'll get even tonight."

"Keep your money," Lavonne answered jerkily.

"Scared?" asked Skeet. Then—"Say, kid, you'd better watch yourself. You're way off! You're liable to have bad luck in Washington."

The flier did not answer. He mustn't think about it. Thinking about timing in an aërial act is the surest way to lose it. He couldn't afford that. The Washington engagement was only a few days off. The Presidential party always attended the show and J. T. would be there. The performer who did not give to the utmost in this engagement was ungrateful, unworthy.

That night Philippe, slightly pale, instinctively looked downward as he poised for the triple. Skeet was at the back door, exchanging money with several other performers. So the word had got around that he had lost his time!

The flier fought to relax. The drum rolled. Philippe shot forth into the blinding, dizzy whirl, to break out, grasp wildly—and miss!

Down he plunged, twisting horribly as he fell to the net, to save himself from the broken neck which so often results from a spill in the triple. Slowly he climbed up the long rope ladder. Again he shot forth. This time he made it—clumsily. He was off in his timing! And Washington was only forty-eight hours away.

THE next afternoon came. All other interest had ceased in the circus now. Everyone was betting. Philippe Lavonne seemed suddenly to have grown old. There was the announcement. He went whirling forth while the catcher groped desperately for him, in vain. Again Philippe plunged into the net, and began the long climb up the rope ladder. Once more the drum rolled. Again the form plunged downward. For a third time Philippe climbed the ladder, gaunt, pale. This time, the catcher, with almost superhuman stretching, managed to grasp his wrists as the flier catapulted far to one side. But that night it was different. Four times straight he failed—then gave it up.

The next day was Washington. It was all over the circus now—everybody was talking about it, sometimes so that he could hear: Lavonne had lost his time! Staring, white-featured, Philippe Lavonne climbed to his rigging. J. T. was on the show. The flier knew what that meant. Philippe looked down and gritted his teeth. Skeet was waving money, with no takers.

Then the music started and he swung into his act. The announcement came for the triple. Philippe reached for his trapeze bar and looked down.

At the back door he saw J. T. and Skeet, standing apart from the other watchers. J. T. was talking vehemently. Then Skeet said something, shrugged his shoulders and brought some money from his pocket. J. T. reached also for a roll of bills and peeled off several. Philippe laughed. He straightened with sudden, new strength. The drum rolled. The flashing, silken form of the flier shot forth and spun perfectly from the trapeze. Onward and upward he went, whirling into unconsciousness and out of it, finally to straighten and shoot true into the hands of his catcher.

The thunder of applause rose to him, and Philippe cried out in joyous answer. He swung back to his bar, swan-dived to the net, dropped over the side and ran to the applauding J. T.

"I made it!" he shouted, above a broken, hysterical laugh. "I made it! I saw you bet on me and I said: 'What do I care about the others? It's J. T. who counts!' Right then my timing came back to me! I won't lose it again, either!"

"That's right, boy!" said J. T. and patted him on the back. Philippe ran on, congratulatory performers crowding about him. Only Skeet was left, sourly facing J. T. The circus owner's eyes narrowed.

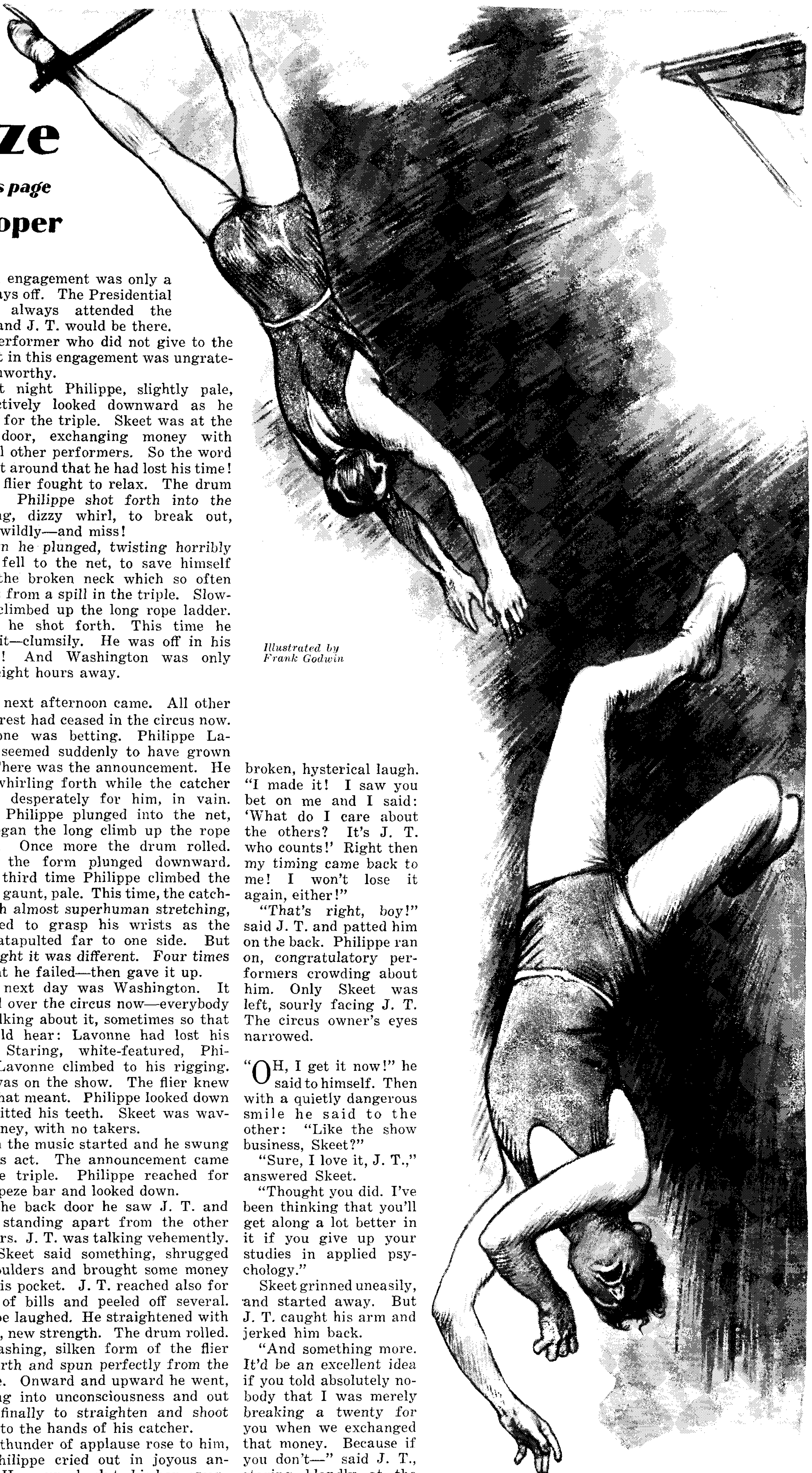
"OH, I get it now!" he said to himself. Then with a quietly dangerous smile he said to the other: "Like the show business, Skeet?"

"Sure, I love it, J. T.," answered Skeet.

"Thought you did. I've been thinking that you'll get along a lot better in it if you give up your studies in applied psychology."

Skeet grinned uneasily, and started away. But J. T. caught his arm and jerked him back.

"And something more. It'd be an excellent idea if you told absolutely nobody that I was merely breaking a twenty for you when we exchanged that money. Because if you don't—" said J. T., staring blandly at the tent top. "You like the show business, don't you, Skeet?"

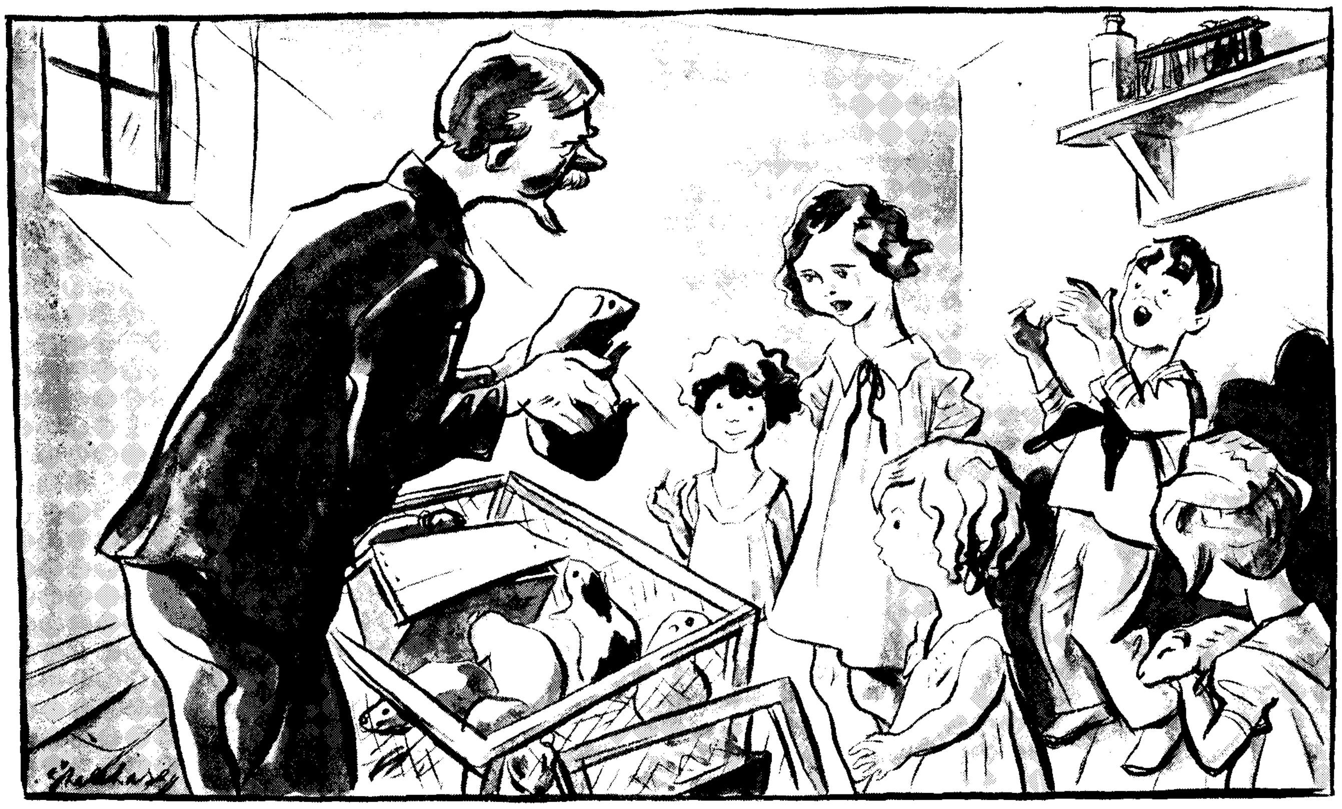


Illustrated by Frank Godwin

Philippe shot forth into the blinding, dizzy whirl, to break out, grasp wildly —and miss!

In One Ear

Little items that come to the ears of Collier's writers as they travel about seeking weightier facts. We serve them up here so they won't be lost—it would be selfishness to keep them all to ourselves


The child bit her lip and flushed. She felt that she was about to be discriminated against. Yet—she could not tell a lie

GEORGE CREEL, the eminent writer, while on one of his recent commutation trips between New York and San Francisco, found himself seated in the dining car at the same table with a very large and most imposing lady. The meal went forward in perfect silence until the coffee came on, when Mr. Creel's *vis-à-vis*, after lighting a cigarette, leaned forward apologetically.

"Pardon me," she asked, "but is my smoking offensive to you?"

"Not at all," Mr. Creel assured her. "But," he added, "there was something that *did* shock me quite a little. When I entered the dining car, not a single woman got up out of her chair."

Not Important Enough

Lloyd Steere, Chicago attorney and one of the board of directors of the University of Chicago, has a small daughter who, with two playmates of similar age and stature, is interested in pet live stock. Her chums are daughters of professors at the university. One day the three children were greatly excited to learn that a professor in the biology department had a surplus of guinea pigs which he intended to dispose of at fifty cents per head to children of the university. The little girls raided their savings banks and hastened to the biology department.

"Please, sir," said the first, offering her fifty cents, "may I have a guinea pig?"

"Is your father a professor?"

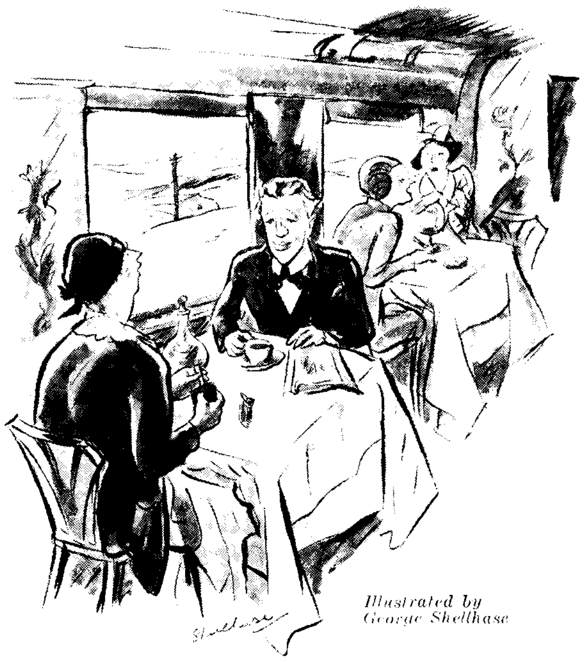
"Yes, sir."

She got her guinea pig. So did the second child. It was young Miss Steere's turn.

"Is your father a professor?" asked the biologist, holding up a guinea pig.

The child bit her lip and flushed. She felt that she was about to be discriminated against. Yet—she could not tell a lie.

"No, sir," she faltered, "he's only one of the trustees."


Illustrated by George Shellhase

One Remedy Missing

Among the traditions of Coolidgiana that persistently linger about the White House since the abdication of Calvin the First is that one day when Mrs. Coolidge had gone shopping she came home with a medical book filled with home remedies. The price, as indicated in pencil, was $7.

The book was placed on the library table, where the President saw it the next morning in the interval between breakfast and his office hours. He read it absorbedly for several minutes. Next morning he did the same, and was seen, before he relinquished it, to scribble something on a fly-leaf.

A subsequent investigation discovered this, in the President's well-known chirography:

"I find in here no cure for suckers."

It's All in the Telling

It may be remembered that Lincoln Steffens, whose muck rake was a vivid feature of American life some twenty years ago, turned away from graft exposures at the time of the McNamara trial in Los Angeles and went in for love and brotherhood. Shortly after his change he made a trip to Mexico and on his return told wonderful tales of the reception that had been accorded him.

"It was wonderful," he declared. "No matter where I spoke, in city or in village, my message was received with joy and enthusiasm by the masses."

Some months later one of his friends happened to be in the City of Mexico and asked about Mr. Steffens' tour. A scream of laughter met the question, and it was some minutes before anyone recovered sufficiently to make answer.

"This was the way of it," explained an American newspaper correspondent. "As Steffens didn't speak Spanish, he had to have an interpreter, and the man picked for the job happened to be a pretty bad lot, clever enough but absolutely unscrupulous. Poor Steffens, trustful and unsuspicious, would take the platform and talk beautifully in terms of world brotherhood, urging his hearers to put hate out of their hearts, and adopt Christ's ideals as a pattern for their lives.

"The interpreter, following him, would give this version of the speech. 'Comrade Steffens says that the present social order has got to be ripped all to hell. He says for you to get together at once and kill every damned aristocrat and capitalist. Take their money and their fine homes.'

"Of course Steffens was applauded."

Brothers in Superstition

During the administration of President Woodrow Wilson, Congressman John Garner of Texas, then *pro tem* Democratic leader of the House, was called to the White House to preview the President's program for the next Congress. Because Woodrow Wilson was an idealist and because his idealism had dictated his program, the result looked to Mr. Garner like a stock-selling prospectus of the millennium.

"That is an admirable program, Mr. President," said "Jack" cautiously, "and everything you mentioned ought to be enacted into laws. But I know the temper of the present House pretty well, and I am afraid some of the things you have indicated will hardly be carried to success by this session."

President Wilson flushed and said:

"Mr. Garner, if it were not for my long-held and deeply ingrained belief in predestination, I should not have been able to carry as far as I have the loads that have been placed upon my shoulders from time to time!"

Well, that was getting pretty serious and idealistic for a practical Democratic politician. But Mr. Garner arose to the occasion.

"Yes, Mr. President," he said, "I understand you perfectly. You see, I, too, grew up among the colored folks, and I'm superstitious as hell myself."

President Wilson's eyes grew as big as saucers with amazement. Then his sense of humor overcame his Presidential and Presbyterian dignity and he laughed inordinately. The spell was broken.

No Difference at All

It is related of the venerable and brilliant John Sharp Williams—for many years a senator from Mississippi—that once when he entered the Senate the Hon. Tom Heflin of Alabama had the floor and was pleading for an act to prevent an unpreventable something or other.

The Hon. John Sharp's custom, on entering the chamber, was to cup a hand behind his somewhat defective ear and listen to what was being said. If the sample thus obtained interested him, he would go and sit near the speaker and hear the rest of the address.

On this occasion he placed his hand behind his ear and heard what Mr. Heflin was "hefling" about. Then, being in an expansive state of mind, he said:

"When the gentleman from Alabama speaks, let not a sparrow twit!"

After the laughter had subsided, Mr. Heflin said, with great dignity:

"Let it be noted, please, that the gentleman from Alabama is in full possession of his faculties!"

"How was that?" asked John Sharp, again cupping a hand behind an ear.

"I say," roared the Alabaman, "let it be noted that the gentleman from Alabama is in full possession of his faculties!"

"Oh," said Mr. Williams, "what difference does that make?"

A Lady of Resource

Continued from page 17

"I'm not invited to the dinner. Just got in this morning—"

"I'm not sure you rate a dinner invitation," he said gravely.

She giggled.

"You bachelors are so conceited because you get invitations—you're to take Belle to dinner. Then, after dinner, Phil is to come aboard and be devoted to Belle, and you are to call for me—"

"You haven't told me yet where you're stopping. Here?"

He glanced questioningly back at the sprawling Italian villa of the Burmans.'

She nodded assent.

"They're all playing golf. Feels like a desert island—almost. I wish it were."

"Why?"

"We wouldn't be bothered about Wall Street crashes—but that's taboo, isn't it? And you haven't told me that you're delighted at the change in your plans for tonight."

"I am too overwhelmed with joy to speak," he said.

"Belle would like that," she commented.

"I didn't mean it that way—I mean—Belle is swell."

"I'll say so. Well, I protected her interests with Phil, so it was only turn about."

He stared at her.

"Anne Draycon, do you mean to tell me that Belle Carney—"

"Hurts your vanity? It shouldn't. Belle is terribly fond of you. She wouldn't have taken you on if she weren't. But I didn't want any giddy little flapper to enthrall you, so Belle agreed to keep you safe from harm if I'd do as much for her with Phil—"

He rolled his eyes heavenward.

"And there are people who believe in free will. How was Aiken?" Abruptly he changed the subject.

"Fairish," she said. "This is nicer. How is my back now?"

"Nearly cooked," he told her.

"Then I'll call it a day," she said.

He strolled with her to the door of the gay *cabaña* where she dressed, and left her after arranging to call for her as soon as dinner would be ended. Then he returned to the Curtins' home.

Secrets, he mused, were impossibilities. For the Curtin patio was jammed now with a gay, cocktail-drinking crowd, and all of them were discussing the Curtin-Bixby plot for tonight. He wondered if any guest, by midnight, would be unaware of the promised attack.

AT EIGHT-THIRTY he called at the Caldwells' for Belle Carney.

"I'm not crazy about the way you and Anne manage me," he complained, as they climbed into his car.

"Little boys shouldn't know too much," she said. "Morgan, I think this will be a divine party."

Certainly her expectations were justified at the very outset. Motor boats were waiting at the designated dock. They were illuminated with lanterns; on the deck a band played. Belle squeezed Morgan's arm excitedly.

"It'll be wonderful," she breathed. "When it starts off with a bang—"

The Ramseys and the Blands, middle-aged couples whose years did not prevent them from staying up until six in the morning whenever a proper excuse presented itself, were fellow passengers on the boat that took Collette and Belle Carney out to the Bonita, and they, too, were breathless in anticipation of a great affair.

The Bonita was anchored out by the inlet, a fifteen-minute ride from the dock. She was illuminated from stem to stern, and jazz music from her deck made her audible as well as visible for miles. As the launch drew up alongside, threading her way through scores of motor boats which had been drawn by curiosity to the scene, Collette looked up at the great yacht.

The Bonita measured something over two hundred and fifty feet and had a beam of over forty. Her main saloon would dine fifty in comfort, and upon her after deck, cleared for the occasion, fifty couples could dance comfortably.

AT THE head of the steps let down for the guests stood Mr. and Mrs. Fielding. The latter was ablaze with jewels. For that matter, so were Mrs. Ramsey and Mrs. Bland. Even Belle Carney, who didn't display her mother's jewels often, had on the Carney pearls, and Collette knew that even in these days of depression two hundred thousand dollars wouldn't replace them.

Belle left him to leave her wraps in a stateroom, and Collette improved the opportunity to stroll about the yacht.

Jack Markow

"Madame, could I interest you in a love seat?"

He had always admired the compactness of boats, but the Bonita seemed to have space to spare. Six huge double staterooms, each with a bath; several single rooms; a library; a card-room, and polished teak and mahogany and brass. The pilot house forward seemed to have as many instruments as an ocean liner, and there was even a wireless-room, inhabited by a deferential operator. Lifeboats swung from davits, and the uniformed crew seemed as well-trained as navy men.

Stewards, their number augmented by waiters from shore, were serving cocktails and canapés when Collette rejoined Belle and, amazingly, within half an hour of the time set for dinner the guests sat down.

So that it was not eleven when Collette left the Bonita's side to fetch Anne. The lake was crowded with boats now, and the hilarity aboard the Bonita almost approached the proportions of a tumult, for every fresh arrival lifted his or her voice in gayety.

As his boat sped toward the dock there loomed up in front a craft without lights. The wheel was jammed over hard, and a collision was avoided. Above the manful curse of Collette's steersman he heard a faint scream, certainly feminine, and chords of Collette's memory stirred.

He turned, staring into the darkness.

"You won't see them blighters again, sir," said the man at the wheel. "A crime, I calls it, to be running without lights. An instant later and we'd have smashed into them. Now I wonder what's the idea?"

So did Collette. But N. Grannis had left for Miami. Further, any feminine scream sounds like another, he imagined. And then he laughed at his own fears. Now that he had been aboard the Bonita, had seen the number of her crew—there must be forty or fifty men—and realized the preposterous quality of N. Grannis' plan, he was sure that her own common sense would have rescued her from any such absurdity. On paper, piracy might seem feasible; but actually it was a ridiculous impossibility.

Too, that scream might have come from the throat of some girl—now he understood. Jack Cameron's boat was slipping out to sea without lights, and Dolly Venable and Jack were inseparable, even though their engagement hadn't been announced yet. Dolly would never let Jack carry out such a joke without letting her in on it, too. That was that,

ANNE was waiting for him.

"I'm simply cuh-razy to get started," she said. "Isn't it wonderful, Morgan?"

He had never been able to become excited about parties. To him they were, usually, attempts at theatricalism that fell short of what was accomplished on the stage. But if Anne loved parties, then he would love them.

"It is," he told her. "Orchestras going full blast, and the champagne never stops circulating. If the Fieldings never kicked in before, they're making up for past omissions now."

"Or Sam Gallery is," laughed Anne, "but who cares, and why should I be mean tonight? Have you heard about Jack Cameron and his boat?"

"Who hasn't?" he retorted. "The idiot almost ran me down a while ago. Running without lights."

"It seems pretty stupid—ooh, I'm excited," she cried.

They had arrived at the dock now, where a band still played, and illuminated boats under a full Florida moon made the lake seem some enchanted pond. A grumbling officer awaited them.

"We were supposed to get under way at eleven, sir," he explained, "and it's half after now. I simply can't wait for anyone else."

So Anne and Morgan had the craft to themselves for the duration of the ride to the Bonita, and if her hand crept into his Collette didn't know what he could do about it.

Once on the deck of the yacht, someone whisked Anne away to dance. Morgan found himself attempting fancy steps with Myrna Blake. The music never ceased. Even in the bar, a room forward which had been done in tiny imitation of the smoking-room of a liner, a colored orchestra played and sang and danced. And finally, soon after midnight, the Bonita weighed anchor, to the strains of a quartet, and started for the ocean.

So far as Collette could see, the party, while a very good party—in other words the champagne and noise were unlimited—differed from any other expensive affair only in the fact that it was staged aboard a ship. Of course, the music had been imported from New York, but that was no extraordinary novelty. The musicians were gotten up as sailors, but there was no striking originality in that.

YET he had never seen such gayety. And the reason came to him. It was the fact that the Fieldings were giving it that made the party such a success. Their reputation for tightness of the purse strings was so universally known that this loosening—whether Sam Gallery was behind it or not—lent a touch of hysteria to the gathering, a feeling of let's-raise-blazes-because-we-may-be-stopped.

He found himself up in the bows, staring out toward the nearing Gulf Stream. He knew now that Anne had not given him up. The way she had conspired with Belle Carney to hold his attention, claim his time, was proof enough of that. Anne knew his love for her; she relied on that love to overcome his scruples. And he could see himself, too proud to accept money from Mrs. Draycon, getting a clerkship somewhere, living meanly. . . . He stood back from the rail violently. He'd not give in. He'd not yield to that feminine insistence which was part of Anne. And he wouldn't jump in the ocean, either. He'd simply slip away on a train tomorrow and go—where? Oh, that didn't matter. He simply knew that if he continued seeing Anne his love for her, and her love for him, would be overpowering.

Well, he'd go back and have one last dance with her. But as he turned he hesitated. There, below him, in shadowy outline, lurked a motor boat. He heard smothered laughter. The damn' fools! Still without lights, taking the chance of being run into. . . . Clever skipper, that Cameron boy. He lingered in the bows. He was in no humor now for horse play. He looked over the side, and saw the Cameron craft hook on to the ladder that had been drawn up. He saw dark figures swarm overside. . . .

A shot sounded above the music. He heard sudden screams, high shrill laughter. Well, if that was the kind of humor that amused people it was all right with him. Of course, the captain and the crew were in the plot. . . . Who

(Continued on page 37)

Milky Way
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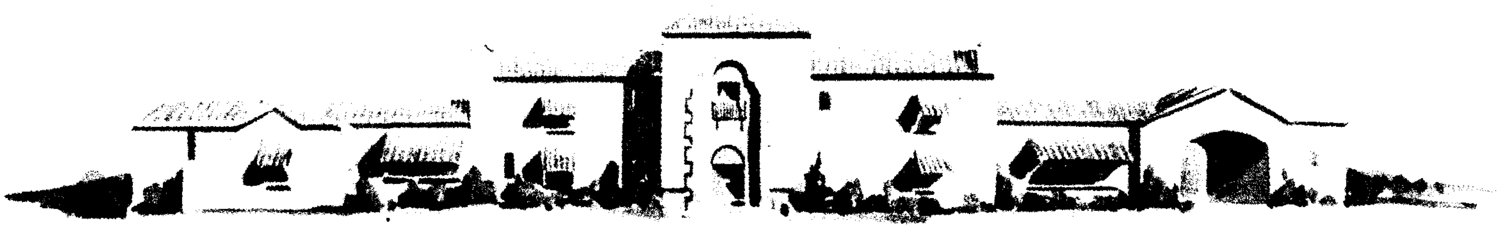

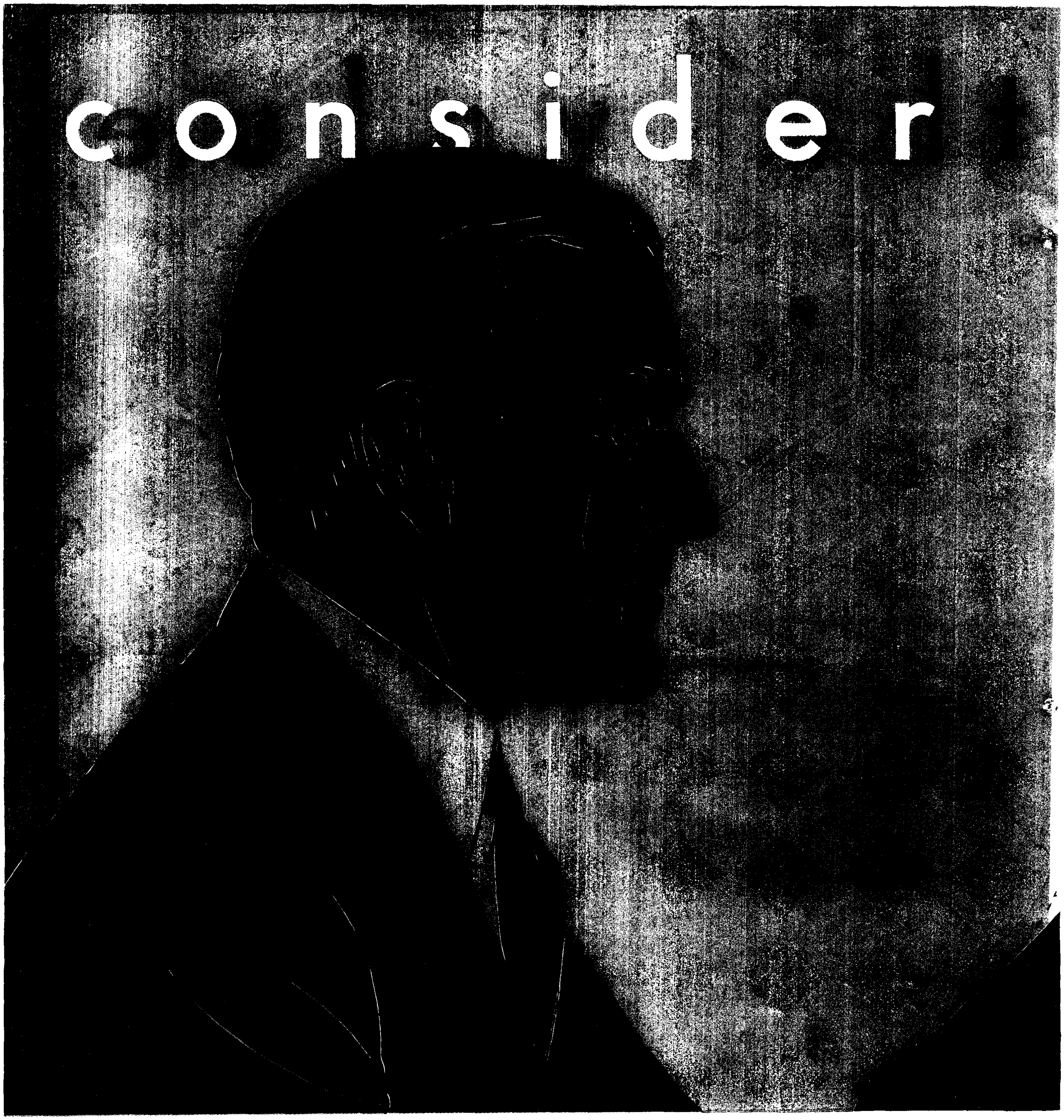

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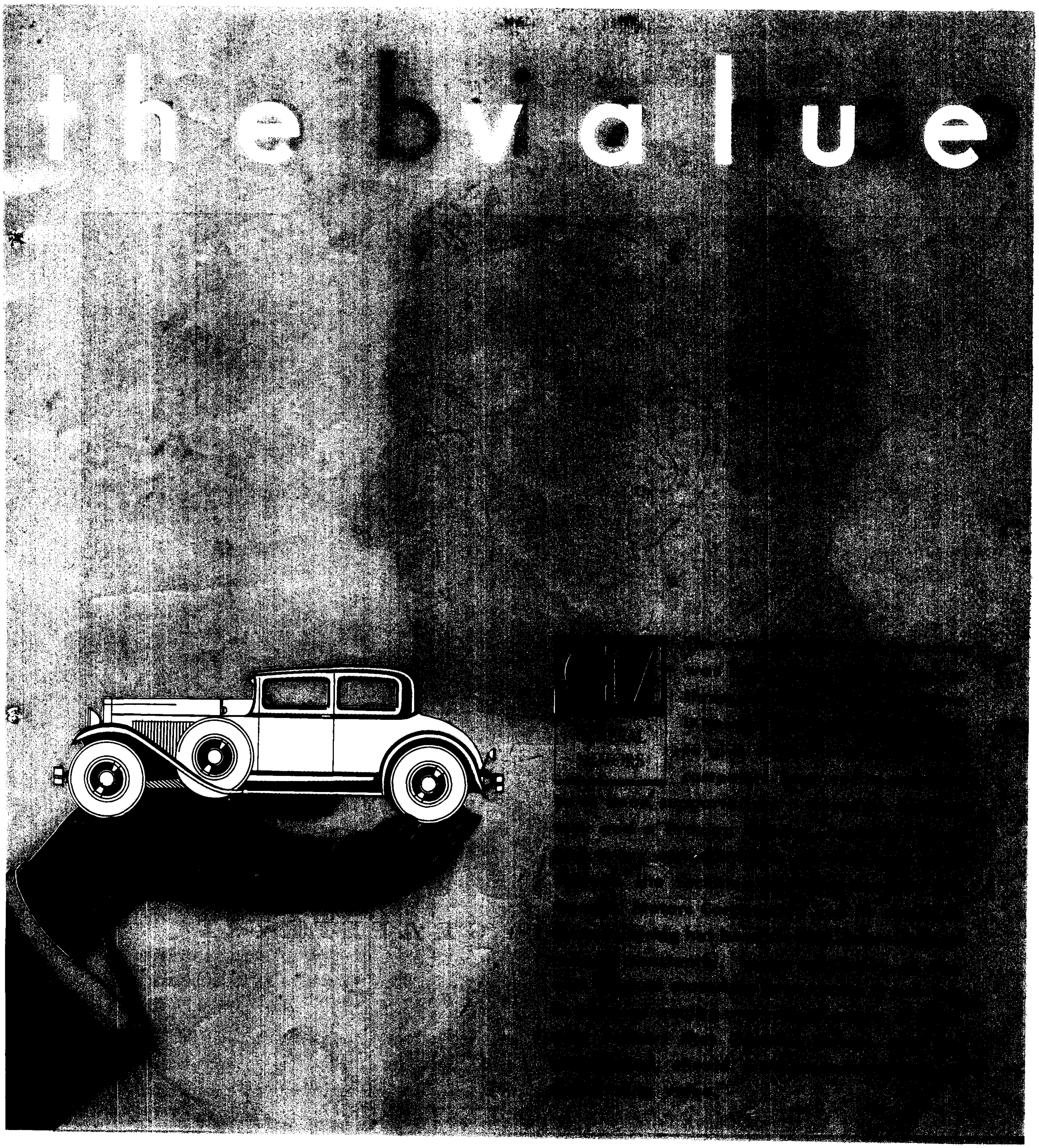

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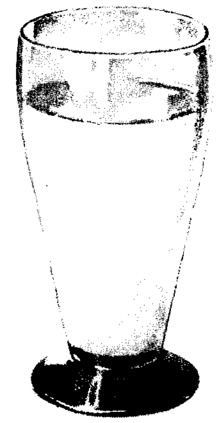

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A Lady of Resource

Continued from page 32

wasn't in the plot? One would think, with everyone knowing all about it in advance, that the play-piracy would fall pretty flat. But it didn't. The screams continued, the shots continued; only the laughter had ceased. And suddenly he knew why.

Something whined by him, struck the rail glancingly, and went screaming out to sea. A bullet that had ricocheted! And no joke. . . . He ran, head down, along the narrow passageway between the pilot house and the rail, to come out upon the deck-space to witness the strangest scene that he had ever come upon.

Upon the deck, his features distorted, and his legs twisted queerly beneath him, lay the captain of the yacht. Beside him sprawled the figures of two men in evening clothes. Huddled in the after part of the dancing space were tenscore men and women, the latter frantically fumbling at arms, at throats, at hair. And every movement that they made but caused to gleam more brightly the jewels that they sought to hide.

BY THE doors that opened into the main saloon stood a group of men. At first glance Collette could not have told them from guests, were it not for the weapons they held in their hands. Perhaps they were a trifle too sleek; perhaps their dinner jackets hinted more of Broadway than of the Avenue; and perhaps their faces, on close examination, would show outer evidence of inward viciousness. But as Collette stared at them only their automatics and machine guns evidenced their difference from the guests. As Collette looked, one of them wheeled and sprayed the interior of the saloon with the deadly hail of a machine gun.

And Sailor Kelley. There, teeth exposed in a grin, stood the Sailor. His voice suddenly rose, stilling the clamor of the frightened guests who had seen a practical joke become a practical and deadly reality.

"The joke is off, ladies and gentlemen," he cried. But even his raised voice could not rob his tones of that suavity which made him seem all the more deadly. "We took the boat away from your little playmates and came ourselves. We've no time to waste. Hate to inconvenience you all, and there's no danger so long as you all take it nice and calm. But we want the ladies to quit hiding their jewels. Place them right on the deck in one pile—"

From the forefront of the frightened group stepped old Cliff Conrey.

"Are you madmen?" he demanded, his voice strangely free from its asthmatic wheeze. "Don't you realize that you can't get away with this?"

The Sailor smiled.

"Now take it easy, Papa," he said. "We don't want to hurt anyone—"

"Why, damn you," said Conrey, "I'll take your gun away and—"

He shakily ran toward Kelley, and the Sailor shot him with as little compunction as he would have killed a mad dog. Down went Conrey; from his head tumbled the toupee which was his secret pride; blood gushed from his mouth.

And Collette went berserk. From behind his corner of the deck-house he stepped. He was on Kelley before the echoes of the shot had died, had wrenched the gun from him, and was firing into the group of bandits. He saw two men go down, heard the cries of encouragement from the throats of the guests, saw Steve Caldwell in the van of the attack, and then he went to his knees as his friends crashed into him.

He rolled to the rail, his gun kicked from his grasp. And as he gained his feet he heard the staccato roar of the machine guns. The front line of his friends melted away. Men with whom he had played golf, bridge, with whose sisters he had danced. . . . Aghast, he watched them stumble, fall, heard them shriek in agony. He saw the pallid faces of the women, heard their screams, saw the attackers stop, waver, flee back to the stern. And then he saw the Sailor, bloody of face, advance menacingly toward the frightened group, stepping over bodies, kicking them aside. In place of the automatic which Collette had wrested from him, Kelley held a machine gun in his arms, and its muzzle moved back and forth, stilling any restiveness in the group he approached.

Women tore necklaces from their throats, jewels from their hair, stripped their arms and wrists, and wrenched pins from corsages. Before that deadly advancing figure they hurled their jewels, as might barbarians of a long-lost age against the advance of some priest whom they believed to be their demon god incarnate.

Millions of dollars. Even in that mad moment of horror and rage, Collette's mind computed the value of the tribute thrown before the feet of the murderer. There was dear old Mrs. Wakely, pushing her portly form in front of her husband, protecting him against his gallant will, and tossing a necklace valued at half a million upon the deck. There was the Khandahar diamond, ravished from the throat of Mrs. Willie Kernahan, the ill-fated stone which had witnessed robbery and murder a score of times, but had never seen so bloody an affair as this. It rolled to Sailor Kelley's feet and he paused a moment to pick it up. But the machine gun never wavered.

Behind him were a dozen men, and they—leaving two machine-gun men to guard their rear—followed Kelley now, picking up the tribute offered them, tossing it into sacks they carried. And now the last jewel had been garnered and Kelley, close to the frightened guests, surveyed them with a coward's scorn. These were brave men and gallant women, and the hatred of the inferior was in his voice as he vilified them.

ONLY Collette, that young man thought, realized what Kelley was doing. He was working himself—and his followers—up to the pitch of cold-blooded murder. And, crouched by the rail, Collette hoped that no man among the Fielding guests would be foolish enough to retort to the man. Here was Lollonois' descendant; here was Blackbeard in his reincarnation. God forbid that anyone should give him that justification for further crime which his warped brain craved.

And Anne, his brave and lovely Anne, yielded to the temptation of her courage. As Kelley came near to her, her arm drew back. No slap, but a punch, delivered with closed knuckles, with all the strength of her vigorous young form behind it, landed on Kelley's mouth.

"You beast," said Anne.

The gun lifted, pointed at her; then Kelley grinned.

"There's things beside diamonds, lads," he said. "Why not take our pick?"

As he spoke his hand reached for

(*Continued on page 38*)

Lucky Girl!

She knows her hair line. How to arrange it successfully for the frock and the occasion and how to give it basic healthful care so it will flatter the skin and bring out the eyes.

Hair that is stiff and stringy, that is dull and lifeless, just won't arrange itself in soft, gentle lines around your temples, won't curl in your neck, won't caress your cheeks. And so what you must do is give your hair a chance. Put new vitality into it, bring out its natural lustre, with correct scalp treatment. This is how you can do it—

First apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly to the scalp—the bottle has a shaker top, so it's clean and convenient to use. Then, with both hands, massage your head until it fairly tingles. Be gentle, but firm! Use the tips of the fingers and work round and round, from the nape of the neck and the temples up to the crown of the head. Leave the Tonic on over night, if possible, and then shampoo as usual. Even one treatment shows improvement, and if you follow this simple routine faithfully once a week, you'll have the kind of hair that really flatters, and brings out your best features.

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Give your face a treat—get a tube of MOLLÉ today at any druggist—and don't forget—we pay the cost if MOLLÉ doesn't win "hands down." The MOLLÉ Company, Bedford, Ohio.

THROW AWAY YOUR BRUSH
MOLLÉ
FOR QUICK EASY SHAVING

(*Continued from page 37*)

Anne, seized her shoulder. Then Collette spoke.

"Sailor," he called sharply.

The dark-skinned man turned. He had not recognized Collette before in the heat of battle, but as the young man advanced now the Sailor's eyes lighted with recognition.

"Well, this *is* a break!" he cried. "By God, I'd hoped to run across you, Collette. But I didn't think you'd come looking for what you're going to get."

The machine gun roared. But Collette was sprawled upon the deck, his right foot reaching for Kelley's ankle. The man came crashing down on top of Collette, dropping the gun as he fell. Someone, Collette never knew who, sprang from the group of guests, picked up the gun and aimed it at the bandits.

Surprise was with him; half a dozen men fell before he, too, was mowed down by bullets. But under cover of his surprise assault the other guests had rallied. As Collette battled over the deck with Kelley, once again feet trampled upon him. He heard cries of pain, rage and triumph. He heard groans, curses, shrill shrieks from women.

KELLEY gained his knees; Collette pulling on him, reached his knees. Kelley somehow gained his feet, and Collette gained his. Together, locked in an embrace which both felt must be relaxed only by the death of one or both, they staggered to the rail.

"Let go," gasped Kelley. His voice held a note of panic in it. "Damn it, let go," he cried again. "I'm telling you, the whole damn' ship will go—any minute—I'm telling you—we thought we'd be off by now—we're going to blow it up—let go—"

He wrenched himself free. Belief, incredulous fright, had made Collette loosen a grip which a second before he had thought would last forever.

Above the wild clamor rang out Kelley's voice. His men had won ascendancy again. There were only half a dozen of them now, but their armament had told. The deck was sickening. Dead and dying men, over whose bodies women kneeled and wept. . . . And there was Anne.

Regardless of the machine guns that still sputtered, Collette ran to where she lay upon the deck. Over his shoulder he saw the bandits retreating forward. Two of their number held sacks in which, he guessed, were the bits of stone which they had deemed worth this shambles.

Then he bent over Anne again. She was white, ghastly, and on her left temple was a red bruise that explained her unconsciousness. God, why hadn't he killed Kelley?

He rose, animated to pursuit, and then remembered Kelley's words. He saw, midway along the port rail, the bandits piling down the ladder. In a moment they'd be clear—

He screamed incoherently.

"A bomb," he cried, "a bomb. They're going to blow us up."

He seized a petty officer by the arm.

"For God's sake, man, get the boats overside."

The man stared at him stupidly.

"There ain't any of us left, sir. I don't think—"

Collette pushed by him. He grabbed Jim Bixby by the shoulder. Bixby turned with a curse, but Collette shook him into sanity.

"Jim—get others—the boats—there's a bomb—"

He dragged Bixby forward with him. He saw the pirates' craft gathering way, speeding to safety. Feverishly he helped Bixby and other volunteers strip the tarpaulin from a lifeboat. He saw it, and others, swung out upon the davits. Then he ran back to Anne

She was stirring faintly as he reached her, and the pitiful moan that came from her lips wrung his heart. And as he picked her up in his arms he suddenly vowed that nothing in the world ever again should intervene between them. Poverty, mishap—nothing. And as he ran to place her in a boat the explosion occurred.

To Collette, bruised of body and numb of brain, the roar of the explosion was magnified by these bodily and mental ills. A cool and collected Collette would have known that even such desperadoes as Sailor Kelley and his followers would hardly have jeopardized their own lives by too powerful a bomb or by shaving too closely the time of its explosion.

But as it was, Kelley's own apparent terror having communicated itself to him, and Anne's helpless condition adding to his panic, he could no longer estimate events sanely. As the bomb burst, he leaped overside.

He came to the surface by the stern of the Bonita. Anne, incredibly slim, was held in his right arm. Her face, from which salt water dripped, was thrown back so far that it seemed as though her neck had been broken, and the smooth line of her throat was like a taut bow.

Treading water, Collette glanced up the side of the Bonita. But only for a moment. The current of the Gulf Stream swept him by, beyond. . . . But the sudden immersion had cooled his brain; he reacted to emergency now.

The Bonita was not a mass of flames; neither was it a débris of wreckage. It floated upon that midnight sea without a list, without labor, as though completely unharmed by the explosion that had driven Collette into the ocean.

The boats, he could see, had not been lowered. And he understood. Even the bloodthirsty Kelley had not planned to murder three hundred souls. To destroy the radio—to cripple, perhaps, the engine-room—

Kelley, then, in the midst of a life-and-death struggle, had been cool enough to win free from Collette's clutch by a ruse. A ruse that had so completely gulled Collette that he had released his enemy in the moment of victory. For the fraction of a second he forgot the plight in which he found himself, to yield to hatred for Kelley.

Then, as they swept past the overhanging stern, Collette raised his voice in a scream for aid. But aboard the yacht women shrieked and men cursed loudly. Jim Bixby, taking command, was roaring orders. Who aboard that pleasure craft which had been so suddenly turned into a shambles could hear a voice from the water?

ONE scream and Collette reserved his breath. For breath was needed. Somewhere to the west lay Palm Beach. But the Bonita had been several miles out when the pirates attacked. . . . The slim form of Anne suddenly weighed upon his arm as though it were fashioned of steel. If she would only come to; there was always a chance. Anne was a great swimmer; they might make it. But even as he clutched frantically at slender hope he shuddered. These waters were filled with sharks, with barracuda, those tigers of the sea.

Anne stirred; she struggled faintly, choked, coughed, as a wave broke over her face. Her struggles ceased. For a full minute she lay relaxed in Collette's arms. Then she spoke:

"What happened, Morgan?"

Her voice was as calm as though the embrace in which he held her was that of a dance.

"A bomb. I thought it was the end—I jumped overboard with you."

Her feet were automatically moving now, and the action took weight from Collette.

"And we're in the sea, eh?" She released herself from his arm. "I can take care of myself now," she said. "And the Bonita?"

"I was a fool. I thought it was gone. It's all right. If I'd stuck to it—Anne, can you make it? Are you hurt?"

She was completely free of him now, treading water.

"That is on the knees of the gods, isn't it, Morgan?" she replied. "How far is it?"

"I don't know," he groaned. "Oh, Anne—I had that man—Kelley—he screamed about the bomb—"

"Was there one?"

"Nothing much. But I was panicked—Anne, we mustn't talk—we have to swim—"

"Can't we make the yacht?" she asked.

"The current is too much for us. Anne—we've got to get to shore. Anne, stay close to me. If we drift apart, it may be hard—"

Her body slid through the water and touched his.

"And if we're to drown, Morgan, we want to die together."

"We aren't going to drown," he said stoutly. "The water's warm. If we take it easy, never hurrying—"

"I swam a mile once," she said. "But that was in a pool, with nothing to be afraid of."

IN DAYS to come Collette—Anne, too—would try to remember their fragmentary conversation of the next hour. But neither would be able to remember what he or she had said. Anne would remember only that Morgan had tried to cheer her, that he had even told her funny stories, and Morgan would remember only that Anne had laughed at their plight, had been unbelievably gay.

But an hour is a long time in the water, when there are hours more confronting one, and when the waves are fairly high and break over one continually. Long before the second hour had begun both of them were aware that it was touch and go. Anne knew that if she weakened Collette would drown with her. . . .

As a matter of fact, though neither of them would have believed it, they had been in the water just forty minutes when Anne ended a ten-minute silence with a scream.

Collette, swimming three yards from her, had his hand on her shoulder in two seconds.

"Anne—darling—please—"

"A boat," she gasped. "See it?"

Collette heaved his shoulders above the waves. Dead ahead of them, without lights, lay a boat. Two of them, unless his eyes lied. Their engines were silent. As he stared, shadowy figures became visible. And then, so close they were, his hand touched the side of the larger craft, and he saw eyes gleaming in the darkness.

"Help us aboard," he gasped.

There came curses, cries from the boat.

"Shove 'em off. To hell with 'em."

But above the clamor came one harshly commanding voice:

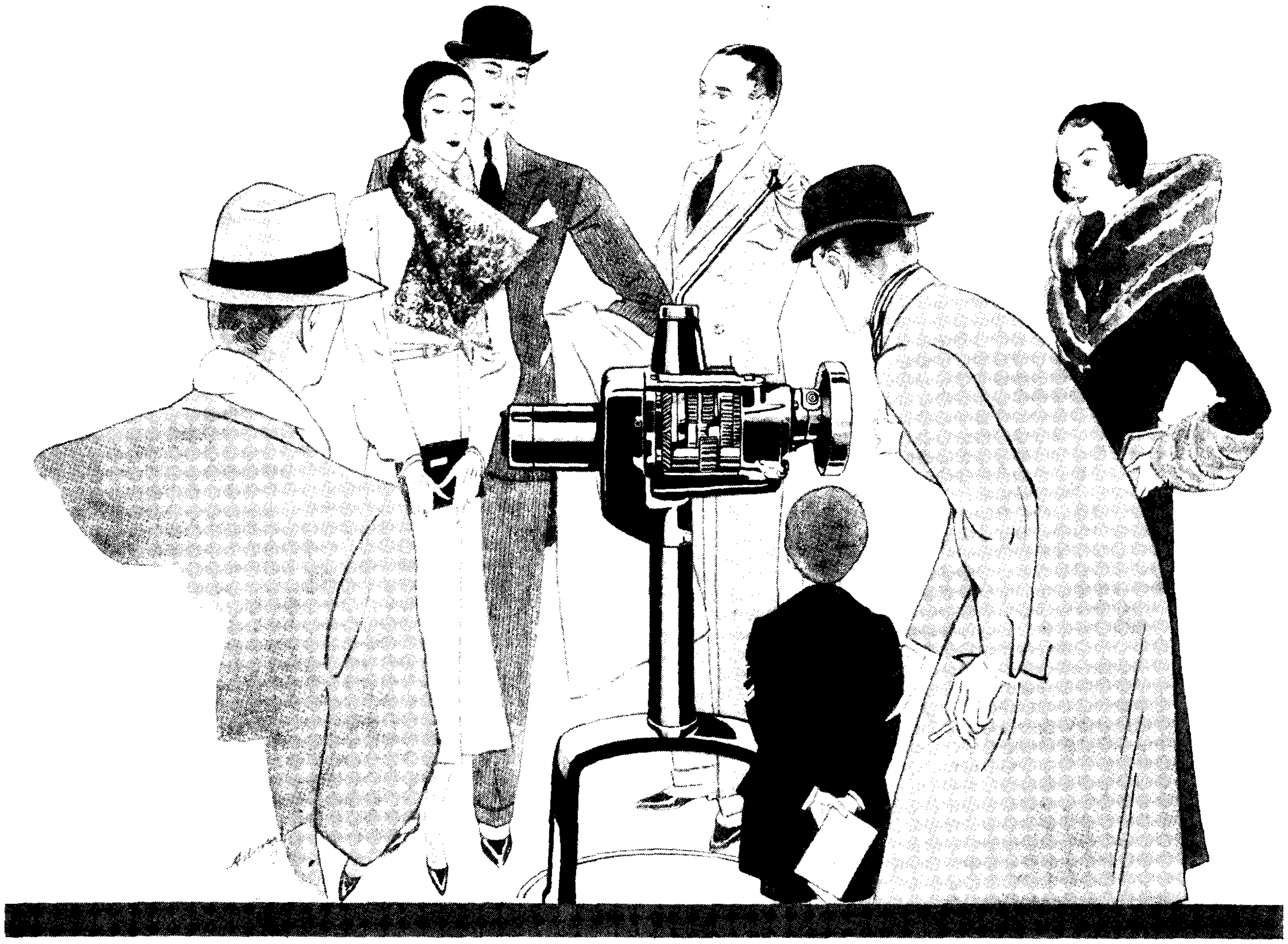
"Let's look at them. God, we're in deep enough now. If we can square anyone—"

Hands gripped at Anne's arms. She was hauled aboard, her ankles painfully scraping the side of the craft. Collette found himself roughly deposited on planking. A flash light made him blink.

"Why, it's my old friend Collette and his girl friend!" a voice boomed out. And, raising his head, Collette found himself gazing into the eyes of Sailor Kelley!

(To be continued next week)

The NEW OLDSMOBILE IS THE LOWEST PRICED CAR WITH THE SYNCRO-MESH TRANSMISSION



To Design Progressively
To Build Faithfully .
To Sell Honestly . .
To Service Sincerely

Among the many important new features now provided in Oldsmobile is the famous Syncro-Mesh transmission . . . and this is the first time this patented feature has ever been made available at a price so low.

The advantages offered by the Syncro-Mesh transmission make it one of the most desirable of present-day fine-car features. It permits smooth, rapid shifting through all gears . . . from low into second, from second to high, and from *high back to second*—in absolute silence.

Gear-clashing is eliminated. And driving in traffic is easier, for the downward shift—from high into second—can be made without reducing car speed. This shift . . . so difficult with the ordinary transmission . . . is also a factor of safety and convenience when driving in mountainous country. Further, the second gear in Oldsmobile's Syncro-Mesh transmission is a new *quiet* type—assuring smooth, swift acceleration which rivals high-gear performance in quietness.

Until you have actually driven the new Oldsmobile, and experienced for yourself the driving ease and flashing acceleration made possible by the Syncro-Mesh transmission, you can't appreciate how much this modern fine-car feature really adds to driving enjoyment.

OLDSMOBILE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

The Jet-Black Sheep

Continued from page 9

of it. I can just hear him describing how her eyebrows struggled upward from their fossilized strata."

Sue Fetridge said: "I understand Morrie has been quite a naughty boy, but who am I to say nay-nay?"

Jimmie Winters put in: "You'd better say nay-nay. You can't bring any little 'Yes' back home to this papa."

Loud laughter. Then the debate got to be a free-for-all. The general agreement was that it would be stupid, moralistic, puritanical and hypocritical for anyone to cut Morrie Lampton. Nobody even attempted to call Morrie a rotter.

I noticed Chan wasn't saying a word. His darling Mary, however, put up a stout defense of Morrie.

Quoth little Mary: "It's just possible that Morrie may want to forget the past. A man as young as Morrie deserves a chance to do that. I'm in favor of giving it to him; and I move that we help the cause along by changing the subject."

MARY was a newcomer to our city. She had never met Morrie and probably had heard only a few vague stories about him. But Mary would have defended Morrie anyway. She was the sort of girl who gets down on her hands and knees to play with babies or puppies; who won't read about hangings in newspapers and does charity work herself, in person. She was younger than Chan and the top of her head didn't reach to his chin but she was mothering him already.

I ran into Dick Lampton a few days after Mary's party. Chan had been taken into partnership with his father in the auditing firm and I was making a start as an advertising man.

"Have you heard about Morrie's new job?" Dick asked, after we had gone through the usual how-do-you-do's. When I shook my head he went on: "He's quit all this radical literary stuff and gone into business. Went out on his own and landed a job with Compson and Company. He's selling bonds. Making good, too. And are we happy at home!"

"That's fine, Dick," I said. "Everybody knew Morrie would snap out eventually."

Dick looked away and said: "It certainly would have made Mother happy. I hope she knows."

Chan and I were too busy for a month or so to drop in on Morrie. He wasn't going to parties yet—a bit of sentiment that won him a lot of favorable comment—and we didn't run across him at any of the clubs.

But I began to pick up talk linking Morrie's name with several girls nobody knew. One was a Miss Levering who worked somewhere and another I heard referred to familiarly as "Annabelle." Just casual snatches of talk. . . . "We were slumming last night and ran into Morrie Lampton at a lousy little dump on the river front. He was with the dizziest blonde." . . . "Say, Joe, who's that Jewess Morrie Lampton's running with?" . . . I put it down as the usual vicious gabble which follows a man with a past like Morrie's. It couldn't be true. The black sheep had reformed. Black sheep always reform if given a chance and Morrie certainly was having his chance.

Then one morning Chan came over to the office looking as if he'd just been stunned by a bolt of lightning.

"Old kid," he said, with a desperate attempt to be casual, "there's something I want to ask you about. A bit of advice from the old doctor. Wilst rally around?"

"My gosh, Chan," I gasped, "you look sick. Have you had any bad news from an M. D.?"

Chan shook his head.

"Nope. Well—I might as well tell you. It's Mary. She's having dates with Morrie Lampton."

"Mary? With Morrie Lampton? You must be kidding."

"I wish I could kid about it. I wish I could." Chan stared at the floor. "But it's no use. I can't think of a single wise crack." He tried to smile. "Funny, isn't it—Mary falling for him?"

I shoved him down in a chair and demanded to know what, when, where, how and why.

"Mary met him at that Junior League lecture the other night," Chan said. "He came over to shake hands with me and I had to introduce him. You know what a fast worker he is. Before I knew it he'd taken her off to look at that black-and-white exhibit in the upstairs hall. He must have told her the story of his life because they missed half the lecture. I guess I was pretty glum; I didn't say much going home. She started telling me how sorry she felt for Morrie. I said she needn't waste her sympathy on him. That got her mad and we quarreled. She said I was narrow and bigoted and vengeful and I don't know what else. Yesterday afternoon she went riding with him in that new roadster he's bought. Last night I went to see her and we had another fight. And that's about all so far."

I still couldn't take it seriously.

"Don't be a sap," I told Chan, "she's got too much sense to swallow Morrie's line. She just wants to show you that you can't boss her. Ignore this sympathy-for-Morrie spell. She'll drop him cold in another week."

But she didn't drop him. Morrie began rushing her and soon she was seeing him more often than she saw Chan.

Poor old Chan. He'd come over to our house looking like a lost soul and wander about the living-room saying: "She's at Sue's swimming party with him tonight. Sue invited me but I wouldn't go." Then he'd turn on me and say: "You know what I am? Just a damn' fool. They don't want a man to live a decent life. The worse he's lived the better they like him. I should have raised hell as he's done. I should have gone off to Paris and wallowed in vice. I should have come back looking sad and pale and wan and told her I needed her. That's the line he's handing her right at this minute. He's telling her she can make a man of him. He's asking her to reform him." Then, when I could only shake my head, he'd yell at me: "Don't sit there like that. Tell me what to do!"

I couldn't stand much of that. I went to see Mary.

WELL, you know how such interviews go. You feel embarrassed as the devil and are sorry you've tackled it. The girl knows everything you're going to say before you say it. She puts on a sweet, regretful smile and stalls.

Finally I said to Mary: "You're not thinking of marrying Morrie, are you?"

"That isn't it at all," she said, earnestly. "I tried to explain to Chan but he wouldn't believe me. Morrie is just a friend. He says my friendship means a lot to him and I'm conceited enough to think I am helping him a little. Nobody has ever taken the trouble to really understand Morrie. He's lived—well, unconventionally—but that's all over. He's trying to forget the past. He says I'm the first decent girl he's ever known."

"He's known lots of decent girls," I said, getting angry. "He just prefers the other kind."

"You've no right to say that. It isn't fair. Do you know a single thing against Morrie since he came home?"

"I'm not a private detective," I said. Which wasn't such a snappy comeback. All it got me was a big-sisterly lecture about kicking a man when he is down instead of helping him up. I'd have been awfully dumb not to realize I was wasting my time. Morrie had appealed to Mary's mothering instinct. She believed Morrie needed her. It looked bad for poor Chan.

"At least give yourself a little time, Mary," I said. "You must know how much you mean to Chan. Of course, he doesn't make epigrams like Morrie and he hasn't got a look of anguish on his face all the time. He's just a poor sap who has tried to behave himself. But he does love you. Remember that once in a while, will you?"

"You tell Chan to stop sulking and come to see me," she said at the door, "and in the meantime you brush up on the irony, Bill. It's a mite collegiate."

I told Chan to take a brace. I made my report as encouraging as I could. He cheered up and made a date with Mary for the next evening.

Even the men who had gone about with Chan and me were disposed to be generous to Morrie. Sam Lawlor said: "I know it's tough on Chan but the women like a chap who's experienced, you know. At that, Morrie will probably settle down after he's married. We all do more or less." I did get Ollie Kent to admit he disliked Morrie, but he added: "If he's what she wants let her have him. Besides, you never can tell about fellows like him. He may be sincere about reforming, after all."

THIS talk floored me. I saw at last what Chan was up against. Morrie stood for something that fascinated women and won a grudging or open admiration from men. I guess that attitude started when the first black sheep strayed from the fold. Moralists have always battled against it but never quite successfully—and after hearing our crowd talk it seemed to me the spirit was stronger than ever. It was almost like a cult and had a sort of ritual. Oh, suffer the black sheep . . . charming fellow . . . the victim of circumstance . . . can't be wholly bad . . . bound to snap out of it if given a chance . . . who am I to say nay-nay? . . . mustn't moralize . . . there but for the grace of God . . . O Casanova, O Rousseau, O Byron.

Chan's report of his date with Mary didn't help a bit. They had quarreled again.

"She'll marry him," Chan said. "He's told her she's the only one who can inspire him to a better life. Beautiful and romantic, isn't it? But where does it leave me?"

"Mary isn't the only girl in the world," I said.

"She's the only girl I'll ever love," said Chan.

He meant it. I didn't have anything more to say except: "Maybe she'll see through the no-good bum before it's too late."

Chan shook his head.

"I wish I could make myself believe that Morrie hasn't changed. If I could believe that I'd . . . well . . . I'd never let him marry her. But of course he's

(*Continued on page 42*)

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MEN

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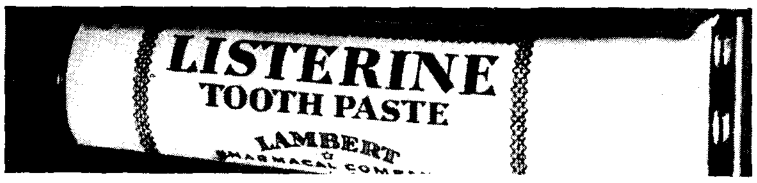
If you are not already a user, buy a tube today. Give it a thorough trial. You will be delighted. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Buy gloves with that $3 it saves

There are so many things you can buy with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. Gloves are merely a suggestion.



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SHE knows better! Women take care of their hair. That's one reason you never see a bald-headed woman. But most men start worrying about bald heads about 10 years too late!

Heed these danger signs: dandruff, itching scalp, hair receding at temples, or thinning on top.

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Hair Tonic
SHAMPOO...WAVE SET...HAIR DRESS

Tune in on the Wildroot program, every Wednesday morning, 10:45, Eastern Standard time, N. B. C. Red Network.

The Jet-Black Sheep

Continued from page 40

changed. He couldn't be in love with a girl like Mary and stay the same."

Even Chan was spouting the black-sheep ritual. But the deuce of it was I couldn't call him on it. In spite of my prejudice I had to admit to myself that he and all the others might be right about Morrie.

A week or so later Morrie came out to the house to see me.

He certainly looked changed. The two years abroad had aged him ten. He was very thin and pale, but remarkably handsome—pallor and thinness go well with dark eyes and curly hair. His face was deeply lined with what writers describe as "a look of spiritual suffering." I accepted it as such then, but I have since been told that rheumatic twinges left by a dissolute life can give men the same expression.

"Bill, old fellow," said Morrie, after greetings, "I want you to do me a very great favor."

"Yes?" I said, coldly.

He hesitated and then went on: "It's like this—for certain reasons I'd like to know just how Chan feels toward me because of . . . well . . . Mary. . . ."

"Why not ask Chan?" I said.

Morrie flushed and hung his head and the cast in his left eye suddenly gave him pathos.

"I've felt so badly about it I just couldn't face him. Tell me . . . does he hate me?"

"Not exactly," I had to admit. "He's inclined to give you credit for a permanent change of heart."

He looked up hopefully.

"Then—he wouldn't be vindictive if . . ." he broke off, then said with desperate earnestness: "I have changed, Bill. I want you to assure Chan of that. You see . . . Mary has promised to marry me."

"I didn't know that."

Morrie nodded, getting up. He seemed jerky and apprehensive. Repeated himself about Chan's not being vindictive. Went over the same ground again. Shook my hand warmly and left.

I couldn't understand it. I went over to see Chan.

"Morrie has just paid me a visit," I told Chan. "He said Mary has promised to marry him and wanted to know how you felt about it. He seemed very anxious to make sure you didn't hate him."

"Yes . . . I thought Morrie would be anxious . . . about that," he said, his voice thick. "We audited Compson & Company's books this week. Finished today. Morrie is fifty-eight hundred short."

I STARED at him. Then I grinned.

"That's the best news I've heard in years!" I exclaimed. "The crooked, sneaking louse. I hope he gets life."

Chan shrugged.

"Compson wants to prosecute, but I persuaded Dad to talk him into laying off."

"You did what?"

"Oh, I know you think I'm crazy. But I couldn't send Morrie to the pen." Chan's face worked. "She'd think I did it out of revenge. I'd lose her anyway and I'd always have the idea on my conscience that perhaps I did do it because Morrie took Mary." He sighed. "We told Dick and Roger this afternoon. They're going to raise the money."

I blew up. I called Chan every name I could think of; said Morrie deserved to be in the penitentiary and it was Chan's duty to send him there; threatened to squawk to the district attorney; and wound up by demanding to know where Mary came in. Was Chan going to keep his mouth shut and let Mary walk to the altar with this crook?

I couldn't stir up any fight in Chan. He'd made up his mind that Mary loved Morrie for better or worse. He wasn't going to carry any tales to her.

"She'll know all about it," I said, red-headed, "I'll tell her myself." Chan only shrugged.

"She'll marry him anyway," he said.

Next day I heard that Dick and Roger Lampton had borrowed the money to cover Morrie's shortage.

I don't know how the news of what had happened leaked out but inside a week it had made the rounds of our set and had got to Mary.

Willa Langendorf reported: "At first she wouldn't believe it. Then she said it must have happened before Morrie met her. Then she said no matter what Morrie may have done she loved him and would stand by him. She's a goner."

I SICKENED of the whole business. One could make excuses for Mary; she was infatuated; she thought all Morrie's transgressions were in the past; she had romanticized the situation. But I couldn't stomach the attitude of our crowd. Why did they still cling to this cult of the black sheep? They knew now that Morrie hadn't reformed and never would reform; that he was a thorough-going rotter. Why this politely casual indifference? This careless, amused shrugging? Was it because they no longer had any standards of right and wrong? Or was it because the prevailing fashion of liberalism made them ashamed to express an opinion?

Poor old Chan was in a bad way. Moping about, paying no attention to his work, making morbid, bitter self-accusations.

I proposed a hunting trip to Canada. Chan agreed listlessly.

The evening before our departure Chan and I were having dinner at the Athletic Club.

Morrie Lampton came in with several good-time boys. They had been drinking.

Chan's back was toward the doorway. I hoped Morrie wouldn't see us. But he did and lurched over to our table.

"You're no gentleman!" he said, pointing his finger at Chan.

"What was that?" Chan said, softly, getting up.

"You're no gentleman," Morrie repeated, loudly. "You told dear little Mary I stole money and made her cry."

Chan looked at him a moment.

Then, he said, very quietly: "You're right. I'm not a gentleman. It doesn't pay to be a gentleman."

He started a right-hand punch from his hip. It caught Morrie squarely on the side of the jaw. He went backward ten feet and crumpled. His head hit the terrazzo floor with a thump.

At the hospital the doctors said Morrie had a fractured jaw and a fractured skull and might not live.

Chan was arrested and released on bond. It got into the newspapers.

Morrie had two very emotional visitors late that night. One was Mary Peyson, who came down the corridor weeping and calling Chan a brute. They let her into the room. Morrie had just recovered consciousness.

The second emotional visitor was a girl named Levering. She arrived about ten minutes after Mary. I was waiting in the sunroom at the end of the corridor with Dick Lampton.

A nurse stopped the Levering girl at the door. She demanded to see Morrie.

Dick and I went down the corridor to see what was the trouble. One look at the Levering girl's figure indicated quite obviously why she wanted to see Morrie.

I decided not to be a gentleman either.

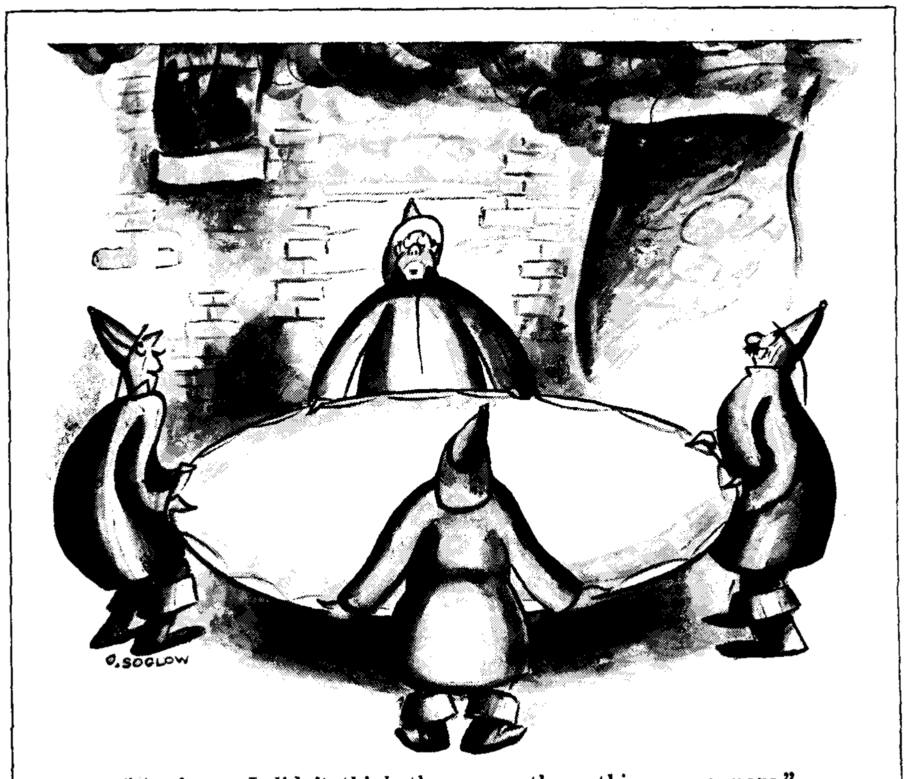
"It's all right, nurse," I said, opening the door to Morrie's room, "if she isn't Morrie's wife she ought to be."

The Levering girl went into the room.

MARY PEYSON is now Mrs. Chandler Vail. Morrie is traveling on the Continent. Only the other day Chan loaned Dick Lampton five hundred dollars. I kidded Chan about it.

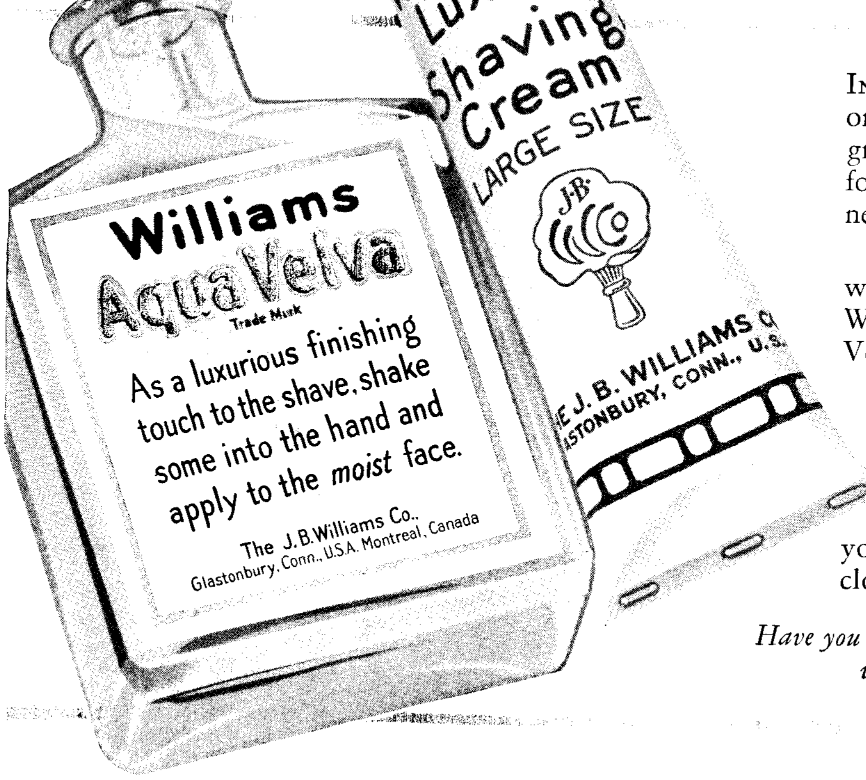
"We-ell," said Chan, apologetically, "Dick says Morrie wants to come home and make a fresh start. And, after all, there must be some good in Morrie."

Baa, baa, black sheep.



"Goodness, I didn't think they wore those things any more."

Always *the right note* the Face *that's* Fit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The Big Smudge

Continued from page 15

At dawn, before bells clanged through cell tiers, a quick inspection was made at the north wall dumps. It was found that the huge dump had been penetrated under a screen that must have been inserted with great stealth and ingenuity. A hole had been bored through the tough earth—a hole barely big enough for one man to crawl through, so that not more than two could have worked on it. This hole ran for thirty feet under the huge coal dump, then dipped to get under the bottom of the outer stone wall.

After this discovery surveillance of the men working about the coal dump was apparently no stricter. But a reception committee was placed, night and day. This committee of guards did not have to wait long. On a drizzling, misty morning half a dozen human weasels squirmed and suffocated to find the end of that tunnel was the solitary dungeon. They never reached outside.

Preparing for Trouble

With this defeat against them, Warden Thomas knew his prisoners would trend to one of two ways—to resignation or to more desperate enterprise. There were fresh rumors every day—most of them discounted.

News of prison riots in California, Colorado and New York permeated the prison.

"It was all the men talked about at mess," Warden Thomas said, going step by step from the first sullen and silent threats of uprising to the final catastrophe.

"Especially did our Ohio convicts discuss with eagerness the Auburn prison riot in which the warden, after being held as hostage, was relieved of his job, and the prisoners provided with better living conditions. This example in another state was all the ringleaders in our prison needed to stir up less rebellious inmates to throw in their support.

"My family, living in the prison, the guards, the clerical help, the chaplains, the trusties—all of us felt the pressure of foreboding. Nothing on the surface; but a brooding inertia among the men in their rest periods, and that always spells danger.

"We were overcrowded, and receiving more prisoners at the rate of thirty or forty a week. Our condition was perilous.

"My own hunch was that at any time the still fever beneath the surface would break out at an unexpected hour that might catch us off guard. I conferred with Governor Myers Y. Cooper of Ohio and he suggested a conference with the adjutant general of the state, Reynolds, and we agreed to invite Colonels Haubrich and Wilson of the National Guard to make a survey of the penitentiary.

"We were well prepared for an outbreak. We were not prepared for what happened; that is, not prepared to protect the prisoners; although our foresight for the protection of the city and the public generally was amply justified by events.

"The only definite clue—apart from rumors, which are always thick and fast when trouble is brewing in a prison—of the grand plot to escape came to us before the fire from James Raymond, a man of middle years serving the end of a long sentence. With scores of other prisoners this man was put to work on new cell-block construction. There were dozens of wooden cell forms for concrete pouring under a temporary roof that had been lifted higher as the building grew.

"This man asked the lieutenant of guards one day to take him to the transfer office. There Prisoner Raymond requested that he be permitted to see the warden immediately.

"Raymond was brought to my office. He was a broken, cadaverous man, dry eyes twitching, voice terror-laden, a pitiable sight: he had been an extremely bold burglar in outside life.

"'I've lost thirty pounds worryin' over this, Warden,' he began. 'I'm goin' to get it off my chest. See, I've been swipin' candles from the soap shop and a bucket of oil—swipin' 'em for the bunch.'

"'What bunch?' I asked.

"'Never mind what bunch. The bunch that's goin' to fire this bastile. They're usin' candles and oil and gasoline. I know; I swiped the candles. And I helped test 'em—try 'em out to see how long they'd take to burn down.

"'But I'm through with it. They're gonna kill me.'

"He paused and then flung his hands out in a terrified gesture.

"'You gotta put me in solitary now,' he said.

"'Don't be foolish,' I advised. 'You'll be protected.'

"'You can't protect me from the bunch,' he snarled. 'You can't protect the prison from that bunch. You gotta put me in solitary.'

"We put him in solitary that night. The next morning we found his body dangling from a door hook. He had hanged himself with his belt."

In the cool, late afternoon of April 21st a wisp of black smoke curled from the roof of the incompleted block. Within the building hundreds of convicts, locked in after the daily count from the mess hall, were playing checkers, talking, sleeping or reading in their four-bunk cells.

Suddenly, with the thickness and fury of molten lava bursting from a volcano, pitch-black smoke rolled from crackling blue flames under the roof, swept through tier after tier of cells. Driven by a stiffening wind it blanketed and blotted out the upper part of the block. The prison was rent with shouts and screams, men banging vainly on cell bars, shrieking for help.

This did not last long—four or five minutes at the most. By that time the black death had done its work. The wooden forms spurted into blaze—fire alarms clanged—cells were speedily thrown open and prisoners turned wholesale into the yard. But in the top tiers of the smoke-smothered cell block there was no human sound.

Placing the Blame

Men staggered from the lower tiers of that block, choking and clutching for air as if they could feel it. Scores of them dropped and died in the yard. From other cell blocks came howls and laments.

Within two minutes after the start of the holocaust, the fire department was under way. Federal troops and national guardsmen threw cordons about the prison, while police poured inside to keep the inmates in order. Huge searchlights played over the smoking roof and half Columbus tumbled into the streets to mirror outside the controlled confusion within—controlled because whatever panic and violence and pandemonium raged within the four steep walls, nothing of the tumult went beyond the walls.

"The city fire department was in the prison," said the warden, "*two* minutes after the first alarm was sent in. But one hundred men had died of carbon monoxide poisoning before the fire-fighters arrived.

"The important point to remember is that not one man was burned to death. All were suffocated.

"The eager charity of hundreds of doctors and druggists is something I shall always remember. More physicians responded than could successfully work. Druggists within a radius of fifty miles drove to the prison to donate supplies of needed drugs. This marvelously helpful spirit mitigated the horror of the catastrophe.

"What happened then? The rumor ran through the cell blocks that the warden had been yanked from the prison and taken to the county jail in Columbus. A plot was actually hatched in the hearing of the Catholic chaplain, who was trying to keep prisoners cool and subdued, to release the condemned men from their cells, and the agitation for a while seemed to portend a disaster almost as great as the fire.

In the Big, Bad House

"But the men calmed down. Then the attorney-general of the state made an investigation, following which he demanded that the governor remove me, and also came to the conclusion that the fire was caused by an electric short circuit. Now, you cannot have a short circuit with a ten-ampere fuse—and I have in my possession two such fuses that went through the fire. Both are in practically perfect condition. Likewise, the fire marshal's office, obliged to probe all fires in Ohio, reported after investigation that the fire was of incendiary origin. The fire marshal's office has the whole story—who set the fire, who arranged it, who furnished the gas and oil. This it can make public at any time.

"The deaths of 320 prisoners created a peculiar psychology within the prison which crystallized into resentment against me. I was bombarded with anonymous letters threatening my life. Yet many relatives of the men who had perished, coming to claim the dead, told me that they were reconciled to their loss. The saddest case of all was that of a man within ten days of completing a fourteen-year sentence. His widow and children had no reproach to make. But within the prison echoes of the attempts to 'get' me stirred up a mutinous spirit, and this broke out into a fierce riot.

"I say these things not in self-defense. The governor of Ohio, under the state law, is the supreme judge of a warden's conduct, and he refused to remove me. But it is the most striking instance I know of where a prison disaster was edged into politics and careless utterances by public officials almost precipitated a second catastrophe—which would surely have followed if the military had not been alert."

There's a tightening of the very atmosphere once you step through the double cage of this Big House. Tear-gas guns point at you. You step into the big yard and feel the cramped confinement—and shudder at a long, squat wooden shack, no better looking or conditioned than a pigsty, in which six hundred men were at one time housed. You watch the long lines of dingy prisoners tramping wordlessly under the eyes of the guards to the giant mess

(Continued on page 46)

What will ye have?

Pay for it and take it!

HOW'S BUSINESS? How often have you asked the question? For it concerns every man, woman and child, and upon its answer depends the well-being of each individual.

It is not a modern question. When business men met on the streets of Venice 1,000 years ago, they inquired: "What's new on the Rialto?" We have shortened it to "How's Business?"

It is asked anxiously today, and the answer too often is: "Rotten! There is no business."

So?

We are now able to get an accurate view of that bad business year of 1930.

No business?

Consider the lowly freight car. 46,200,000 loaded and unloaded last year. And with 3,518,000 trucks on the job, too.

One family in ten bought a new automobile, representing an expenditure of $2,159,600,000 for new cars. Registrations highest of any year, and 399,000,000 barrels of gasoline consumed, the greatest in history.

The production of electricity hit a high mark for all time. 1930 produced 41 million tons of steel—700 pounds for each man, woman and child. It manufactured four and a half billion yards of textiles and 315 million pairs of shoes—*the usual two and a half pairs to the person.*

No business?

1930 provided a payroll for forty-odd million men of at least forty billions, and dividends of $4,500,000,000.

1930 saw to it that expenses of living did not exceed income, as evidenced by hundreds of millions of dollars increase in savings bank deposits and eighteen and a half billions of new life insurance.

Through a normal population increase, 1930 figures added to the consuming public a city the size of Cleveland, a million new customers demanding the necessities, conveniences and luxuries of life.

1930 furnished a market place where goods, services and labor were exchanged to the extent of 100 billion dollars, and the returns are not all in yet.

No business?

Too many, in answering the question: "How's Business?" take the worm's eye view.

* * *

A MORE important question just now is: Did you get your share of this impressive total? And if not, why not? Consider the answer carefully. Face facts. Be honest with yourself. For the answer to this question may determine the share of business you will get in 1931. The business will be there, never doubt—lots of it. They will get their share who pay the price of intelligent planning and tireless execution. The sluggards and the flabby-willed will fall aside to make way for the able fighters coming up from nowhere and everywhere.

It is the law. "What will ye have? Pay for it and take it," written 4,000 years ago, is as true today as then. And as we individually accept that truth, will the answer be furnished to "How's Business?" in 1931.

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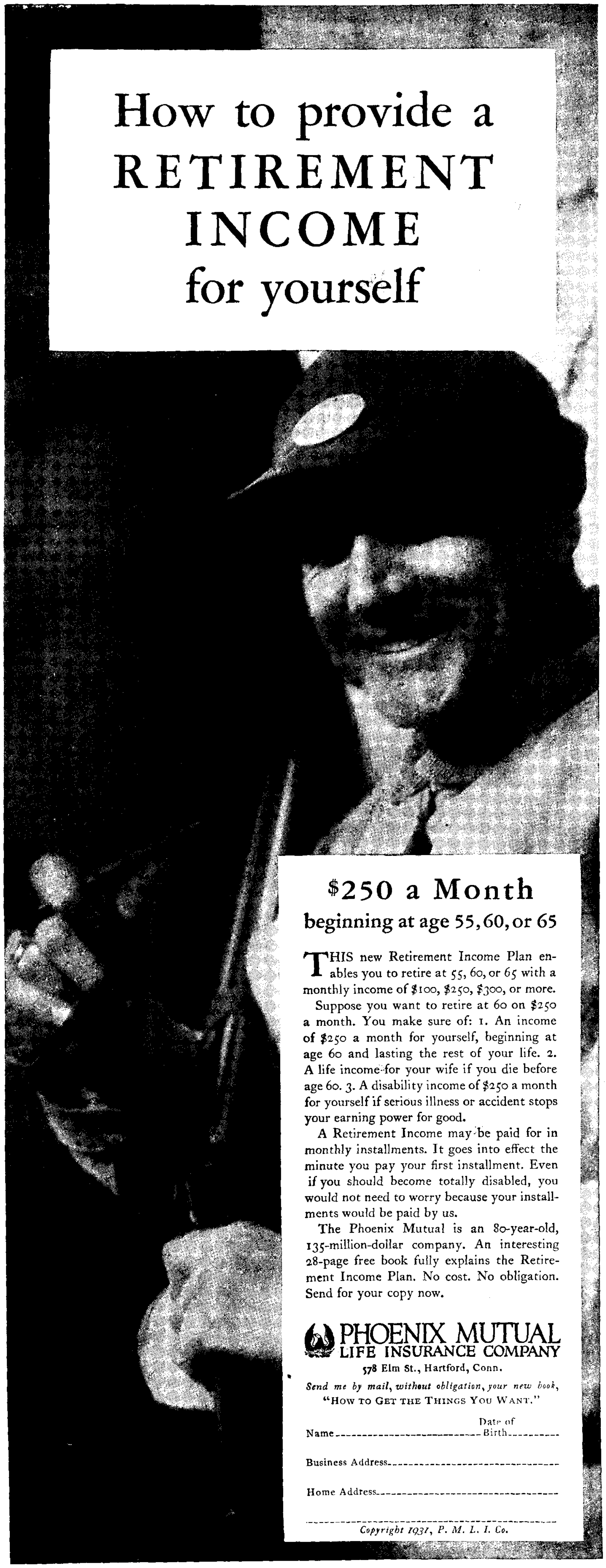

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The Big Smudge

Continued from page 44

hall, where they eat in two sittings, gazing on rows on rows of their fellows' backs. You pass through companies of men gloomily at work, mixing cement, patching roads—or in the tag factory and bag mills. And over this prison there is a pall of dread misery more depressing than the constrained tenseness of any other prison I have visited.

The enormity of the "idle house," where four or five hundred men would sit and mutter with nothing to do all their days, has been abolished since the riot. But there's another enormity—the tubercular camp of shoddy tents where Negro and white prisoners live in the heat and dust and smoke of the prison yard. If that conduces to cure, science has something new to learn.

Crowding is a Curse

The chapel is gloomy and the place where there should be some touch of dignity—the death house—is a mere hut. Passing a doll's house on the way to the chamber of death, you are informed that it was built by one Charles Justice, the same prisoner who made the electric chair when the state of Ohio changed its form of execution from hanging to electrocution. Mr. Justice's photograph stands prominently out among the framed alumni of the chair adorning the walls of the little room where scores of men have died—yet, ironically, not half as many as in that other house not designed for death, the fateful Block C.

Studying Mr. Justice's picture, it is not easy to credit his story. He had a benign, bewhiskered countenance. But when good conduct, plus carpentry skill, enabled him to be paroled from prison, he proceeded back country, engaged in chicken-stealing on the side and shot and killed a farmer who resented intrusion. Mr. Justice was the first occupant of the electric chair he had made.

Perhaps nowhere are condemned prisoners housed more inadequately than at the Ohio state penitentiary. A bottom section of tiers in an ordinary cell block is marked off by fine-screen wire. There, in five cells, the condemned await execution—their death warrants lying in the warden's office, decreeing oblivion in so many days. And while the sun shines without, these men live under electric light alone.

Two of them were pacing down a catwalk—youngsters, in their early twenties. Handsome boys both—a gangster and a passion murderer. Their lips moved rapidly, but two yards away, where an overweight guard sat, chair a-tilt, watching them, their speech could not be heard.

One of a line of prisoners filing through the cell block dropped. Everybody rushed to see; but the condemned boys paced to and fro, to and fro, like passengers on a ship—a ship whose destination was extinction.

In Sing Sing and in other prisons isolation adds solemnity to the death house. There in the Ohio state penitentiary it's a crowded corner of a packed hive where murderers live their last days, four men to the narrow, shallow cell.

"Overcrowding is the curse of this and all prisons," says Warden Thomas. "I'm convinced that the best prison method is to house and work men in small units—away from cities in fresh, open air.

"I'm surprised myself at the way we manage here considering our congestion."

He displayed something of his method when a new group of prisoners was inducted.

"Boys," he said, "the principal thing here is to keep clean minds. Keep your minds clean and you'll save yourself half the punishment of confinement."

The boys heard him glumly, eyes and minds wandering.

"With repetition," he told me, "it registers."

A large, florid man awaited the warden in his office. The visitor had an air of prosperity despite a thin, tight mouth. They conversed for a while quietly and the man departed to a car waiting outside, his chauffeur holding the open door. It might have been the governor or some other high official.

"He's an ex-prisoner," said the warden. "A man who came here a moral wreck. He's been out four years and is now rich—and honest. The mind naturally strong can be further strengthened in prison, where it must enlist all its strength to save its sanity.

"Crowding and jumbling of prisoners of all ages and conditions is the curse of our system. That and poor parole systems lead to prison unrest and certainly hinder the reform of the prisoner. In Ohio we have a parole board of two men—good men; but two is insufficient for a fair consideration of cases.

"Our prisoners are paid better—five cents an hour—than in most states; but I believe that internal conditions are really secondary to external surroundings, although that sounds paradoxical. Away from the city where there's fresh air and a chance for work in the open air—preferably on farms—is the only satisfactory place for a state prison."

Warden Thomas speaks with the authority of one who has been in his present charge for seventeen years and in penology for twenty-six. He came to the Ohio state penitentiary in the days when it housed both men and women prisoners and conditions were intolerable. He has made many changes for the better but fate caught up with him in the greatest disaster in prison history.

A Harsh Stepmother

"There'll be periodical trouble in our prisons so long as the public imagine they shut men out of society when they merely put the young and reformable criminal in festering contact with the old-timer. I'm for stern measures for gangsters.

"And I believe that capital punishment is necessary, even with a temporarily crazed man like Professor Snook, who actually thought he was defending his own life and family by killing Theora Hix, his paramour, when she called him from a golf game and threatened to expose him. Murderers pass and execute sentence of death upon their victims and that, to me, is sufficient reason why they, in turn, should die.

"Good food and good shelter are not enough even for convicts. They are men, no matter how erring. They need social enlightenment, which they can never receive in crowded prisons, especially in a prison dumped in the middle of a great city and to which until recently the general public was admitted on sight-seeing tours—condemned cells and death house inclusive—for twenty-five cents a head."

Ohio, the mother of Presidents, is a harsh stepmother of prisoners.

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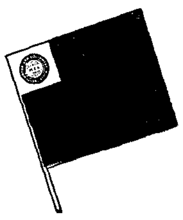

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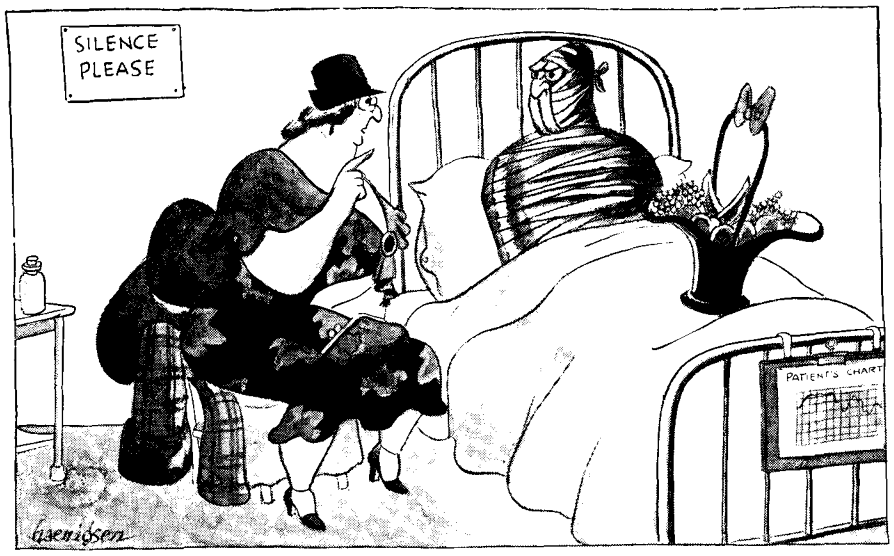

"Maybe the gentleman was right, Sylvester. Maybe you should have led a club!"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. Q-10-3
H. A-8-4
D. 10-9-6-4-2
C. J-5

West
S. 9-6-4
H. K-Q-10
D. 7-5-3
C. A-9-7-3

East
S. J-8-7-5-2
H. 7-6-5
D. K-8
C. Q-6-2

South
S. A-K
H. J-9-3-2
D. A-Q-J
C. K-10-8-4

THE above hand was published in last week's Collier's. At Auction Bridge there would be no bidding problem whatever as South would bid one No Trump and obtain the contract; but the deal was played in a fifteen-table Duplicate Contract game and brought out about as many bidding and playing methods as there are days in the week.

At most tables South bid two No Trumps, having an 18-count with four suits stopped and some additional intermediates to justify that bid, where a 17-count and four stopped suits would have been amply sufficient without the strengthening intermediates. A question might be raised as to whether the Heart suit should be reckoned as stopped. It would not be if West made an opening lead of that suit from Ace-King-Ten or Ace-Queen-Ten or King-Queen-Ten and East had the other top honor and one small Heart; but in the vast majority of holdings Jack and three other cards will stop a suit and it is usual to count upon their doing so. At all tables where South bid two No Trumps North bid three.

At a few tables South reckoned his hand on an "honor-trick" basis and considered it worth only one No Trump: and North lacked the strength to jump from one to two—figured on any basis. His five-card Diamond suit headed by the Ten did not warrant a bid, so at those tables the bidding ended at one No Trump.

The Play

In the play the Trey of Clubs was led at all tables. A few Declarers made the very foolish mistake of playing the Jack from dummy with King-Ten-Eight in closed hand; but only one or two fell into that grievous error. When a small Club was played from dummy, East played the Queen and South won with the King. At this point there were one or two Declarers who went wrong by putting dummy in with the Heart Ace to lead a Diamond for a finesse. The finesse itself was highly successful as it not only won the first Diamond trick but dropped the King without a second lead through; but dummy could not get in again to cash its long Diamonds and game failed at all tables where the hand was played that way.

At other tables the Declarer, realizing the scarcity of entries in dummy, led the Ace and then the Queen of Diamonds to tricks 2 and 3. When East won trick 3 with the King of Diamonds and returned his partner's Club suit, it was easy sailing for the Declarer because it was only necessary for North to duck once and then Declarer breezed home.

When East won with the King of Diamonds and appreciated the importance of taking the Heart Ace entry out of the North hand so as to prevent the running of the Diamonds, and consequently led the Seven of Hearts to trick 4, most of the Declarers failed to find the way to the game.

At only one table was the play *par excellence* made by a Declarer. This genius planned the complete play of the hand as soon as he won with the King of Clubs. To tricks 2 to 5 he led the Ace of Spades, the Ace of Diamonds, the King of Spades and the Queen of Diamonds; the alternation of suits being made merely to confuse the adversaries. Trick 5 of course had to be won by the King of Diamonds in the East hand, and then it did not matter what East did.

East's best play was to try to get the Ace of Hearts out of the dummy hand before the Jack of Diamonds was played, hoping (as was the case) that South had not another Spade.

At the table at which East made the play described, West finessed the Ten of Hearts and dummy won with the Ace. But Declarer had prepared for this emergency and to the next trick led the Queen of Spades from the dummy, discarding the Jack of Diamonds from closed hand; that cleared the deck for a run of the three long Diamonds in dummy and gave Declarer three Spades, one Heart, four Diamonds and one Club—game.

Next week's hand is given below; decide how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. Q-9-2
H. Q-J-8-5-4
D. K-9-2
C. Q-2

East
S. 7-6-3
H. K-10-6
D. A-J-7-4
C. K-10-7

West
S. 8-5
H. 9-7-3-2
D. Q-8-3
C. J-9-8-6

South
S. A-K-J-10-4
H. A
D. 10-6-5
C. A-5-4-3

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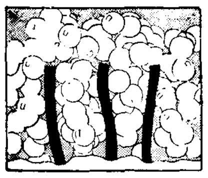
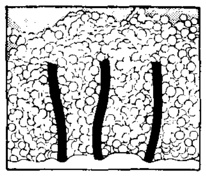


ORDINARY LATHER
This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard: and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.



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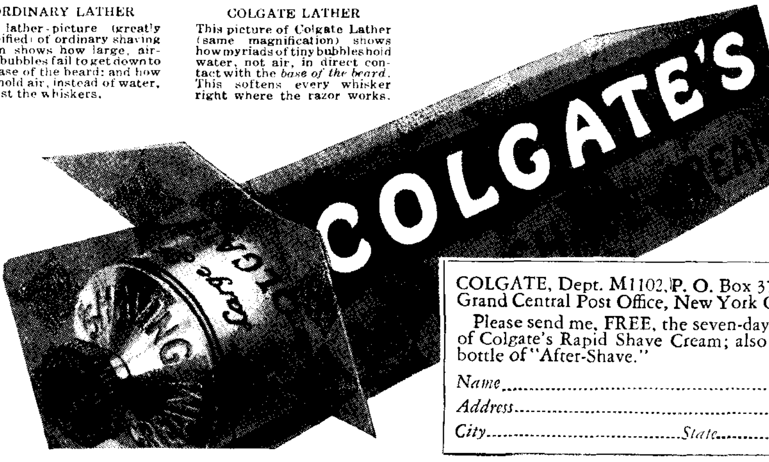
This picture of Colgate Lather (same magnification) shows how myriads of tiny bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the *base of the beard*. This softens every whisker right where the razor works.



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The Road Back

Continued from page 28

"Often, do they?" Then he understood why she had grown so silent. In a rage he made a dash to catch one of the boys who had called out but they disappeared behind their companions, who formed a barricade with their backs.

They returned home and went to bed in silence. Adolf stared into the darkness. Then he heard a light, subdued sound; his wife was crying under the bedclothes. Perhaps she had often lain so while he slept. "Don't worry, Marie," he said gently, "not though they all talk." But she cried on.

He felt helpless and alone. Darkness stood hostile at the window and the trees rustled like gossiping old women. Gently he laid his hand on his wife's shoulder. She looked at him with eyes filled with tears. "Adolf, let me go away, then they will stop."

SHE sat up. The candle was still burning and her shadow staggered large through the room, it slid over the walls, and against it she was small and feeble in the meager light. Thus she sat on the edge of the bed and reached for her stockings and blouse. Weird and gigantic the shadow reached out also, like a noiseless fate that had stolen in from the watchful darkness through the window, and now, grotesque and convulsive and tittering mockingly, imitated every movement—soon he would fall on his prey and drag her out into the droning darkness.

Adolf jumped up and pulled the white muslin curtains over the window as if he could thereby shut the room off from the night that stared in through the black rectangular holes with its lusting owl's eyes.

The woman had already pulled on her stockings and now reached for her bodice. Adolf stood there beside her. "But, Marie—" She glanced up and her hands sank down. The bodice fell to the floor. Adolf saw the piteousness in her eyes, the misery of a woman lost, the misery of a stricken animal, all the comfortless misery of those who cannot defend themselves. He put his arm round her shoulder. How soft and warm she was; how should they throw stones at her? Had not they both good will? Why should men torment and hound them so mercilessly? He drew her to him and she yielded herself, her arm lay about his neck and her head on his breast. And so they both stood there shivering in their nightshirts, feeling the nearness of each and each desiring to find comfort in the warmth of the other. They sat down on the edge of the bed and spoke together a little time, and when the shadows before them began to quiver again because the wick of the candle had fallen over and the flame was about to go out, Adolf with a gentle motion of his immense hand drew his wife again into the bed, as if to say: We are remaining together, we will try it again—and he said: "We shall go away from here, Marie." That was the way out.

"Yes, let us go away, Adolf!" She threw herself upon him and now for the first time wept aloud. He held her fast and kept repeating: "Tomorrow we shall look for a buyer, at once, tomorrow—" And in a whirlpool of resolutions, hope, anger and misery he held her, despair gave place to a glowing till at last it was silenced, and the weeping grew feebler and feebler as with a child, and at last yielded to exhaustion and quiet breathing.

The candle was extinguished, the shadows were gone, the woman slept, but Adolf still lay awake in his bed, brooding. Later in the night the woman awoke and felt that she was still wearing the stockings she had pulled on when she meant to go away. She took them off and smoothed them lightly before laying them on the chair beside her bed.

Two days later Adolf Bethke sold his house and his workshop. Shortly after he found some rooms in the town and the furniture was carried in. The dog had to be left behind. But hardest of all was to say farewell to his garden. It was just in flower. Indeed it was not easy to go away thus and Adolf did not know what would come out of it. But his wife was willing and calm.

The house in the town is damp and ill lit. The stairway is dirty and beset with the odor of clothes being boiled, the atmosphere is heavy with neighborly hate and unaired rooms. There is little work to do there and so much the more time to brood. They are not happy. It is as if all they had fled from had followed them.

Adolf squats in the kitchen and cannot understand that things should not get better. At night, after the paper has been read and the food cleared from the table, they sit down and face each other and hollow melancholy descends on the place till he is giddy with listening and brooding. His wife finds herself something to do, she polishes the stove, and when he says: "Come, Marie," then she puts away her cloths and her emery paper and comes, and when he draws her down to him and whispers, pitifully alone: "It will be right soon," then she nods, but she remains silent. She is not gay as he would like.

He does not know that it irks him just as much as it does her, or that they have outgrown each other during the four years that they have been separated, and that now they are each a burden to the other. He reproaches her: "Can't you say something?" She looks scared and, complying, says something; what should she talk about? Does anything ever happen here in this house, in her kitchen? When things so stand between two people that they must talk, then they will never be able to say enough to put them to rights. Talk is good when happiness stands behind it, when it flows easy and light, but what help is there in such idle and ambiguous things as words where man is unhappy? They only make it worse.

ADOLF follows the motions of his wife with his eyes, and behind them he sees another young, light-hearted woman, the wife of his remembrance whom he cannot forget. Suspicion flares up and in irritation he says: "Still thinking of the fellow, eh?" And as she looks at him with big eyes he sees the injustice of what he has said, yet for that very reason he plunges in still deeper: "Must be; you used not to be like that before. What did you come back for, then? You could have stayed with him."

Every word is a violence to himself, but who is silent for that? He talks on until his wife is standing at the curb of the sink in the corner out of reach of the light, and again is crying like a child who has run away. Ach, we are all children, foolish, runaway children and always the night stands round our house.

He cannot endure it, he goes out and wanders aimlessly through the streets. He stands before the shop windows without seeing anything. He goes wherever there is light. Electric trams ring, motor cars hoot past, people bump into him, and under the yellow light-house of the lamp-posts stand the women of the streets. They swagger, they laugh and go arm in arm; he asks: "Are you cheerful?" And then he goes with them, glad to see and to hear something else. But afterward he mopes round again; home he refuses to go, and yet home he would like to go. He goes the round of the bars and drinks himself full.

So I find him and listen to him and consider him, how he sits there with troubled eyes and chokes out his words and drinks—Adolf Bethke, the wariest, best soldier, the most faithful comrade, who has helped so many and saved so many, who was shelter and comfort, mother and brother to me often out there when the parachute-stars hovered and the nerves had been shattered by attacks and threatening death. Side by side we have slept in the wet dugouts; when I was sick he covered me, he could do everything and was never at a loss for a scheme. But here he is caught in the barbed wire that is tearing his hands and his face, and his eyes are full of trouble.

"Ernst," he says cheerlessly, "if only we had stayed out there—there we were at least together—"

I do not answer; I look at my coat sleeve to which are sticking a few dried spatters of blood. It is Weil's blood, who was shot by Hehl's order. Thus far we have come: there is war again; but comradeship there is not any more.

"ERNST, I want to speak with you a moment," says my father.

I already know what is coming. For days he has been going around with a solicitous air, dropping hints. But as yet I have eluded him, for I am not often at home.

We go to my room. He sits down on the sofa and looks at me, troubled. "We are worried about your future, Ernst." I fetch a box of cigars from the bookcase and offer them to him. His face clears a little, the cigars are good ones—I got them from Karl and Karl smokes no beech leaf.

"Have you really given up your position as a teacher?" he asks.

I nod.

"And why did you do that?"

I shrug my shoulders. How should I explain that to him? We are two utterly different men and have only so far understood each other in that we have not understood each other at all.

"And what do you propose to be now?" he goes on.

"Anything," say I, "it is all the same to me."

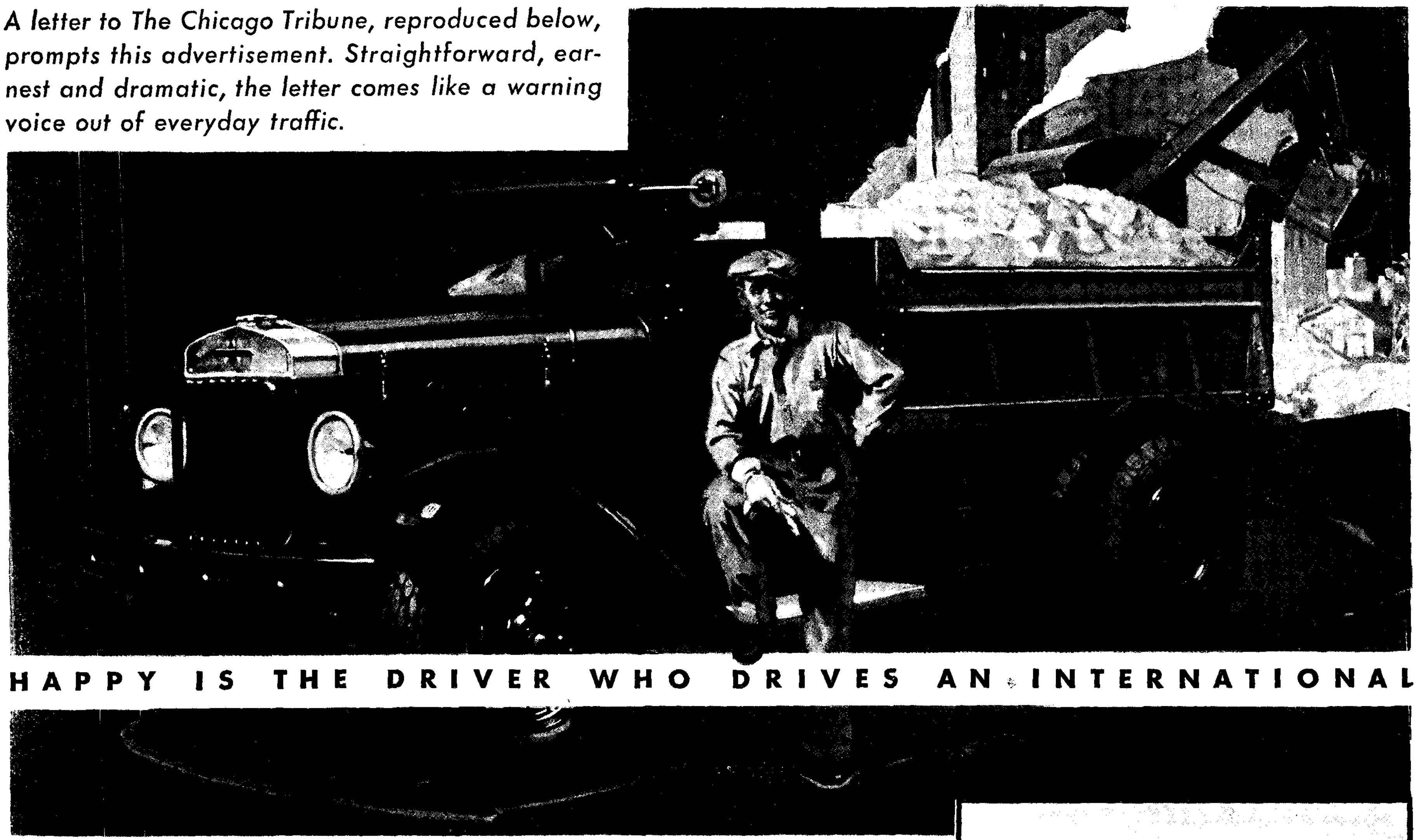
He looks at me in alarm, and then begins to talk of a good and respected calling, of getting on and assuming a place in life. I hear him with irritation and with indifference. How queer it is that this man on the sofa is my father, who formerly regulated my life! Yet he was not able to shield me in the years out there; he could not even have once helped me in the barracks; any N. C. O. had more weight there than he. I have had to make my own way through it all and it was a matter of utter indifference whether he existed or not.

When he has finished I pour him out a glass of cognac. "Now listen, Father," I say and sit down opposite him, "you may be right. But I have learned to be at home in a hole in the ground, with a crust of bread and a little thin soup. And when there was no shelling I was content. An old hut seemed quite

(Continued on page 52)

A Veteran Driver Speaks His Mind

A letter to The Chicago Tribune, reproduced below, prompts this advertisement. Straightforward, earnest and dramatic, the letter comes like a warning voice out of everyday traffic.

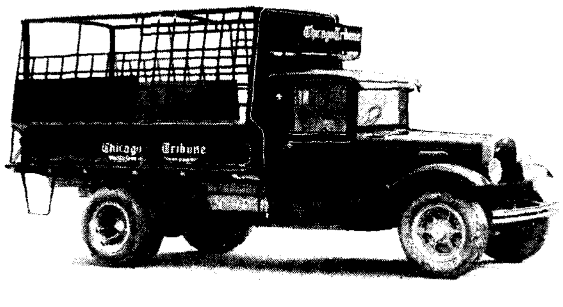

HAPPY IS THE DRIVER WHO DRIVES AN INTERNATIONAL

THIS letter, which is reprinted from the "Voice of the Traffic" column of The Chicago Tribune, sounds a note to which every owner of motor trucks and truck fleets should give heed.

Do your trucks deserve to haul your loads? Or are there antiquated models among them, hazardous to life and limb, destructive to driver-morale, and raising costly hob with your profit opportunities? Turn the obsolete trucks out to pasture and *invest in efficient new equipment.*

✱ There is a bright side to the veteran driver's letter. He admires the great modern fleet of Tribune trucks. This fleet, serving the Tribune organization, and used in the distribution of The Chicago Tribune, The New York Daily News, and Liberty, now numbers over 200 trucks, and *all* of them are Internationals.

The full line of Internationals—Speed Trucks and Heavy-Duty Trucks of new design—is ready for inspection at 182 Company-owned branches in the United States and Canada. Sizes from ¾-ton to 5-ton. Demonstration will be arranged at your request.



Above is one of the trucks this driver compliments so highly in his letter—it is one of The Chicago Tribune's large fleet of Internationals.

To the Chicago Tribune:

"I see that the Cook county police are beginning a drive against noisy trucks. Being a truck driver I believe that the authorities are taking the wrong course in warning drivers to make repairs.

The large cartage companies do not listen to the drivers' complaints, or else it is because our foremen do not inform the owners. Daily we are forced to take out patched up 10 and 15 and even 20-year old trucks, with faulty brakes, hard to shift, and still harder to steer.

As for loads, I have put a monster load of canned goods on one truck and hauled it through the city, praying all the time that no other vehicle would cut me off too close. Going at a speed of 10 miles an hour, I required 80 feet to stop, using both sets of brakes.

The speed governors on our trucks are all 'out of order,' and we are laid off if we do not make good time. It is the same if our chariots break down too often or if we have an accident, no matter how slight. It is only because we are expert drivers that we get by. I believe it really criminal to force men to drive some of the wrecks that are on the streets today.

✱I notice (enviously, too) that the Tribune always has an up-to-date fleet of trucks, and I have yet to see one of them broken down on the street or in a serious accident."

A Truck Driver

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
606 So. Michigan Ave. OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED) Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

The
Menace
of over-dry
indoor air

●

The heated air in your home is far dryer than that of Sahara Desert. It sucks moisture from our bodies and dries up nose and throat, thus making it easy to catch colds, sore throat and other Winter ills.

It dries, wrinkles, ages complexions. It shrinks doors, warps floors, cracks furniture. It wastes furnace fuel.

To overcome the menace of over-dry indoor air, Science offers Vital-aire. A new, inexpensive electrical device that re-vitalizes air by throwing into it the proper degree of moisture.

Just as simple as any other portable electrical device. Plug it into any electrical outlet, fill with water and click the switch. Vital-aire quickly raises and maintains the proper degree of moisture in the air.

Learn the startling truth about Winter's worst threat. Send the coupon for your copy of the new booklet, "The Menace of Over-dry Indoor Air". The A. C. Gilbert Co., 219 Erector Square, New Haven, Conn.

Vital-aire

Re-vitalizes Indoor Air

BOOKLET FREE

THE A. C. GILBERT CO.
219 Erector Square, New Haven, Conn.

Send me the FREE booklet, *"The Menace of Over-dry Indoor Air"*, with facts about Vital-aire.

Name ....

Address ....

....

The Road Back

Continued from page 50

a luxury to me, and a straw mattress in the rest area was paradise. You must realize that the fact that I live and that there is no longer any shelling is enough for me for the time being. The little that I need to eat and to drink I can come by all right, and for the rest I have yet my whole life. Why then should I bind myself? First I mean to have a good look around."

"Yes," he objects, "but that is no life, so out in the blue—"

"Every man to his taste," I say; "it seems to me no life to be able to say later on that for thirty years I have entered every day the same schoolroom or the same office."

In surprise he replies: "It is twenty years now that I have gone to the factory and I have always contrived to be my own master."

"I do not wish to contrive anything, Father, I want only to live."

"And I have lived uprightly and respectably," he says with an accession of pride. "It was not for nothing I was elected a member of the Chamber of Commerce."

"Be thankful that you have had it so easy," I retort.

"But you must become something, too," he complains.

"I can get a job for the time being in the business of one of my war pals, he has offered it to me," I say; "that will bring me in as much as I need."

He shakes his head. "And you give up a fine profession for that."

"I have already often had to give up things, Father."

Distressed, he puffs at his cigar. "And you were assured of a pension, too."

"Ach," I say, laughing, "who of us soldiers will live to see sixty? There are many things in our bones that will show themselves later; we will pack up before then." With no amount of good will can I imagine that I shall live to be sixty. I have seen too many men die at twenty. And, anyway, what do I care about a time so remote? We are accustomed to think in the present moment.

I smoke pensively and observe my father. Formerly he exercised authority over men and was distinct in my eyes from all other men. But in the army I was on equal footing with men so much older than I who, so far as years went, might any of them have been my father; that dispelled any diffidence in the presence of age. I still know that this is my father who sits before me; but I know too it is a kindly, older man, rather timid and pedantic, whose views no longer have any significance for me. I can well picture what he would have been like at the front; he would always have had to be looked after in one way or another, and he would certainly never have become an N. C. O.

WILLY is back again. The man whom he was relieving has returned, and now he must wait until a fresh post is vacant. In the six weeks he has gained twenty-two pounds. Formerly he was built like a wardrobe, but now he has the figure of a concrete pill box.

In order to secure a food supply in the town he has arranged with a farmer's wife to let him have a pig. That is a risky and difficult business. Risky, because it is absolutely forbidden to sell or slaughter animals on the quiet; difficult, because a pig costs so much these days that not all of us together can furnish enough to pay for it.

So Arthur Ledderhose undertakes to finance the business. He has agreed to allow each of us a few bits at cost price for the risk. So, late at night we set off with a farmer's cart. For the first time in months we are all together once more—Willy, Tjaden, Kosole, Jupp, Valentin, Albert.

Only Karl and Ludwig are absent. Karl, because he does not need anything, and Ludwig, because this is one of his bad days. And Bethke—Bethke of course is not there either. But Georg Rahe, the old bird of prey, turns up again unexpectedly just an hour before we start out and comes with us, as it is so long now since we have seen each other.

THE house where our pig lives fortunately stands apart by itself so that we are comparatively safe from passers-by. Nevertheless we have to kill it in the woods as the woman is too frightened to allow us to do the job there, and the town is not even to be thought of—there are too many informers and envious people there.

We slip into the sty, the woman going before us with an oil lamp. The pigs grunt and blink, blinded by the light. "Which one?" asks Willy quickly.

"That one there," whispers the woman.

"Not on your life," declares Willy, "that is a greyhound, not a pig. That one in the corner there or none at all!"

The woman hesitates. Willy idly thumbs the wad of notes and turns to go. "Well, have which you like," says the woman.

Willy, Jupp and Kosole throw themselves on the fat beast; they squeeze its throat and snout and bundle it up in sacking and straps. Without very much row we get it into the cart. Willy pays and without a light we set off.

As soon as possible we turn off the highroad. At length we reach a small clearing and there halt.

The pig is unloaded. It is a soft, filthy beast. "Queer that out of this there should come such wonderful things as bologna sausages and ham sandwiches," says Willy, grinning, as he sharpens a long knife on a whetstone. Tjaden and he are going to do the slaughtering. "I am really a horse specialist," explains Tjaden, "but after all, slaughter is slaughter." He fetches a blunt-headed ax from the wagon. Kosole holds a large wash basin in readiness to catch the blood.

Willy rolls up his sleeves and ties an apron about him. His head glows. "Come, darling," he coaxes and sets the lamp down close by the pig's head. The animal, grunting softly, is laid in position. Tjaden and Kosole hold it down. Willy takes the blunt ax, straightens himself up and delivers the blow. . . .

The pig is being cut up. Willy and Tjaden root out the lungs, the stomach and the entrails. Then the animal is hung up between two trees so that the two shall be able to work more easily. The light of the lantern glows on it colorfully. The meat gleams fatly, and behind it, dark and still, are the woods, smelling of moss and resin and earth.

The rest of us stand sentry so that no one shall surprise Willy and Tjaden. I look round for Rahe. Albert tells me that he went off suddenly during the slaughtering. We saunter off down a pathway to look for him. "What are you doing these days, Albert?" I say. "One doesn't see much of you now."

He hesitates a while, then he tells me that a wealthy profiteer has started hanging around his girl.

"Where did you hear that from?" I ask.

"She told me."

"Well," I say, "in that case there's not likely to be much harm in it."

"Yes, but I've already seen them about together myself," he objects.

"Then let her go, Albert," I say.

He stands still. "Are you mad? What are you talking about?"

I shrug my shoulders. He turns on me: "What does she want with him? He only does harm. He told her he would kill himself unless he could see her now and then. Only on a friendly footing, of course."

I do not answer. He goes on: "Why haven't you anything more to say now? You knew enough about it a minute ago! She is—I tell you—she is—" He breaks off.

"But, Albert," I reply, "don't get so worked up. It was just a harmless remark. If it is as you think then all is in order."

He looks straight ahead. "If that were ended, Ernst," he says softly, "I've staked everything on it—"

We find Georg Rahe sitting huddled up beside a tree. "Have you a cigarette, Ernst?" he asks. I hand him one. He lights it and I see that he is quite green in the face.

"What's up with you, Georg?" I ask. He makes a languid gesture toward the rear. "I can't endure that any more."

Astonished, I sit down beside him. "The blood?" I ask.

He nods. We smoke in silence. After a while he says: "In my company we killed two fellows a short time ago. Young lads. Also in a wood. With cudgels. It was hideous. They call it Feme—a secret tribunal. Without any law."

He throws his cigarette away.

"Are you still in the army?" I ask.

He shakes his head. "No longer. I've got no use for that."

"I, too, was recently at the barracks one day, Georg," I say, "but I did not find there much of the comradeship that we know."

He nodded again. "That's done for, Ernst."

JUPP comes and reports that we shall soon be able to start home. Then we go back.

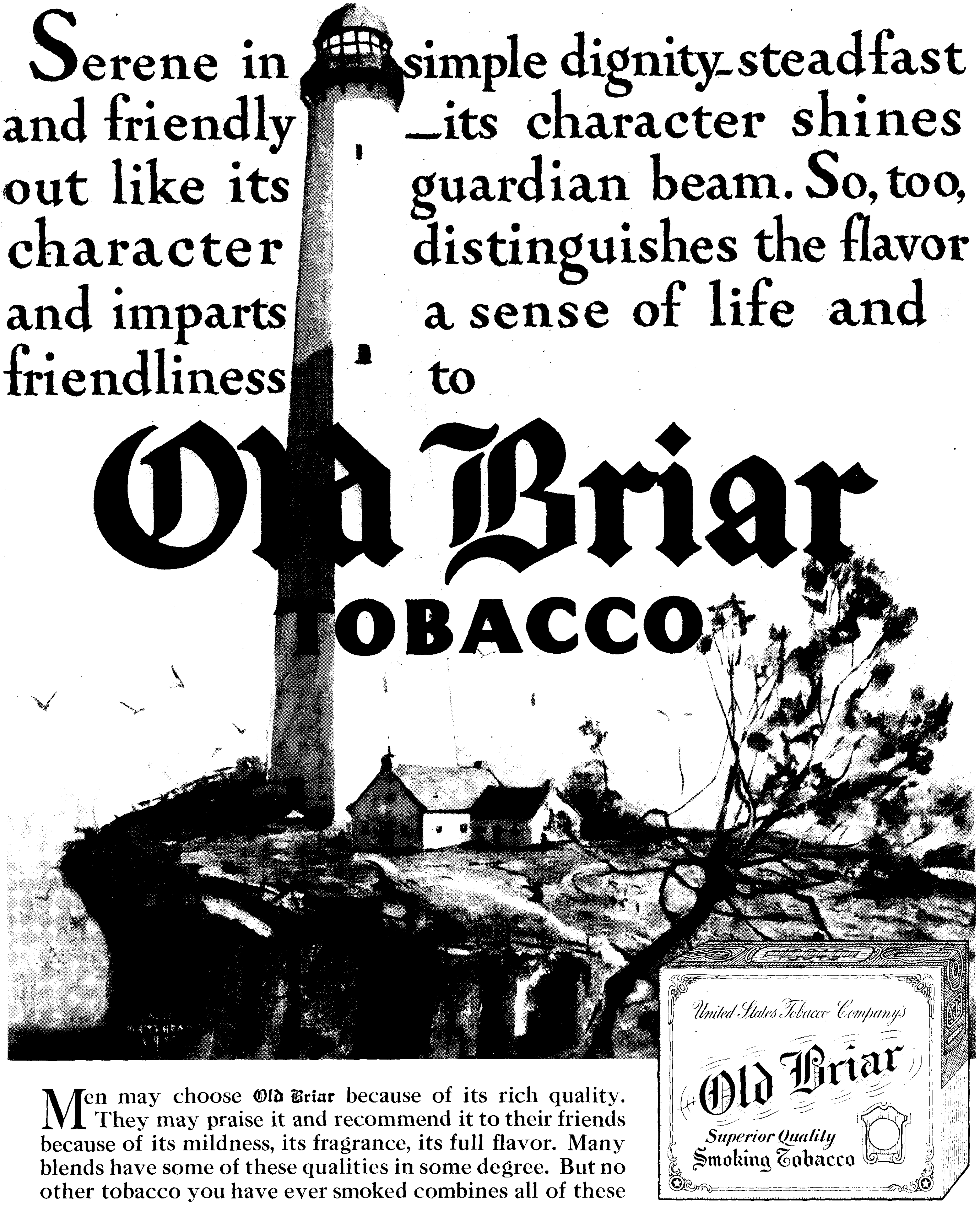
"What will you do now, Georg?" I ask.

He shrugs his shoulders. "Anything. It's all the same."

A canary-yellow mackintosh looms up before us. Arthur Ledderhose has not allowed himself to be talked out of coming to supervise us. But it is queer: though in the town Ledderhose is a self-assured, case-hardened profiteer who laughs at us, out here among us he is the army Ledderhose again who cuts no ice at all. Willy shoves him aside and tosses each of us a few substantial pieces of bacon and chops. Arthur protests but Willy gives him a wipe across the face with his blood-stained paw and threatens to clap a couple of greasy hand marks on the mackintosh. Cursing, Ledderhose resigns himself to his fate and sets off on his bicycle. He is too scared to travel back with us in the cart.

Each man bundles in his stuff. A few fir branches are thrown into the wagon on top of the parcels to hide them. The horses jog along. It turns cool. Three o'clock in the morning. The fields by the wayside shimmer a dull gold. They smell sweet and intoxicating. Lupins. A wood-owl cries. The sky becomes paler, and the wind that begins to blow before the sunrise comes up from the woods.

(To be continued next week)


United States Tobacco Company's
Old Briar
Superior Quality
Smoking Tobacco

Serene in simple dignity—steadfast and friendly—its character shines out like its guardian beam. So, too, character distinguishes the flavor and imparts a sense of life and friendliness to

Old Briar
TOBACCO

Men may choose **Old Briar** because of its rich quality. They may praise it and recommend it to their friends because of its mildness, its fragrance, its full flavor. Many blends have some of these qualities in some degree. But no other tobacco you have ever smoked combines all of these qualities with the gratifying life and sparkle that gives **Old Briar** its inimitable friendly character.

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY, RICHMOND, VA., U. S. A.

BABE RUTH
provides for his future with an
EQUITABLE
RETIREMENT
ANNUITY . . .

His earnings are large today—but he knows better than to leave the future to chance. So Babe Ruth has bought a Retirement Annuity Policy with The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States, and says—

"Everyone has to look out for the future no matter what business or profession he may follow. A few years ago Christy Walsh, my business adviser, told me about the Equitable Retirement Annuity policy. He explained how it would enable a fellow to invest a few hundred or a few thousand a year with a guarantee of a life-long income when retirement age comes. So I signed up for enough to keep me comfortable when the balls and strikes and home runs will be but pleasant memories."

What about your own future—those days when you too may wish to retire? If you will tell us your present age and the amount you can set aside annually, we will tell you the guaranteed income that the Equitable will provide for any retirement age between 50 and 70.

THE EQUITABLE
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
OF THE
UNITED STATES
THOMAS I. PARKINSON, *President*

Life Insurance — the Insured Investment

Thomas I. Parkinson, President, 393 Seventh Avenue, New York City. (1-C)

Your Retirement Annuity adopted by Babe Ruth may interest me.
My age at nearest Birthday is........................
Name ....
Address ....

Brother Against Brother

Continued from page 21

Republican party would be in the 1930 elections.

A definite attempt was made in the Republican primaries in 1930 to prevent the renomination of Senators Norris, McMaster and Schall, all of them Progressives. Representative Fort's man, Murray, was sent out to Nebraska to see what could be done to defeat Senator Norris. Someone put another George W. Norris, the same name as the senator's, in the primary, in an attempt to confuse the voters. Walter Newton, for the White House secretariat, was busy trying to defeat Schall for renomination. Other friends of the Administration were active against McMaster.

IT WAS generally understood that the Administration's friends, if they failed to defeat these three men in the primaries, would do their best to defeat them in the election. This program was said to have the approval of persons close to the Administration. It is even reported that an order for a campaign against them went forth from the White House, but the Progressives have never been able to trace the policy to the President himself.

All of this happened before Mr. Lucas became executive director. He did not come upon the scene until August. But his campaign against Mr. Norris was only a continuance of what was done in the primaries and of policy announced months before by Secretary of the Navy Adams, advocated by Representative Fort and forcibly expressed when Dr. Work resigned the national chairmanship.

It is sad to think of this fratricidal attempt of Mr. Lucas. It is only two years and a little more since Mr. Borah, one of the greatest of the Progressives, was telling the world that Mr. Hoover was the greatest Progressive of all time, and Mr. Hoover and the egregious Mr. Brookhart were making an affecting discovery of how perfectly they were in agreement. And all the rest of them found Mr. Hoover a man after their own hearts, all except Norris, LaFollette and Blaine.

In a little more than a year fatted calves will have to be killed again. And all that stands in the way of touching reconciliations is Mr. Lucas waving his Ku Klux cartoon and shouting "vipers." So a Great Man is needed for national chairman, one who will distract attention from an obscene spectacle.

No Matter What They Think

Continued from page 13

what it's going to do to hundreds and thousands of people all through the Sangamon country, all over Illinois—maybe all over the West."

She paused, and he looked his inquiry.

"Listen," she went on, presently, seeing that she had his serious attention. "Those men told you this morning that publishing the thing would hurt you—hurt you politically. I don't know that that is really true. But I do know that it would attract a lot of attention to you. Maybe all that attention would wind up in helping you, in the long run, in a political way—you can't tell.

"The question you have got to figure out for yourself is whether you want to be helped at the expense of thousands of people. It'll do your own heart and soul good to publish that essay—because you think it's the truth—you are sure it's the truth and ought to be said.

"But do you want to do yourself that good—just your own single self—if it's going to injure thousands of other people? Maybe tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands, and even millions, as you climb higher and higher in the world? Do you want to harm them just for your own personal benefit?"

"Harm them? How?" said Lincoln.

"You should know, Abe," she returned. "You know these people—here in our own country, and all through the West. You know how blindly they follow and worship anyone who is a leader . . ."

"That makes it all the more necessary," young Lincoln broke in, "that their leaders should be absolutely honest. My conscience tells me—"

But she interrupted him: "Could you quit thinking about your own conscience for just a minute or two," she inquired, without intending any satire, "while I talk about these people here?"

He acquiesced. She continued: "You know, and I know, that the Bible isn't all literal fact—that it's full of stories that were meant to be taken and understood as fables. You know that God isn't a great gigantic man who sat down and made the earth in six literal days, but that that is a kind of poetical way of telling what happened. And you know that no ark the size of the one Noah built would really hold two of every animal and insect in the world—that's another poetical way of telling something.

"But with these people the Bible stands for God himself. Outside of the preachers, and a few old women like me, and a few students like you, there ain't so many of 'em read it. But that makes no difference; it's sacred to 'em just the same. It's all wrapped up with everything that is good in the lives they lead. They can't possibly separate the Bible and the churches, in their minds, from God, and from all the good there is in the world. If you say a word against a liberal belief in it, you've said that word against their God Himself, and . . ."

"But . . ." said Lincoln. She swept on, however:

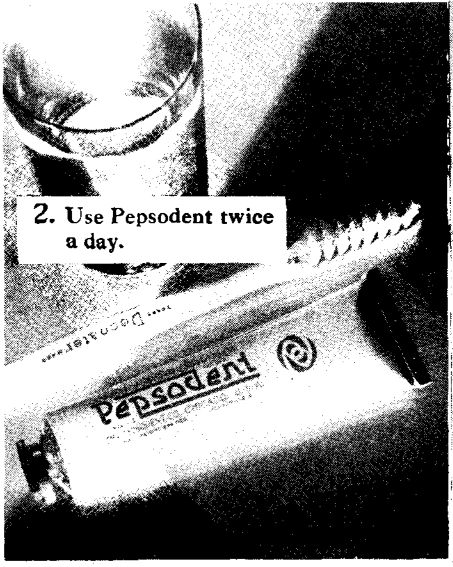
"IF YOU could take away from them their literal belief, and give them something higher—what you've got—what you've worked out for yourself—some idea bigger and finer than a literal belief—you might help 'em, Abe. But those that follow you at all aren't going to follow you that far. There's a lot of young men right in this neighborhood, not particularly bad, but kind of wild and reckless, who would be only too glad to know that a bright young fellow like you, and looked up to like you, didn't believe the Bible. It would give them a kind of license to go against churches and everything like that, if Abe Lincoln did. And that's all the farther they'd go in understanding what you're driving at—just as far as to say that Abe Lincoln didn't believe in the Bible or God, and was an infidel, and no farther.

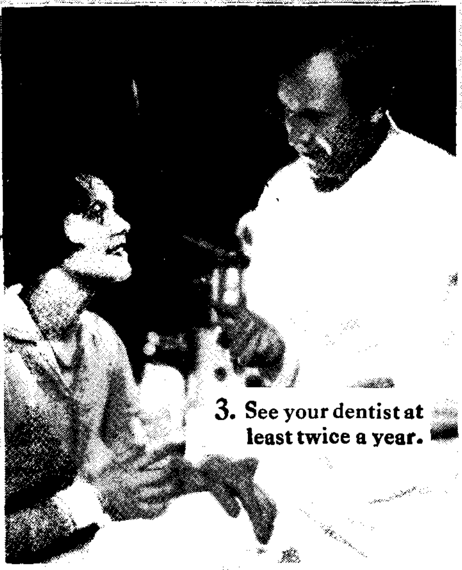
"Oh, I know you're not." She held up a protesting hand as he tried again to interrupt her. "I know that your notions of God are finer and higher and

(*Continued on page 56*)

Do these three things . . . to have strong, healthy teeth

1. Include these in your daily diet:
One or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the taste.


2. Use Pepsodent twice a day.


3. See your dentist at least twice a year.

Teeth neglected today may inflict a costly penalty

this is no time to economize with health

FOR your health's sake, don't carry economy too far. If you need dental treatment, don't delay because of the few dollars you will pay in dental fees. Neglect a tiny decay cavity in your teeth, and you may pay for it with heart trouble or rheumatism. If you escape that, or something worse, the best you can hope for is some expensive bridgework in the future.

Take care of teeth—remove film

Keep teeth in repair. Keep Pepsodent tooth paste at hand and see that the whole family uses it. Those are two important ways to save both health and money.

Pepsodent frees teeth of the stubborn, clinging coating known as *film*. Remove film and you remove the millions of acid-producing bacteria that destroy the tooth's delicate enamel—that cause many other commonly known disorders.

You remove the unsightly stains that film absorbs from food and smoking. These are mistaken by most people as the natural color of their teeth.

Film is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

NEWLY DISCOVERED
Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash *NOW* at your nearest druggist's

To remove film more effectively than by any other method except your dentist's cleaning, Pepsodent was developed. That's why it is called the special film-removing tooth paste.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Try Pepsodent today—it is an important adjunct in possessing lovelier, healthier teeth through life.

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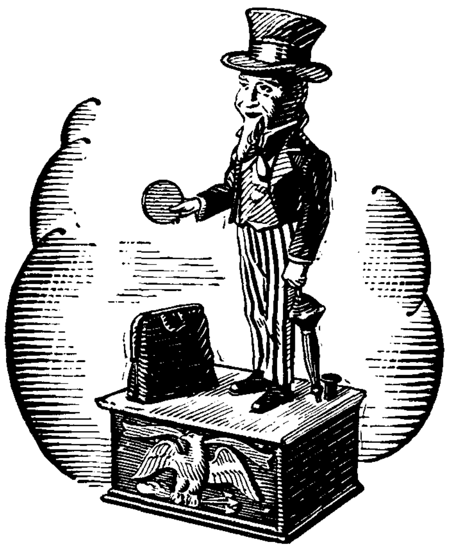

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No Matter What They Think

Continued from page 51

broader than those of most of the people who say they believe the Good Book from cover to cover! But people in general wouldn't think that far or follow that far.

"Prominent! Why, you'd be prominent overnight! You'd be famous all over this whole country in a month! I don't believe for a minute that it would kill you politically, like the men said this morning. You're a leader, Abe, a born leader, and you'll always have a following. You'd be a hero in a few months to all the rougher element in twenty counties! They want somebody right now to tell them they don't have to tie to the churches and civilization. I know! I know! Don't interrupt me—I know you wouldn't really be telling them that! But they'd think so. It's a young, wild country and it hasn't found itself yet, and every town and village in it is teetering between order and lawlessness right now!

"Nothing can keep you down, Abe. I've watched you—I know you. You're going to the top as sure as the sun rises. When Mentor Graham said this morning that you might be President some day, most of them laughed. But there was nothing to laugh at! It's a new country and anything can happen in it. You might!

"YOU'RE born to influence people and carry them along with you, Abe. And your influence will spread and spread as you climb higher and higher. And more and more young people here and throughout this whole country are going to take their tone from you.

"You can make hundreds—thousands—of them say they don't believe the Bible, as you get bigger and bigger, just because they think you don't! They'll think it's smart to pattern themselves after Abe Lincoln!

"Well, all that might not hurt 'em so much if you could give 'em something in place of it. But you can't make 'em understand what you really think, because they *aren't* up to it yet. You're a hundred years ahead of 'em, Abe.

"I know you really want to give 'em bigger ideas of the Creator—but you wouldn't. Remember, they are people to whom their Bible and God are one and the same thing. And without meaning to, you'd take away from thousands of them the thing that stands for God! And thousands of others would be troubled and bewildered.

"And all because, Abe Lincoln, of that conscience of yours, that won't let you keep your mouth shut, no matter how many people you injure! You've got to make your own soul feel easy and comfortable and honest, no matter how many people you harm by doing it!"

Lincoln sat pondering and frowning at her after she had finished. His mind easily showed him the flaws in her reasoning, the confusion of some of her arguments; but at the same time he felt behind her words a fundamental accuracy which he had not hitherto considered.

Absolutely true or not, she had struck deliberately at his weakest point (or as subsequent historians have chosen to call it, his strongest point)—his love for these people; for people in general; his love and compassion for humanity. She spoke again.

"You've got to show 'em the higher ground, and teach 'em how to get up there and walk there, before you cut the lower ground out from under their feet," she said. "If you don't do that, you ruin 'em."

He appreciated the force of this, and sat thinking. He could dispose of many of her arguments, he felt. But one thing he could not dispose of—the feeling that she had given him that to publish his essay would be, in a way, a selfish indulgence on his part; a selfish indulgence that might work to the detriment of many of these people, these people whom he loved. He believed, firmly, in the essential wish of the people, the masses of humanity in general, to do the right thing. It was possible that he really might be a stumblingblock in the way of scores of them, hundreds, even thousands, taking them as they were. He was not sure. He could not be sure. But, undoubtedly, there was the risk. His habitual caution came to the aid of Hannah Armstrong's plea.

"Where's the paper?" he said. "Did Sam Hill leave it here?"

He had. Mrs. Armstrong got it for him, out of the case of the wooden clock.

He tore it into small strips and flung it into the fireplace. He felt, somehow, defeated as he did so; felt as if he had destroyed something in himself. And yet he was doing it, right or wrong, for the sake of these people whom he desired above all else to serve. He didn't know, he couldn't be positive—but for the sake of these people he would not run any risk. He reflected once again that there seemed to be a lot of persons in the world who knew more about the Creator and His purposes than he did; who at least felt a great deal surer that they knew. And maybe they did know! The only thing he could feel sure of was that it must be right not to take any great risk of doing harm to great numbers of people. Just the same, he did not feel that he was winning any victory when he tore up the essay and flung the pieces into the empty fireplace.

He heard a sound from the open doorway. Ann was there. She had come back before Hannah had told her to. She saw what Lincoln was doing.

"Oh, you did it for me!" she cried, and rushed into his arms.

He held her there. He hadn't done it for her. But it was done. There was a graciousness in this lanky fellow, too—there was, above everything else, a love of human beings. Why not let her think it had been done for her?

"Yes," he said. And later, he was glad of that lie; for the girl was in her grave within a year.

YEARS later he sat in a box at a theater in Washington, looking at the performance of a popular comedy. But his mind was not upon the antics of Lord Dundreary; his mind was engaged upon a problem that the years had made familiar to him—for once again he was hearing from people who assured him that they knew far more about the will and purposes of the Creator than he did. Lee had surrendered, that brilliant rapier worn thin after a hundred victories; the South was finally defeated. And the fanatics, the unbalanced vindictives of the North, a little party but loud, were crying for bitter vengeance against the South. The South, they said, must be ridden hard, slashed with spurs; utterly humiliated—and they were shouting that this was the will of the Almighty.

Nothing like this must happen! They were his people down there, too; they had been mistaken, and they had paid a bitter price for their mistakes; they must be helped, helped in every way. The hardest part of his work was before him; to restore, to reunite, to heal, to protect the South from the folly and vindictiveness of a frothing minority; to keep that minority out of the saddle. The years behind had been hard; the years ahead might present a task even harder. And always this clamor from people who claimed to know more about the purposes, the exact intentions, of the Creator than he could claim to know! All through the war they had known, at every crisis, military or moral, and had told him so.

Well, he had tried to find out—he had got down on his knees often enough and asked for guidance. He had made a good many blunders, too; he knew that—perhaps as many blunders as he had been accused of. He had tried to guide the people, and he had been guided by the people. Whether he had interpreted the will of the Almighty correctly or not—and a good many people said he hadn't, and in a lot of instances they were probably right—he had never lost faith in the ultimate sanity and good will of the great masses of the people.

HE HAD groped and blundered, he had passionately pleaded to be in accord with his Creator; and he had to confess to himself that he wasn't always sure. But he had learned something from the people themselves; and a little about how to direct them, and how fast you could go with them, and how slow you had to go at other times. He supposed he really knew more about the people, about humanity in the rough raw mass, than he could ever hope to know about the intentions and will of the Creator.

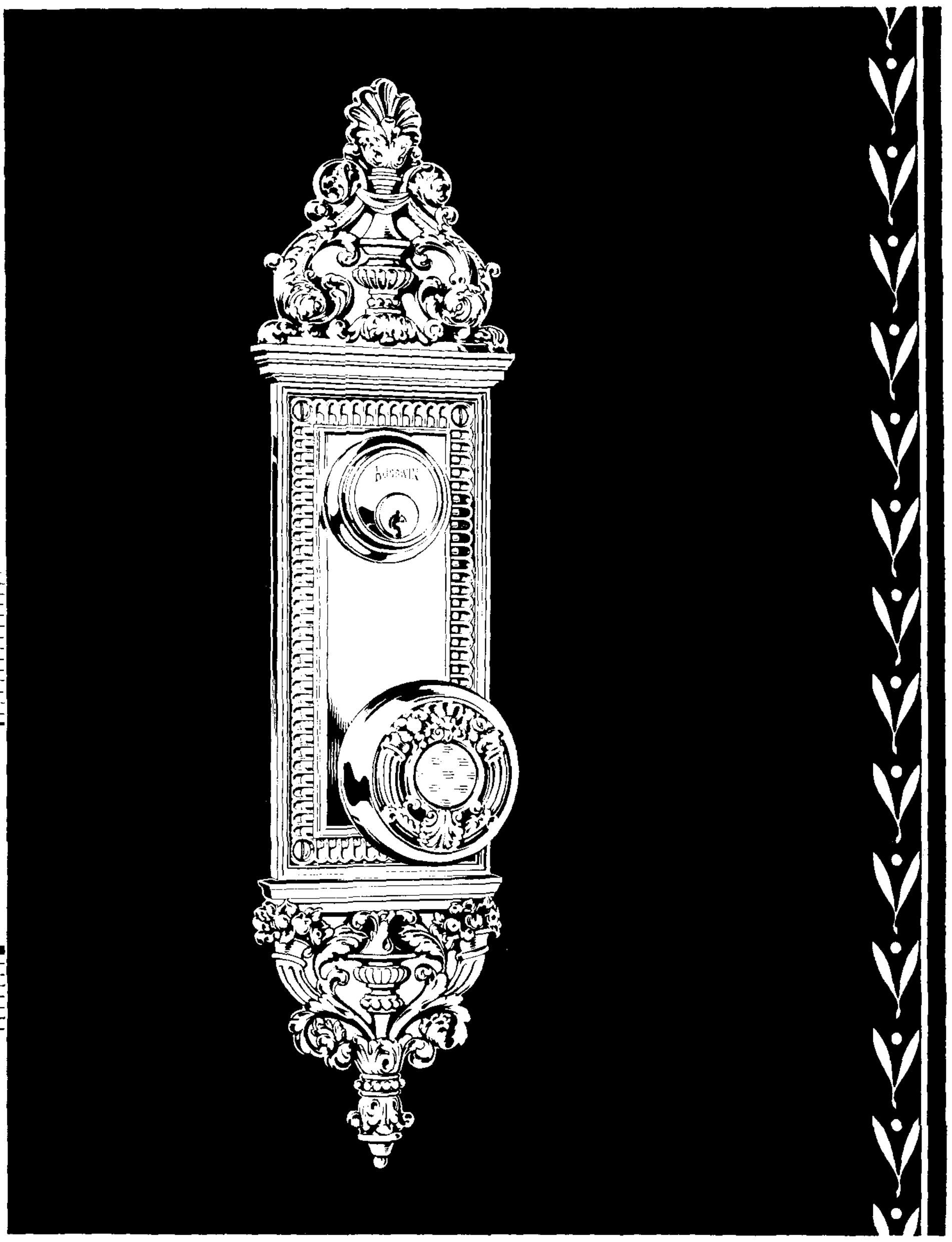
Well, the frightful butchery was over; but a hard task was coming. He would go on groping for guidance from the heavens, doing the best he could, studying times and occasions with the people; leading them where he might, pushing them where he could, restraining them where he must. But one thing he was determined upon—not to give way to a certain coterie who were already crying out to put the freed slave above his former master, merely to humiliate the master, to the ultimate injury of both. The colored people: there was a problem the hardest of all. . . .

There was a roar; a blast as if the sudden trumpets of eternity had shocked through the mists of time. He felt himself involved in the blast. The next instant there was a wave of pain; his head drooped. He saw a shadow pass by him: a man with a pistol, who leaped from the box to the stage. He had been shot; assassinated! He strove to speak, and lost consciousness.

How long it was before he regained consciousness he did not know; he could neither move nor speak, nor lift his heavy eyelids nor command his lips. With the regained consciousness came a double agony; an agony of physical pain, an agony of mental pain. This was not the South that had stricken him down, he knew that; it was some random madman—probably some madman who would cry out that it was the will of the Creator! It was not the South; he was sure of it—but if that fanatic coterie in the North got into the saddle now, the South might be blamed for it! Oh, he must tell them, this was not the South!

He tried to open his eyes, he tried to move his lips; he could do neither, and lapsed again into a complete swoon. He came out of it once more, and again he tried to say: "It was not the South! Don't blame the South! Those are my people, too!"

Perhaps he thought that he had shouted it, but those about the bedside neither saw a movement nor heard a whisper. And then a dark ship came sliding across a dark sea. . . .



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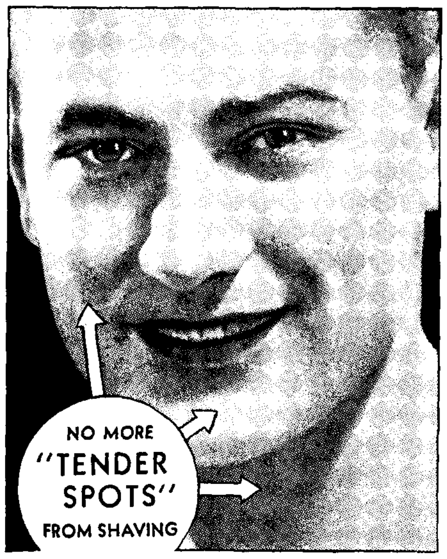

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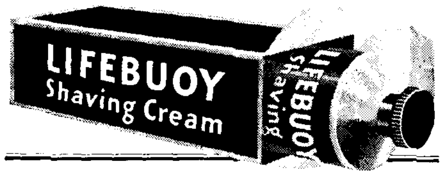

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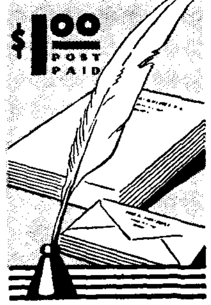

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A Wonderful Girl like that

Continued from page 20

She extended a slender hand, coiling her long fingers about his with a firm pressure and flashed upon him another one of those understanding smiles. He felt himself flushing as she spoke.

"'Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,'" she quoted tenderly. "Don't give all this another thought —*please.*"

He bowed, nodded curtly to the obnoxious Mr. Andrews and began the difficult progress to the door. Behind him he could hear the raucous laugh of the strange young man. Conflicting emotions churned inside him as he sought seclusion under a great elm on the lawn. He threw himself on the ground and tried to figure things out.

Who was this cad anyway, and why did she tolerate him? Perhaps—that was it—he had some hold on her and was pressing his advantage. Why, most likely he was blackmailing her.

THE memory of her last words came to him. What was it she had said? "*Through all the wide Border his steed was the best.*" The darned thing had a familiar ring. He'd heard it before somewhere. Lochinvar—that was it. He'd recited it at school. Let's see if he could remember it:

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the
west,
Through all the wide Border his steed
was the best.

And what was it young Lochinvar did? Fragmentary memories drifted back:

For a laggard in love, and a dastard in
war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave
Lochinvar.

Why, he had rescued the fair Ellen from the wrong fellow. He'd whisked her off on his horse and given the merry hah-hah to everybody.

So daring in love and so dauntless in
war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young
Lochinvar?

The whole thing was plain as daylight now. She had challenged him to rid her of the unspeakable Mr. Andrews. Dear, wonderful girl—she knew he'd understand. Well, he'd be worthy of her faith, of her trust in his ability to save her.

So daring in love and so dauntless in
war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young
Lochinvar?

He arose and stretched himself. He'd show that fresh mutt where he got off to get a transfer. Yes, sir. Desperate measures were called for. But what should they be? Somehow, he couldn't quite figure out. He swung out across the lawn to the clubhouse with long, aggressive strides.

He almost bumped into young Mr. Andrews on the veranda. The fellow was grinning again.

"Say," he said, grabbing Wilbur's arm, "I've been looking for you."

Wilbur shook himself loose.

"You take your dirty hands off me," he spluttered, "or I'll give you something you don't expect."

Mr. Andrews pinioned his right arm and twisted it so tightly that Wilbur winced with pain.

"Put the soft pedal on, baby," he said, "and listen to me. You're a nice kid and I can't stand by and see you led like a lamb to the slaughter."

Wilbur tried to wriggle loose.

"You look out," he shouted, "or I'll kick you in the shins."

Mr. Andrews tightened his grip.

"Fat chance," he chuckled. "Come out of it, kid. You don't mean anything to Mrs. Sanderson at all—not anything at all."

"You leave her out of it, you big—bruiser," gasped Wilbur. "What right have you to bandy that girl's name about in a situation like this?"

"*Girl?*"—Mr. Andrews felt impelled to fresh laughter. "*Girl?* Boy, if she heard you say those sweet words she'd fall on your neck. I guess I've got just as much right as anybody else to mention my mother's name if I want to."

For a moment Wilbur wondered if the tall young man had stabbed him in the stomach with his free hand.

"*Mother?*" he echoed. "You don't mean—you can't possibly—it isn't—"

Mr. Andrews relaxed his grip.

"You've got it bad," he said. "One of the worst cases I ever saw. There was a young fellow up at Bar Harbor last summer that was *almost* as bad, but he didn't look quite so pale when he got the bad news. She's a wonder, isn't she?"

Wilbur nodded. Speech was beyond him.

"I suppose you gave her twenty-five at the outside," went on Mr. Andrews. "Well, I'm nearly twenty-one and she was twenty-two when she married Dad. He was her first husband, you know. Figure it out for yourself. I hated to do this, but I felt I had to. She goes too far, sometimes. She's a good scout and a great pal, but I wish to goodness she'd pick 'em a little older once in a while. It'd take a load off of my mind. I heard a rumor today that she's going to get herself engaged to a party named Simmons, who's about her own age. She won't exactly admit it, but Mrs. Dennison says it's sure to go through. I hope so. Know him?"

Wilbur slumped into a chair and made a white ball out of his handkerchief.

"Who?" he murmured.

"Fellow named Simmons. He may be my third papa!"

"I know him—that is, I've *seen* him. He's—he's *bald.*"

He felt almost sick as the tall young man sidled over and patted him on the back.

"Don't let it get you, kid," he urged in a kindly tone. "Why, just think—when you're only as old as she is now she'll be sitting in a corner knitting—no, I don't mean that—well, anyway, she'll probably have grandchildren in high school. I'm taking the dive myself next month."

WITH which comforting observation he departed, leaving the air pregnant with desolation and despair. Wilbur, chastened and somewhat numb, rose to his feet and slouched out to the parking field. He found his mother in the living-room when he reached home. Somehow she looked strange. Perhaps it was the dress. He had never seen it before. It was a dark red evening gown, cut rather low, which blended charmingly with her dark complexion and soft brown hair.

"Where you been?" he asked listlessly.

"Down at the high school auditorium listening to Tessie Newcombe show off on the piano. What's the matter, son? You look worried about something?"

"Nothin'—I'm all right."

Mrs. Jones was sure he wasn't. She eyed him covertly.

"See Mrs. Sanderson today?" she inquired, casually.

(*Continued on page 60*)

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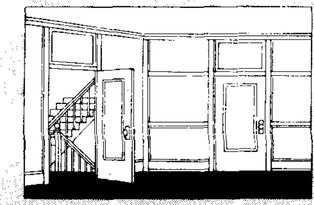

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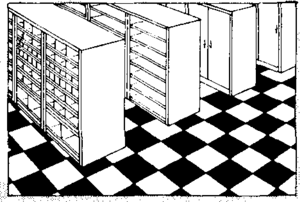

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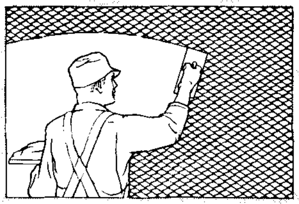

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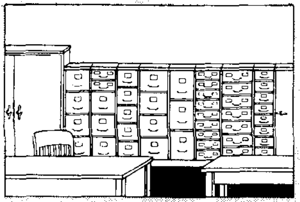

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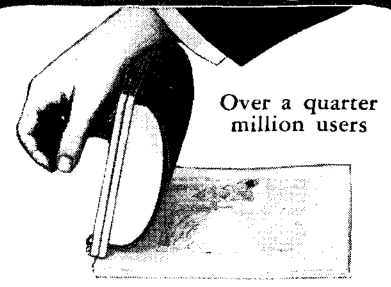
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SLOAN'S Liniment

A Wonderful Girl like that

Continued from page 58

"Oh, just for a few minutes. Say, what do you suppose I heard tonight? She's—why, she's forty-three or forty-four years old. Got a grown son."

He didn't notice the sigh of relief with which she received this information.

"I suppose that surprised you, dear," she commented in the same casual tone. "She's really a very remarkable woman. I wish *I* could hold my age the way she does hers."

Wilbur dropped on the sofa.

"*That's* a lovely dress," he remarked.

"Well, I'm glad someone noticed it. You're the first one to mention it tonight."

"It's really—why, you might say it was just about perfect. There's an old French saying that just about fits it. Of course I can't *say* it in French, but a rough translation would be something like this—'the costume is the woman and the woman is the costume.' "

Mrs. Jones laughed like a young girl.

"Why, Wilbur," she murmured, "that's a charming speech. Where did you ever hear that saying?"

"Oh, out in the great outside world," he replied.

He was surprised to find himself laughing with her. Maybe life was worth living after all.

Philosophers and Friends

Continued from page 23

were; he had merely exercised his parliamentary rights, which certainly at that time included a full discretion as to the speed with which he should actually have moved through the lobby.

Questioned as to how far he would carry this argument, he indicated that he would carry it as far as possible, short of violence or illegality. The Conservatives must respect the laws of Britain or else nothing would be left standing. Dissenters would refuse to pay rates and tenants would neglect their rents. Many important secular rights would in fact be jeopardized. But all this public-school chatter about "playing the game" was rubbish. We were not "playing the game" in this world; we were discharging a solemn and indeed awful duty. We had been let loose in this world with a conscious power of choice, for a brief interlude in an unending existence, and by our faith and actions we should be judged forever.

I must admit that in the growing tolerances of the age I was ultimately induced to acquiesce in the legalizing of a man's marriage with his deceased wife's sister. But Lord Hugh Cecil's point of view, although superseded by irresistible mass movements toward an altogether easier and more indulgent state of society, is one which may crop up again some day.

No one can have worked as closely as I have with Mr. Lloyd George without being both impressed and influenced by him. The reputation which he has long enjoyed as a parliamentary and platform speaker has often been an exaggerated one. Extraordinary as have been his successes in public, it is in conclaves of eight or nine or four or five, or in personal discussion, man to man, that his persuasive arts reach their fullest excellence. At his best he could almost talk a bird out of a tree.

An intense comprehension of the more amiable weakness of human nature; a sure gift of getting on the right side of a man from the beginning of a talk; a complete avoidance of anything in the nature of chop-logic reasoning; a sure, deft touch in dealing with realities; the sudden presenting of positions hitherto unexpected but apparently conciliatory and attractive—all these were modes and methods in which he was a natural adept. I have seen him turn a cabinet round in less than ten minutes, and yet when the process was complete no one could remember any particular argument to which to attribute his change of view.

One of his most impressive faculties was the power of seeing, in moments when everyone was asking about the next step, the step after that. To use sporting terms, he was hunting in the next field to that through which we were all galloping. Just as we had all made up our minds where to jump the fence he would exclaim: "Anyone can see that; but how are we going to get over the canal, or the railway line over there? See, we must make for that bridge or that level crossing, otherwise we shall be hopelessly thrown out. That means a big jump now and not the easy one you were all thinking about."

We worked together, not indeed without differences, or even quarrels, but in the main in practically continuous association for nearly twenty years.

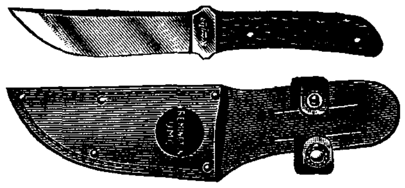
When the English history of the first quarter of the century is written, it will be seen that the greater part of our fortunes in peace and in war were shaped by this one man.

He it was who cast our finances intently upon a line of progressive taxation of wealth as an equalizing factor in the social system. He it was who in the darkest year of the war seized the supreme power and wielded it undauntedly till overwhelming victory was won. He it was who for good or for ill settled the Irish question, or at least shifted it out of the path of the British Empire.

The Way of the World

In a way I think that sometimes I influenced him, and so to a large extent did Lord Balfour and Lord Birkenhead when they came to work with him. We were able to show him often that other side of the picture of politics which, in his youth as a radical, dissenting, Welsh nationalist leader, brought up in narrow surroundings and enforcedly frugal conditions, he had never been called upon to think much about. The British Empire and our own island will be the losers from the fact that the political forces of the Right, the moment we escaped from the war period, repulsed him so incontinently.

He was also no doubt blameworthy himself. At any rate the divorce was complete. The Carlton Club meeting in 1922 terminated, so far as we now know, forever the association of this astonishing "Doer of Things" with the orthodox or professional imperialist forces of the Right, or Die-hards as they are sometimes called. The Conservative party denounced and expelled the Welsh wizard and acclaimed "Honest Mr. Baldwin." Now it appears they are still dissatisfied. They were unfair then; they are unfair now. But that is the way the world wags.



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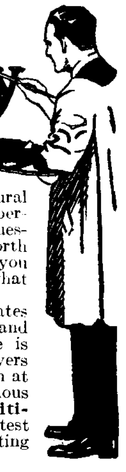

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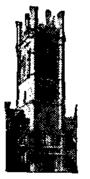

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health

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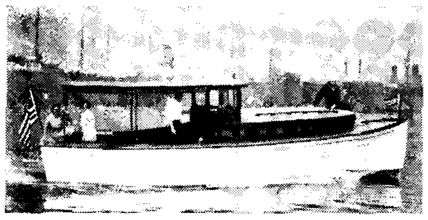

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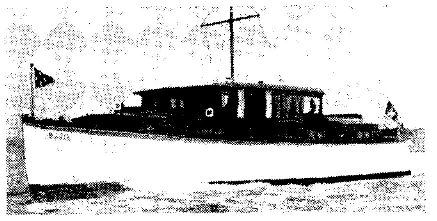

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JUNG'S ARCH BRACES

The Dollar After Next

Continued from page 10

Pittsburgh for an experimental week on its way to Broadway. The receipts for that week broke the house record.

Now I am by no means sure that so vast and crowded a theatrical territory as America can ever again be spoon-fed from a single city—and that not even a central one. The very desirability of such a system grows more questionable every year. But, though California has already practically seceded from the old Union, the attempt is still being feebly made, and I am sure that a decent minimum of nourishment cannot be conveyed with a spoon that is either empty or at best filled with skimmed or soured milk. Wherefore, I think the road can be reclaimed only if the managers, not singly, but in groups, will follow the Guild's example.

Courtesy at the Box Office

This would involve the cultivation of an imponderable called "good will," an item blandly left out of most theatrical calculations in the past thirty years. But someone seems to have been telling the managers about "good will." At least a recent and painful realization of the theater's parlous state has made this season's skirmish with the ticket speculators rather more genuine, I suspect, than the shadow-boxing which has gone on spasmodically these many years. For many seasons now the average box-office man in New York has been a perfect representative of the average manager in his relations with the public—the box-office man whose manner toward any citizen, caught in the gross act of trying to buy a ticket, has varied between cold disdain and a fretful irritation at so uncalled-for an interruption of his meditations. Indeed, until quite recently, the average playhouse has been managed with the ingratiating technique of a merchant who, after divvying secretly with the pickpockets a-prowl on the sidewalk outside his store, also arranges to have each customer greeted at the door by a floorwalker stationed there to slap him in the face. Therefore, I find it difficult to imagine so farsighted a policy as the Guild's, which involves the heroic turning away of insistent money at the New York box office, being put into practice by men who have never yet known what it means to look farther than the next dollar.

Well then, of the outstanding successes in the present season on Broadway—such festivals as The Green Pastures, Grand Hotel, Once in a Lifetime, Three's a Crowd, and Elizabeth, the Queen, only the last named will have gone out on tour before June brings an end to the theatrical season. Only Elizabeth, the Queen, will set forth in quest of the dollar after next.

This play, which Milwaukee will see in the spring—a play made memorable by the magnificent and unforgettable performance of Lynn Fontanne as Elizabeth—carries the romance of Elizabeth and Essex up to his last night alive. The headsman is ready with his ax. At dawn the wretched earl is to be led to the scaffold, and you in the audience watch the agony of Elizabeth as the sands of his life run out. He has only to beg her forgiveness, but he will not speak. He has only to send her the ring she gave him, but wearily he leaves that token on his finger. The last scene is compact of her despair as, with clenched hands and twisting, bloodless lips, she waits for some little word from him—crouches and waits in vain, as many a lover the world around this very day is listening for the telephone call that doesn't come.

The tale is told with the fanfare of lovely fabrics which rejoice all eyes that have become a little weary of finding the stage only another room in their own flat. Here, once more, is pomp and circumstance. And the tale is told with a flourish of lovely speech. One can actually sense the relish with which this playwright finds himself back at last in the fair garden of Elizabethan verse after his exile in the dingy alleys of What Price Glory and Saturday's Children.

I have singled out Milwaukee to welcome this play because that is where Alfred Lunt was born. It is quite true that as soon as he learned to walk he employed that newly acquired talent as a means of leaving Milwaukee. But he did not go very far. His home was—and still is—at a minor rural crossroads called Genesee Depot. From there he went to school at Waukesha, now known chiefly as the place where Alfred Lunt and White Rock came from. Certainly the Milwaukee press regards this advent as the return of a native. Recent headlines have called attention to the fact that one who first trod the boards in the undergraduate dramatics at Carroll College has since made good in a big way in the theater. Carroll College gave him a degree last June—Dr. Lunt, to you—in proud memory of the fact that, when the Santa Fe offered Beloit College free transportation for its glee club, they had to come, hat in hand, to Carroll College to borrow Alfred Lunt. No one at Beloit, they said, could give an imitation of Harry Lauder. Personally, I would have preferred, under those circumstances, to study at Beloit.

The aforesaid visit of Elizabeth, the Queen, will therefore add a good many local columns to the scrapbook that has been kept these many years by Bill, the station agent at Genesee Depot. The walls of his domain are the pages of that scrapbook, and between trains one can read there quite a history of Genesee Depot's favorite actor.

Alfred's Guardian

Such possessive interest is gratifying, but it can have its moments of inconvenience. Once, some years ago, Mr. Lunt was asked to name his terms for a two weeks' engagement with a stock company in Cleveland. He telephoned his somewhat exigent reply for Bill to dispatch. The terms were promptly accepted.

He was the more grieved to find his salary at the end of the fortnight two hundred dollars short of his reasonable expectations. They say that the scene which then ensued backstage in Cleveland exceeded, in fine frenzy, anything now visible in the death agonies of Essex. Indeed, the Wisconsin Roscius was subdued only by documentary evidence submitted by the management to show that he had been paid just what his telegram stipulated. Back home, he remonstrated with Bill for making so costly a mistake.

"That wasn't a mistake," said Bill with some hauteur. "I did it deliberately. I thought you were asking too much."

And now I find myself glancing into the dim future when Alfred Lunt will, I trust, be buried on his native heath. You see, as one of the pallbearers, I could relieve the gloom of the occasion by referring to the catafalque as the bier that made Milwaukee famous.

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Power and Glory

Continued from page 25

job considerably too big for Hanna.

"I just wanted to let you know," drawled Penrose. "I'm playing fair with you. I'm simply telling you that you have some months to prepare yourself for the return of Mr. Quay, who has a hell of a memory. I'd work hard during those months, Senator, if I were you."

Whereat Penrose, having no interest in the clumsy international skullduggeries of the elder statesmen in Congress, followed Mr. Quay to Pennsylvania. And there they tore the legislature apart, demonstrating what two astonishingly skillful and ruthless politicians can do to a state's government when the need arises.

A Fine Funeral

But that's a story of local politics in Pennsylvania, differing only in persons and place from the beatings other states took from their bosses. The objective was the election of Quay to the Senate by a revised legislature. And that objective was taken neatly although it required the acquisition of four Democrats, five of John Wanamaker's insurgent Republicans and the carrying of a sick man from a hospital to the state capitol. These ten were enough to elect Quay and the subsequent rejoicing was so enthusiastic that the stretcher bearers forgot the sick legislator, leaving him in a drafty hallway for an hour before the return to the hospital was undertaken. It was, alas, too late. The poor man had caught additional cold, doubling his pneumonia and killing him in no time. But his funeral was impressive, Senators Quay and Penrose attending in silk hats.

Just by way of illustration of what Senators Quay and Penrose did with this new legislature of theirs we cite the remarkable street railway franchise raid.

Out in Cleveland a sensational gentleman named Tom Johnson was operating street cars in which one might ride for three cents. In Philadelphia Messrs. Peter A. B. Widener and William Elkins controlled the trolley car system and even at that early date were seeking permission to increase the fare—five cents—to eight cents. They were, at this particular time, resting in Europe, doubtless enjoying themselves with innocent pleasure. Messrs. Widener and Elkins not only controlled the existing lines but, enjoying a monopoly, saw to it that no additional lines were constructed to keep pace with city growth.

To Philadelphia one day came Albert L. Johnson, brother of Tom, offering to put trolley cars on the streets Widener and Elkins declined to track. Quay and Penrose listened. Then they hurried to Harrisburg, taking Mr. Johnson with them. That was on Sunday.

On Monday a bill was introduced into the house of representatives providing for charters for the streets designated by Johnson, plus a couple of dozen streets Mr. Johnson had never heard of. In five minutes the bill was reported out of committee. Within two hours it had been printed and a copy placed on each member's desk. An hour later it had passed first reading.

The morrow would be Memorial Day but this was no time to sentimentalize. The legislature met and the bill had its second reading. It being illegal (both senators were eager to observe the law) to dispense with a reading or to have all three readings in one day, the legislature listened to the bill for the third time on Wednesday. A few minutes after that final reading the house passed it with a shout. And the senate was even speedier than the house. Governor Stone signed it at midnight, attended by Penrose, Quay, Sunday School Sam Ashbridge, mayor of Philadelphia, and Strawberry Jim McNichol, Penrose's executive officer in Philadelphia. Before noon, next day, 100 charters had been applied for, Mr. Johnson being lost somewhere in the storm.

The protests from honest men were loud and numerous. John Wanamaker offered $2,500,000 for thirteen franchises in Philadelphia—franchises which had been snatched up by gentlemen who not only had no intention of building trolley lines but who might have had trouble on occasion to produce trolley fare. The city council declined to be bothered reading Mr. Wanamaker's honest offer. But they did not neglect to urge Messrs. Widener and Elkins, discreetly and anonymously of course, to hurry home. When the alarmed magnates arrived in Philadelphia they found nothing to do but buy these new franchises from the happy possessors (dummies for the Quay-Penrose organization) at prices fixed by the latter. No one seems to know precisely how many millions of dollars were thus plucked from the pockets of the outraged Messrs. Widener and Elkins. But Philadelphia and other Pennsylvania cities got a few new car lines. Which was something.

A few months ago when the bronze statue of Boies Penrose was unveiled on Capitol Hill in Harrisburg a survivor of those golden days was inspired to remark that it seemed too bad that the statue of Penrose was not erected next to that of Quay.

"Yes?" replied his companion. "And have the pair of them laughing at each other all night?"

Penrose's warning to Mark Hanna that Quay's memory was hellish began to bear fruit almost immediately. The Republican National Convention, which was to renominate William McKinley in 1900, convened in Philadelphia. Everything except the Vice Presidency was innocent of speculation. And that, in Senator Hanna's opinion, would be summarily disposed of. He had several candidates to offer, prominent among them being Senator Wolcott of Colorado, whose friendship with Penrose already was warm.

A few weeks before the convention opened there met at the Walton Hotel in Philadelphia a group of national committeemen who did not love Mr. Hanna nor anything that was his, Mr. McKinley included. Among them were Tom Platt of New York, and Quay and Penrose. And Penrose's contribution to their confabulation was characteristically small at first.

When Statesmen Get Together

"It is characteristic of statesmen when they get together to debate upon the future," he said, "that nothing worth listening to is said for the first week or so. After that, all they need is the advice of someone whose mind hasn't been stupefied with the preliminary oratory."

Among Senator Platt's troubles was the current governor of New York, Theodore Roosevelt, who was ruining many of Mr. Platt's efforts to make life rosier for the traction and insurance interests he served. Roosevelt was, in Senator Platt's opinion, a "bloody anarchist" and "an enemy of the people," the latter being, in Senator Platt's scheme, the street railway owners.

He had come to enlist Senator Quay's help in ridding New York of this peculiarly unpleasant Roosevelt, and Penrose, who had listened impatiently to much circumlocution, broke in with:

"What you mean to say, Senator, is that you want to force Hanna to take Theodore for Vice President but that you know Hanna won't if he can help it and that Theodore will balk because you want to get rid of him and is afraid he'll be just another Vice President, a political corpse. I am now going down to the bar for a breath of air. I'll be back any time you call."

A remarkable thing happened in the bar of the Walton soon after Penrose entered, seeking that breath of air. He called a number of acquaintances to him, announcing that he had a little news for Patrick, Patrick being a justly celebrated barkeep who had served the senator long and honestly.

"Patrick," said he, "you'd better look out. The next Vice President of the United States will be Theodore Roosevelt of New York. If you don't know him, lose no time in learning. Let us tremble while we drink."

When he returned to the conference above, Senator Platt was still fearful that it would be impossible to force Governor Roosevelt to accept the monastic office of Vice President.

"I went to college with Theodore," said Penrose. "I know Theodore very well. If you can get enough people hollering for him to take the job—common people, mind you, not nice people—he'll insist on being Vice President. Just tell Theodore the people need him in Washington and then start the people out West writing to him begging him to take it. I've known Theodore a long time."

"He'll Take on Europe"

It was precisely this procedure that fetched Governor Roosevelt out of his reluctance—this and the advice of his friend Henry Cabot Lodge, who told him that his personality on the ticket would insure its success against the rising threat of Bryan. And in the face of the predicted popular clamor Hanna did not dare decline Roosevelt.

When, a few months later, President McKinley was assassinated and Theodore Roosevelt moved into the White House, Senator Wolcott now an even warmer friend of Penrose, inquired of Penrose whether that coercion of Hanna hadn't taken on the characteristics of an artfully flung boomerang.

"Well, Edward," said Penrose, "all I have to look out for is Pennsylvania. Theodore will have the whole country on his conscience and with a little encouragement he'll take on Europe. We'll have to take our chances, Edward. Let us pray and concentrate—and hope for plenty of noisy confusion."

Quay didn't survive long, either. For quite a while before his death, in 1904, he was too ill actively to command. All of which gave Penrose plenty of experience for Quay's place as boss of Pennsylvania and national committeeman for that state.

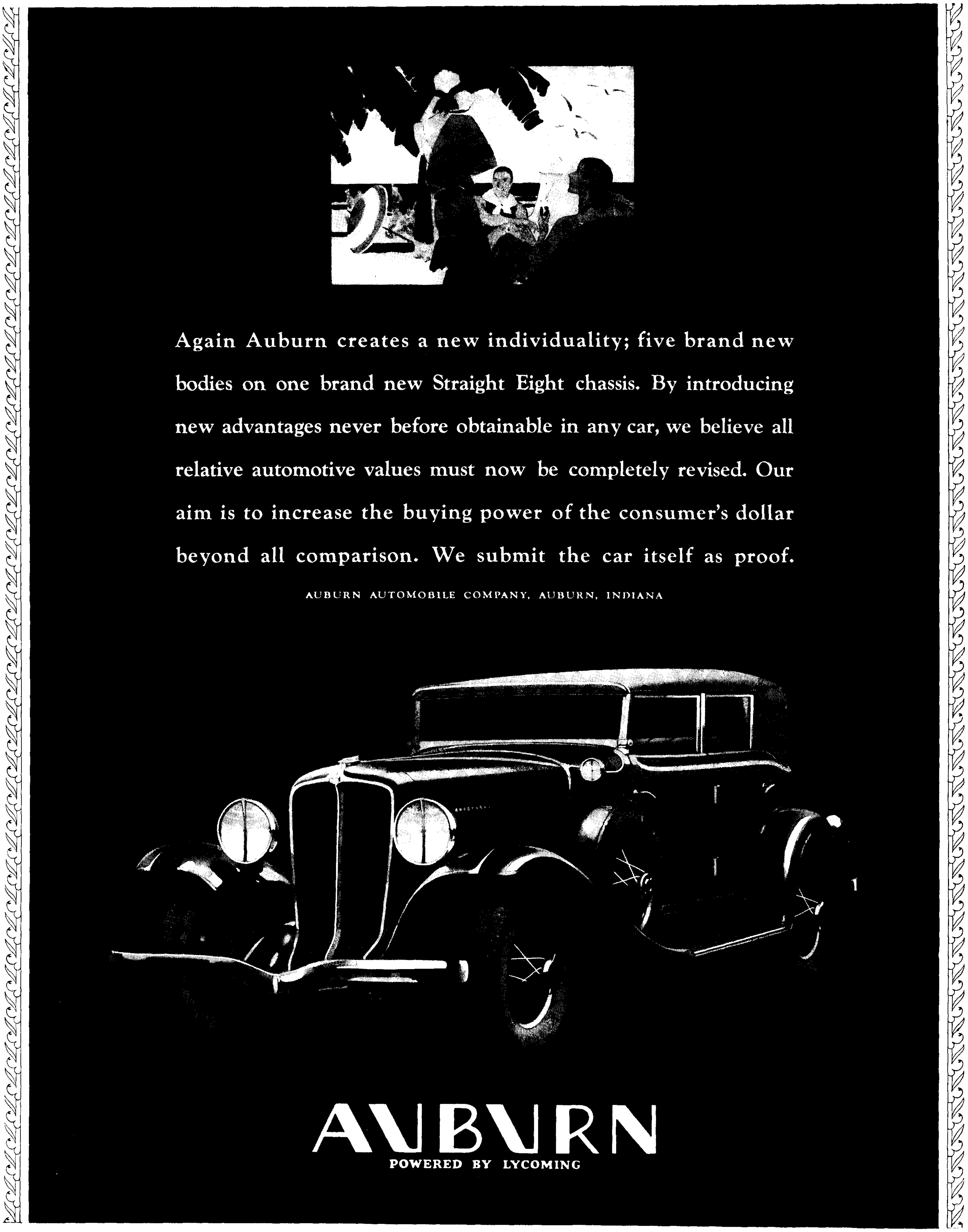
Almost immediately after Quay's funeral, Senator Penrose, now ruling alone, was asked by Iz Durham when the conference would be called, and where it would be held.

"What conference?" asked Penrose.

"To select Quay's successor," said Mr. Durham.

"Iz," said Penrose, "there isn't going to be any selection. There's going to be an auction."

Another chapter in the colorful career of Boies Penrose will appear in next week's Collier's



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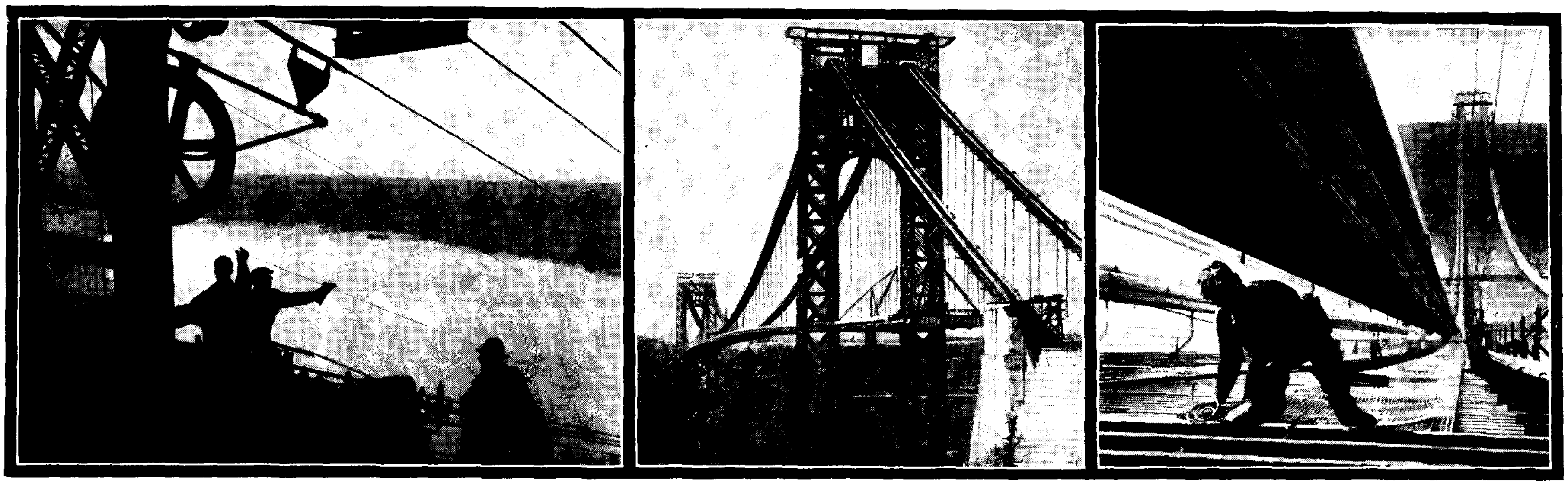


An important step in the modernization and unification of our vast transportation facilities is the new Hudson River bridge being jointly built by the states of New York and New Jersey

Seeds of Progress

When the history of these past few years is written we may be surprised to discover that more real progress was made during the lean years than during the fat ones.

The explanation will be simple enough. Necessity, always the mother of invention, makes us think when times are hard. In more prosperous years it seems safe to drift with the tide.

Take the railroads, for instance. A generation ago we demanded laws forbidding the roads to combine. Then, suddenly, during the World War we discovered that they must be merged if we were to transport food, munitions and men to France. In that desperate crisis we began to think.

After the war we decided through Congress that the railroads would give better service if consolidated. Consequently, the laws were changed.

When the Coolidge prosperity appeared, we decided to postpone thinking about railroads. Consolidation might be necessary in war and not a bad notion at any time, but let it wait. We were prosperous; why bother?

Then Mr. Coolidge moved to Northampton and the business cycle turned—not that these events were intimately connected. Railroads, in common with others, did not fare so well. Once more we had to think.

This time apparently something happened. Four great railroad systems were tentatively formed out of the Eastern lines and the stage was set for a great national grouping of transportation facilities.

Whatever the detailed rights and wrongs of the preliminary agreements, there can be no doubt of the essential wisdom of consolidation. We are a nation, not merely a group of states, and we must have transportation facilities designed for national needs.

During the years in front of us somebody must discover ways of using the marvelous resources which invention has made available. Railroads, waterways, bus and truck lines, air transport, private automobiles, pipe lines for oil and gas, these are the tools we have to use.

If we want to live well we must learn how to adjust these great facilities one to the other so that the maximum service may be had and so that nothing valuable may be lost. Railroad consolidation is a first step toward economic progress.

In other ways we are evincing a new willingness to think about our common problems. Previously we pretended that unemployment was a problem we did not need publicly to recognize. Other people might have to insure themselves against such emergencies but America was too rich to bother about these notions.

Prejudice still lingers but so far as insurance against unemployment is concerned it is on the defensive. Lacking insurance this winter, we have turned to charity. Giving to the poor is good but insurance against measurable losses is far better.

Out of the experiences of the past year has come a more open-minded desire to face the fundamental facts of our industrial life.

The task is to devise ways of distributing our abundant income. Insurance is one device. It takes care of fire, death, accident, disaster at sea and endless other emergencies. It can be adapted to employment. We were not ready to consider this when jobs were seeking men. We are becoming more thoughtful and so are building a more enduring prosperity.

In other ways we are giving evidence of a desire to deal thoughtfully with reality. The farm problem is not new. Agrarian grievances in one form and another date back to the Civil War. The new phase is our willingness to attempt to solve them.

The Federal Farm Board has been ridiculed and attacked as much as any agency of government during the last few months, and yet it can be said with moderation that never before have so much intelligence and so much energy been directed toward the solution of what long seemed to be unsolvable difficulties.

Alexander Legge and his associates may not succeed in organizing the farmers of this country into associations capable of controlling agricultural production, but at least they are making a valiant effort and nobody has been able to point out a better way.

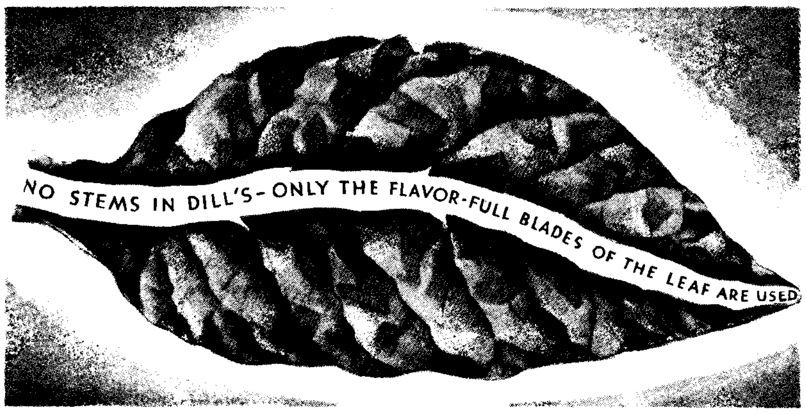
Behind all these economic problems lies the ferment of scientific invention. Our civilization was made in laboratories. What we shall be a few years hence depends on what men and women skilled in research are able to learn.

Progress is being made in that sector. Never before have chemists, physicists and biologists been more fruitful in their efforts to extend knowledge and to make available new processes and new tools. We are in the midst of the golden age of scientific discovery.

In all these things we are but re-learning one of the oldest lessons in human history. Every good and enduring possession of mankind is the product of toil and thought. There are times when work seems unnecessary and thought but a weariness of the mind, but these are not the times of progress.

We go ahead when we strip our minds of prejudice and think fundamentally about the things and the conditions with which we must deal. Happily for our future, this is precisely the prescription we are using in this year of grace.

Clear and mellow your pipe brings in the message


NO STEMS IN DILL'S—ONLY THE FLAVOR-FULL BLADES OF THE LEAF ARE USED

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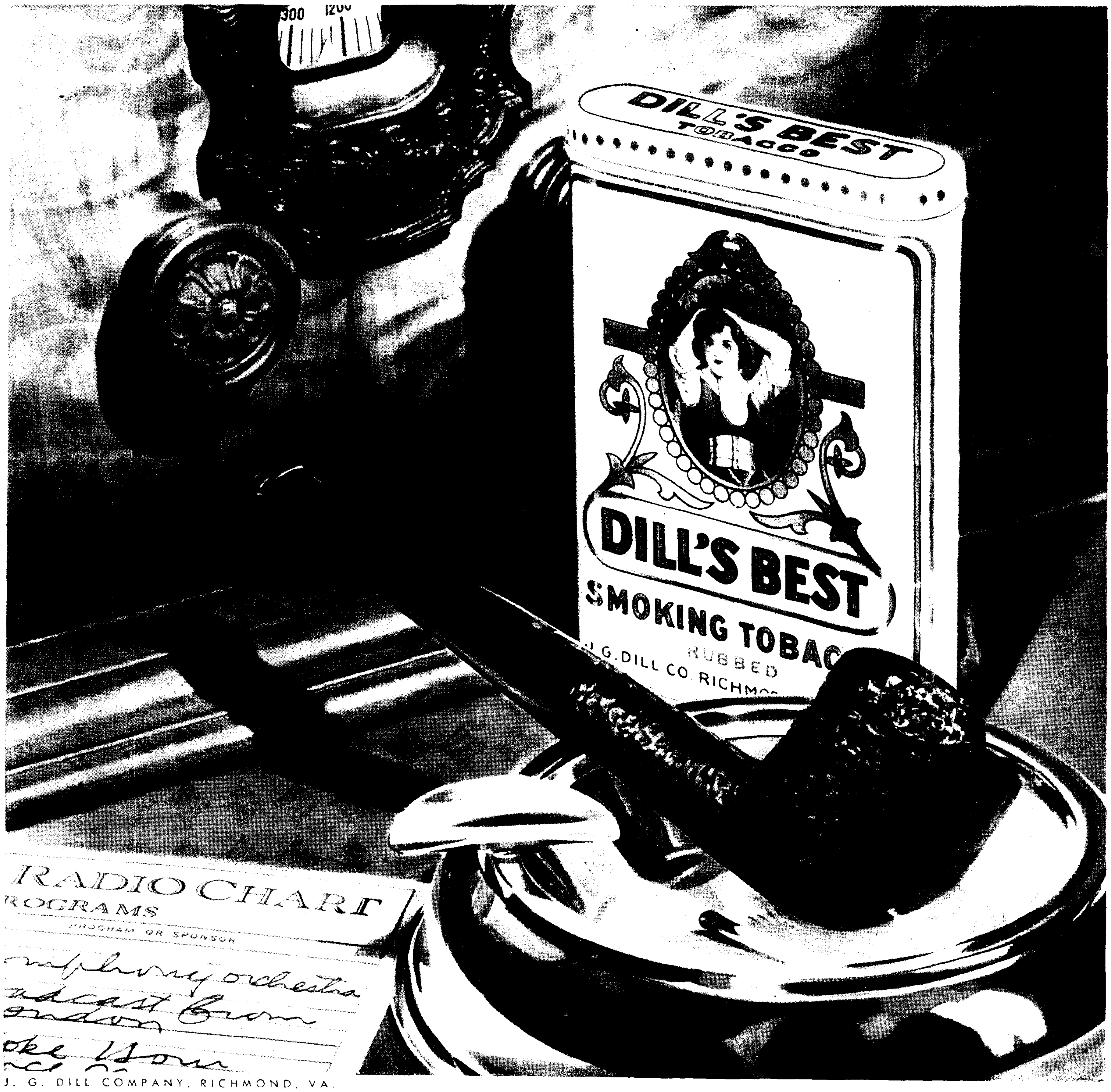
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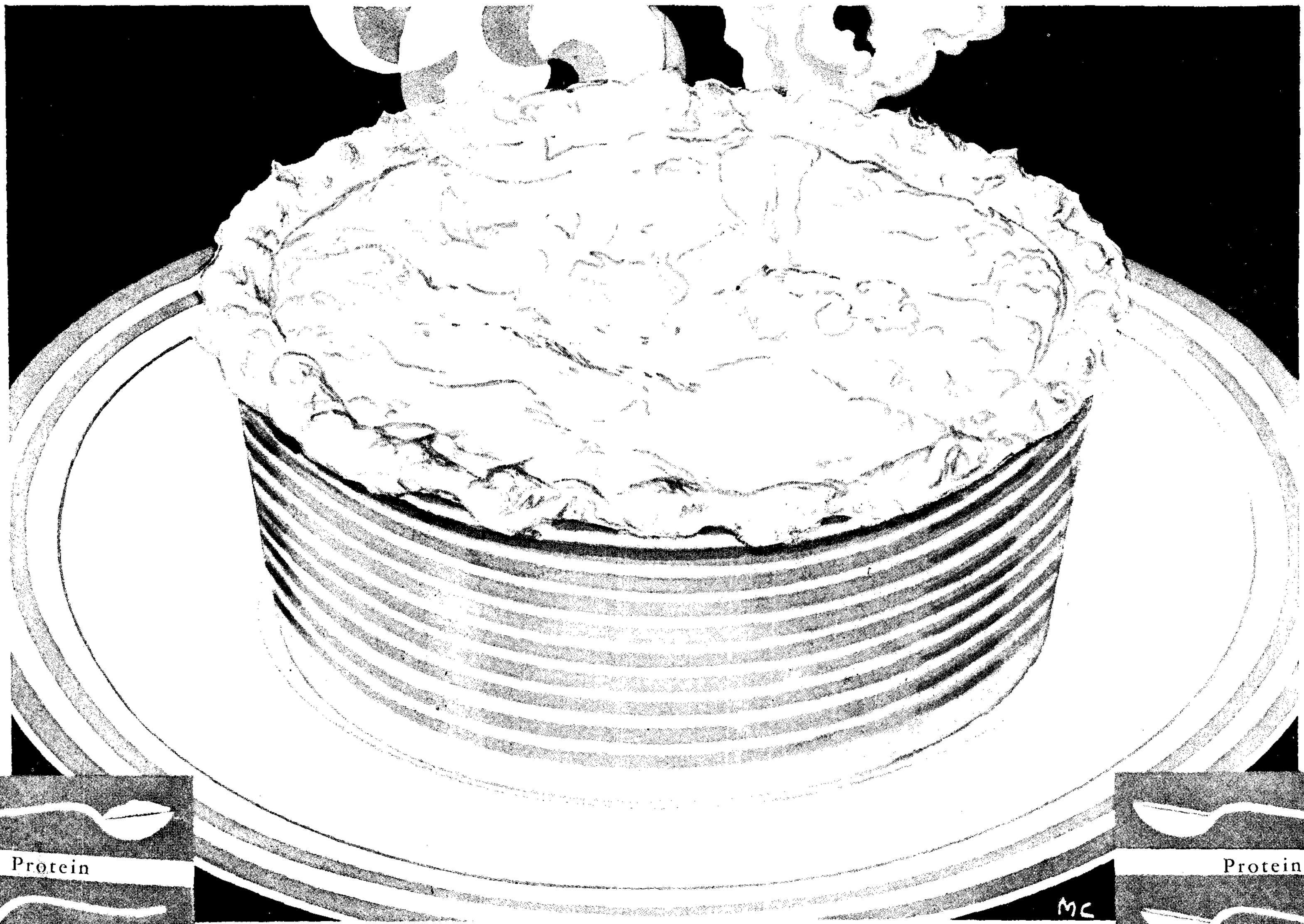
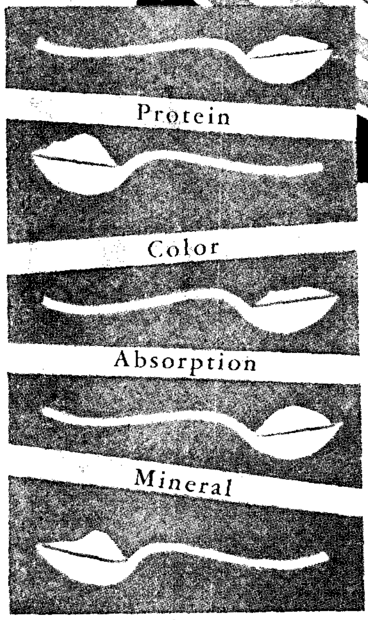


Use the "balanced" flour
—*and forget luck!*



"Unbalanced"

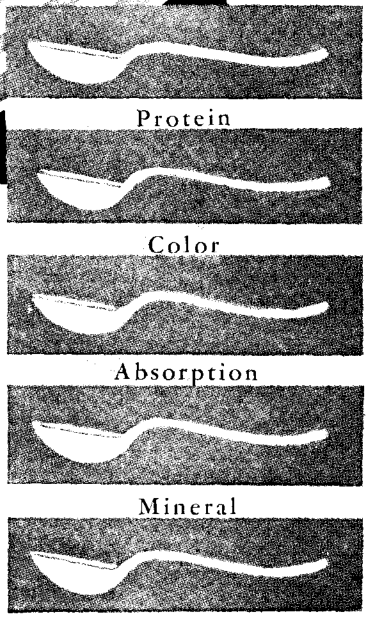
All these different substances are found in wheat when it is harvested. But they're not properly "balanced" for baking. No *single* variety of wheat contains these things in just the right quantities to make a perfect all-purpose flour.

Some women say, "I had good luck with my baking this time." They realize that next time may be different. But they feel that ups and downs are unavoidable.

Other women never mention luck. They have discovered the value of "balance" in recipes and "balance" in flour. They do perfect baking *every time*—good luck, or bad luck, does not concern them. Every day there are more of these women. Today the "balanced" flour, Pillsbury's Best, is used by more women than any other.

Your best recipe is perfectly "balanced"—it calls for just the right amount of each ingredient. Pillsbury's Best Flour is also perfectly "balanced"—it contains just the right amount of every part of the wheat necessary for successful baking. No single type of wheat contains the right proportions of protein, mineral, moisture, etc., to work perfectly for all your baking. Therefore Pillsbury's Best is made from a special blend of different types of the finest wheats, scientifically "balanced" for all-purpose baking. These wheats are mixed according to a combination used only in Pillsbury's Best—there is no other flour just like it.

Try Pillsbury's Best. Everything you bake—bread, biscuits, pastry—will turn out better. Everything will have a delicate, unmistakably richer flavor. See for yourself how much a properly "balanced" flour can help you in your baking. Your grocer has Pillsbury's Best—ask for it by name.



"Balanced"

The Pillsbury "balancing" process mixes as many as sixteen different types of the finest wheats. The result is a flour which contains just the right amount of protein, mineral, moisture, etc.—a flour perfectly "balanced" for all kinds of baking.

Pillsbury's Best Flour

Pillsbury's
BEST
XXXX
Flour
Bread
Biscuits
Pastry

"balanced" for perfect baking

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